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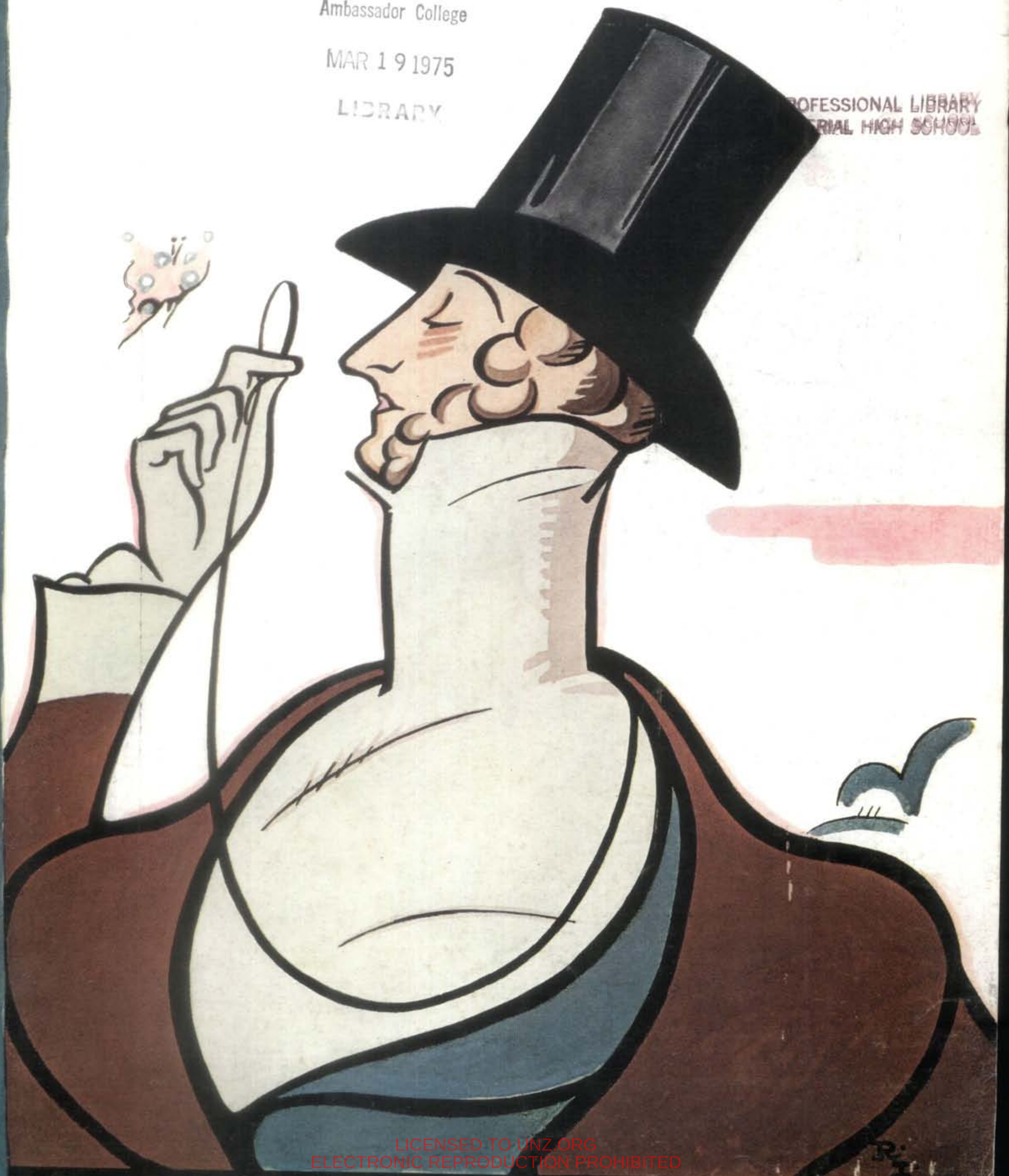

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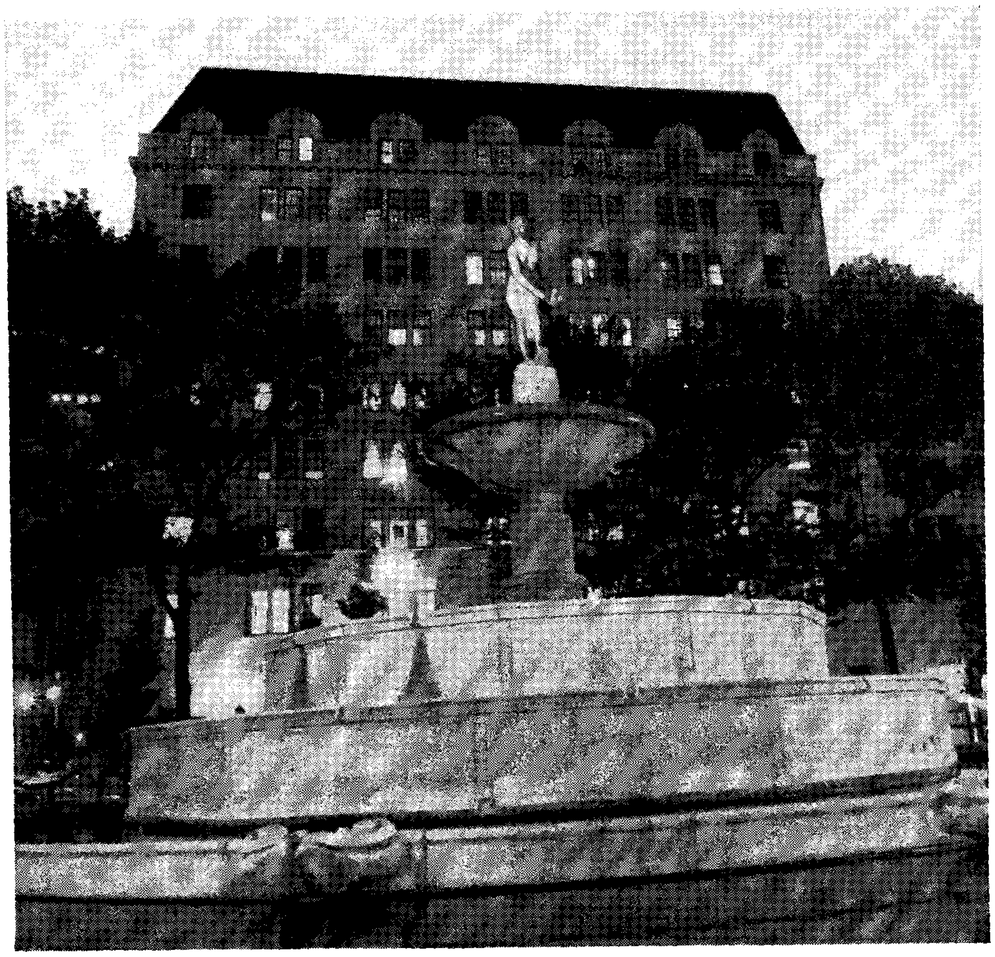

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*"Abundance" is the name of the lovely statue by Karl Bitter that's been gracing our front yard since 1915.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVE., 57 TO 58TH STREETS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aint Supposed to Die a Natural Death—A great shout by Melvin Van Peebles, mingling social protest with the usual difficulties of people falling in and out of love. A musical with an all-black, all-wonderful cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Black Terror—The hero of this very interesting play by Richard Wesley about a group of black revolutionaries is their chosen assassin, who argues in favor of strategy over zeal, and of life over death and martyrdom. A wonderful young actor named Kain makes his début in the role. Nathan George directed the lively production. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Dylan—A revival, after eight years, of Sidney Michaels' inferior play about the late Dylan Thomas's self-destructive visits to America, back in the nineteen-fifties. Except for that of Rue McClanahan as Caitlin Thomas, the acting doesn't amount to much. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ETC Company/La Mama New York—**GERTRUDE** and **DEMON**, two plays by Wilford Leach, the first devoted to Gertrude Stein and the second derived from a Japanese *no* play: Thursday, Feb. 24, and Friday and Saturday, March 3-4, at 7:30. . . . **CARMILLA**, a play adapted by Mr. Leach from a novel by J. V. LeFanu: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, at 7:30. . . . **THE ONLY JEALOUSY OF EMER** and **RENARD**, adapted by Mr. Leach and John Braswell, the first from a William Butler Yeats play, the latter from a "grotesque" by Igor Stravinsky: Sunday, Feb. 27, and Thursday, March 2, at 7:30. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

Grease—A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. Your attitude toward the show may well depend upon your attitude toward that tiresome decade, or upon the fragility of your eardrums; microphones abound. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Inner City—More of a minstrel show than its talented and energetic cast appears to have noticed. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—A musical extravaganza with some pleasing songs and performers, adrift in a storm of Tom O'Horgan stage effects. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theatre—This import from Los Angeles is more calisthenic than dramatic, and considerable participation of one kind or another is expected from the audience. The show has nothing whatever to do with James Joyce. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 348-9254. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 11.)

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27	28	29	1	2	3	4

Love Me, Love My Children—This musical from Canada has a lively and stylish score by Robert Swerdlow, and it is performed with snap and sparkle by an especially engaging young company. The words, also by Mr. Swerdlow, are unobtrusive. (The theme is tribal youth again.) Setting by Jo Mielziner. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Moonchildren—The Washington Arena Stage production of a comedy by Michael Weller. Directed by Alan Schneider, the cast includes Kevin Conway, James Woods, Salem Ludwig, and Louis Zorich. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Nightride—A trashy melodrama about a homosexual middle-aged playwright. (Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 243-8900. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 27.)

Night Watch—Joan Hackett, Len Cariou, and Keene Curtis in a suspense play by Lucille Fletcher. Fred Coe is the director. Previews through Sunday, Feb. 27. Opens officially on Monday, Feb. 28. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. No performances Wednesday, Feb. 23.)

Old Times—The latest Pinter ghost story, full of scary silences. With Robert Shaw, Mary Ure, and Rosemary Harris. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 26.)

Only Fools Are Sad—An English-language version of an Israeli musical by Dan Almagor. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Sundays, except Thursday, Feb. 24, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Peter Falk and Lee Grant in Neil Simon's latest comedy, in which we are made to laugh all evening long at how miserable we are (and deserve to be) as resident New Yorkers. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Psychic Pretenders—An allegorical work, much of it mysterious and remote but with moments of humor and fun. The dancing of the all-black company is fascinating, as is the soft, compelling jazz that accompanies it. (New Lafayette, Seventh Ave. at 137th St. 862-2460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Closes Sunday, March 5.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Shakespeare's comedy **TWELFTH NIGHT** will be the third in this season's series of four plays. Previews through Wednesday, March 1. Opens officially on Thursday, March 2, at 7, and will run through Saturday, April 8. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and

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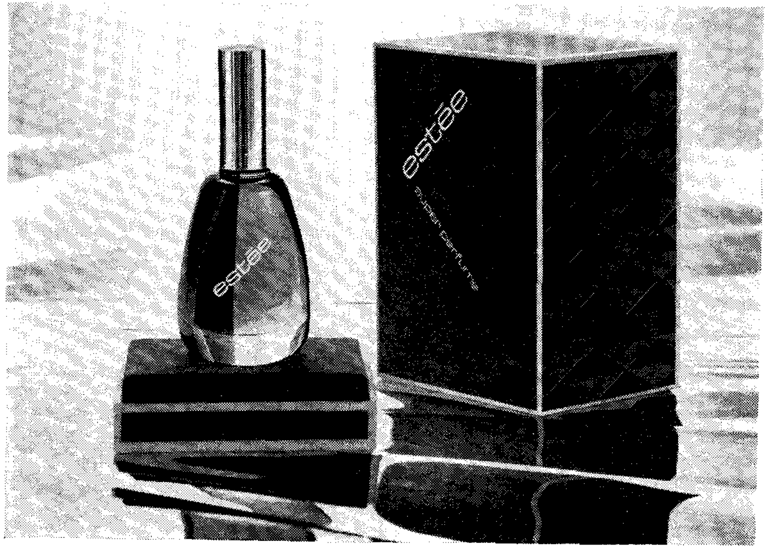
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

SLEEP—A play by Jack Gelber. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Tuesdays at 6:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Wednesday, Feb. 23, and Thursday, March 2, at 1. Closes Saturday, March 11.)

STICKS AND BONES—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. The acting, under Jeff Bleckner's direction, is all that any playwright could wish for. (Moves uptown for a Broadway opening on Wednesday, March 1; previews through Tuesday, Feb. 29. Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, March 2, at 2.)

TO LIVE ANOTHER SUMMER—Surely this was put together by the Chamber of Commerce of Tel Aviv? Enough yet. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 19.)

TWIGS—Four loosely linked playlets about married life. Sada Thompson plays four women, to surprisingly witty effect, and is surrounded by an exceptionally good cast. The author is George Furth. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

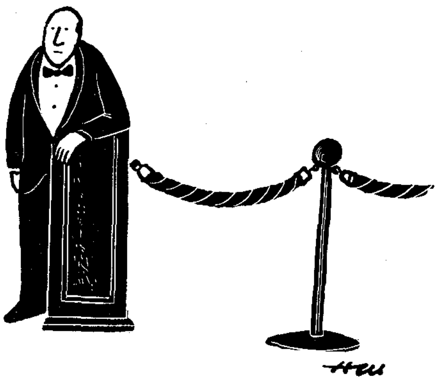
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA—A musical by John Guare, Galt MacDermot, and Mel Shapiro, directed by Mr. Shapiro, in which the Bard receives an amusing roughing-up at the hands of some remarkably attractive actors. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

VIVAT! VIVAT REGINA!—Claire Bloom and Eileen Atkins are admirable as Mary Queen of Scots and Elizabeth I in Robert Bolt's sketchy account of a time when women were women and men were often aghast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2.)

WANTED—Al Carmines has written a tuneful, spirited score for this try at a satire, and the cast is good, too, but the facetious, unfunny, preachy book, by David Epstein, spoils the show. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE WEDDING OF IPHIGENIA PLUS IPHIGENIA IN CONCERT—This musical adaptation doesn't do much for the Euripides originals ("Iph. in Aulis" and "Iph. in Tauris"), but there is charm here as well as foolishness, and Peter Link's rock score is a pleasure. The performances are fine, too. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

LONG RUNS—APPLAUSE: Anne Baxter, Janice Lynde, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring musical version of the movie "All About Eve." (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE BASIC TRAINING OF PAVLO HUMMEL:** This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed, and it is matched by Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Gloria Swanson, David Huffman, and Pamella Bellwood are now in this little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) ... **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **FOLLIES:** An ambitious attempt to tell some home truths, marred by a pedestrian book. Several very good songs by Stephen Sondheim and, as usual, a superlative production by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **LENNY:** Cliff Gorman as the late night-club comedian Lenny Bruce, surrounded by extraordinary visual and auditory metaphors of the society he reviled and longed to make over, and whose legal representatives helped to destroy him. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** 1,701 performances so far. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 4,919 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** 3,097 performances so far. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** 1,604 performances so far. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** A revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Ruby Keeler, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, March 1, at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Paul Kreppel provide a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Paul Rogers and Keith Baxter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2.)



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BALLET

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Opening performances of a six-week season that will run through Sunday, April 2—Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 7:30: "Kettentanz," "Feast of Ashes," and "Trinity."... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Square Dance," "Feast of Ashes," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Friday, Feb. 25, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26, at 2: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Kettentanz," "The Still Point," and "Trinity."... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 27, at 2: "Square Dance," "The Still Point," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Feast of Ashes," and "Trinity."... ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 29, at 8: "Reflections," "Weewis," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Wednesday, March 1, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Feast of Ashes," and "Trinity."... ¶ Thursday, March 2, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Meadowlark" (première), and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Friday, March 3, at 8: "Meadowlark," "Double Exposure" (première), and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, March 4, at 2: "Reflections," "The Still Point," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Saturday, March 4, at 8: "Square Dance," "Feast of Ashes," and "Cakewalk." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

NIGHT LIFE

(*A highly arbitrary listing of places around* town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Comic Robert Klein and singer Megan McDonough share the bill with a singing threesome named America through Monday, Feb. 28, after which Tiny Alice (a musical group) will move in. Klein and McDonough will remain. Coffee and tea are available. Tuesdays are reserved for visiting performers.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Jazz, soul food, red tablecloths—a formula that works well these days. Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 24-27, Kenny Barron's trio will be on the stand, and beginning Thursday, March 2, Bobby Timmons' trio will be on it. Music from nine-thirty to three. A jam session is held each Monday from eight to twelve.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass player substitute for the regulars. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

CELLAR, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A polished, comfortable restaurant whose only anomaly is the acoustics: loud and clear in the bar but faint and obscure in the dining area. Tuesdays through Saturdays, bassist Earl May leads a quartet in some inventive if standard jazz. Sundays, guitarist Gene Bertoncini and a bass violist perform. Mondays, Larry Willis—a Daedalus at the keyboard—leads a duo. Music from ten to four.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Teddy Wilson, one of the rocks upon which the contemporary jazz piano was built, plays in his flawless way six nights a week, in company with bassist Al Bruno. Eight until one. Sundays, from seven to midnight, pianist-guitarist Ralph Towner explores Mars while bassist Glen Moore investigates the asteroid belt.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Brick walls, wooden benches, coffee, tea and cider. Singer-guitarist Freddie King, who has been into the blues for a long time, is here through Sunday, Feb. 27. Music nightly, but Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Home (and a sweet one) for the six-stringed instrument. George Barnes—having terminated a long association with Bucky Pizzarelli—will be here with a new partner, gui-

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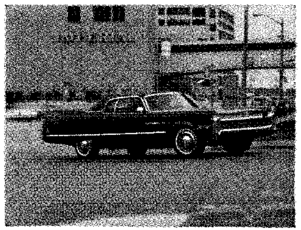

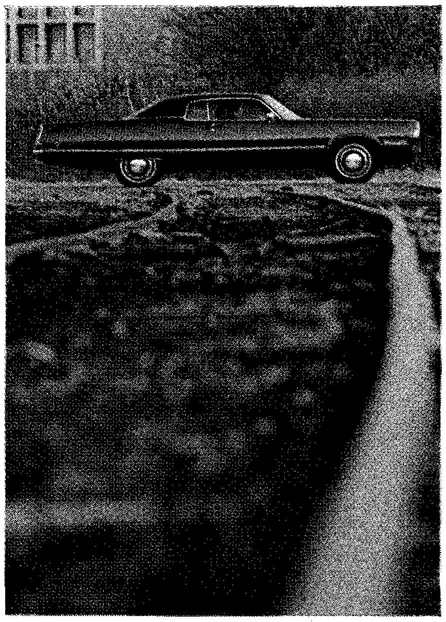

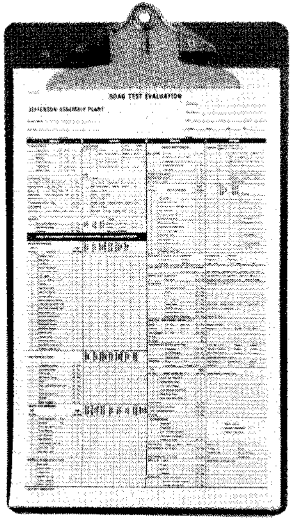
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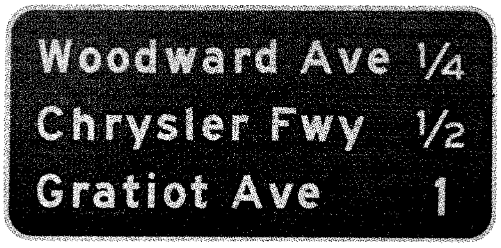
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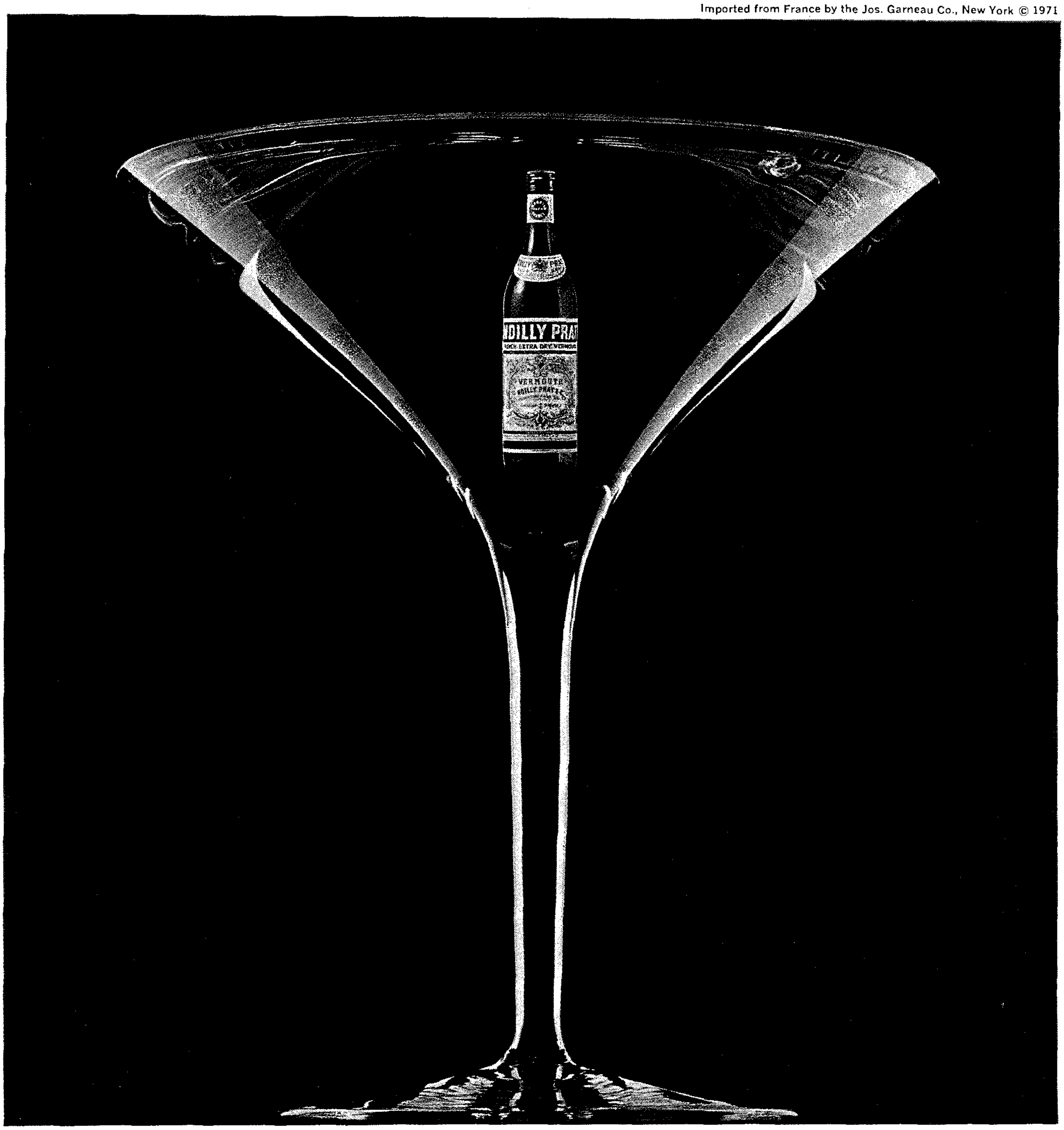
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	1	2	3	4

tarist Art Ryerson, Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 23-27. Music from nine-thirty until two-thirty. Soul food.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Cornettist Ruby Braff leads a quartet six nights a week. On Fridays and Saturdays, blues man Jimmy Rushing sings along. Closed Mondays. Light Italian dishes are served.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and piano music. Jimmy Young plays through Thursday, Feb. 24. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, Jaki Byard collaborates with bassist Lyn Christie. Mondays belong to Lance Hayward. Nine until closing.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland turned out by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Eddie Locke. Closed Sundays.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A dim, funky bar that is run by, for, and because of the people, who frequently respond by filling the house. The house isn't much to look at, but the jazz is potent and often technically complex. Thursdays, from eight until two-thirty, Nina Sheldon plays like a demon and sings like a living doll. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 25-27, from nine until closing, singer-pianist Jerry Mack will entertain. Sunday afternoons, from four to eight, the scene switches to folk. Soul-food dinners. N.B.: Not for beginners.

Philharmonic Café, Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. (TR 4-7000)—Bill Matthews, a classical and pretty classy guitarist, is doing a solo in this main-floor room where drinks and supper are available. Ten until midnight every night but Sunday.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Musically provocative and gastronomically soulful. Appropriately enough, a singer named Jackie Soul will be here Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 24-27, backed by a quartet. Monday through Wednesday, Feb. 28-March 1, guitarist Sonny Henry will head a foursome. Thursday through Sunday, March 2-5, Donald Height will sing with a trio. Music from nine-thirty until two.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A banjo band smiles and makes music from the back of an old fire engine. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Keith Jarrett, a young pianist who did some of his internship with Miles Davis, leads a quartet through Sunday, Feb. 27. Elvin Jones, a drumming phenomenon, brings in a combo on Tuesday, Feb. 29. The room is a bit tired around the edges, and so is the neighborhood, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Pianist Ahmad Jamal, who is apt to get fancy, heads his trio every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. On Tuesday, Feb. 29, pianist Steve Kuhn will bring in a quartet. That night, a trio led by Daphne Hellman, whose harp sings, will take turns with the Kuhn group. Limited dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-0011)—Through Sunday, Feb. 27, pianist McCoy Tyner will lead a quartet. Those purists, the Modern Jazz Quartet, arrive Tuesday, Feb. 29. Mondays are reserved for the mighty seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music begins at nine-thirty, in theory.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herbie Lewis play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a six-man outfit, produces some lively Dixieland every Sunday from six-thirty to eleven. On Sunday, Feb. 27, trombonist Conrad Janis will sit in. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers a banjo band and some trumped-up nostalgia.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Urbanity is the mood: glass, metal, and carpeting help create it. Dinner and supper are presided over by an experienced chef. Dancing, to recorded music, on Saturdays only, from nine-thirty to one.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. An ample menu every night but Sunday, when only couscous is served. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Little Egypt. The interior design, which is elegantly ornate, and the cuisine, which is *haute*, often conflict with the live entertainment, which has a *panem-et-circenses* quality. The current bunch is Cody Marshall, a hard-sell pop singer, and his Circle of Friends. Between sets, people dance to records. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—Round-the-clock action is the idea, but this insomniac principle is operative only on Fridays and Saturdays, when the doors stay open all day and all night. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. Dancing to tapes. A fairly full menu.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7000)—By gum and oh wow, the good old times are often used as backdrops for the good new times, which may explain why hot pants can be seen shaking beneath Tiffany-type lamps. Upstairs is for fancy hamburgers and such. Downstairs is for dancing to records from eight until three.

CABARETS

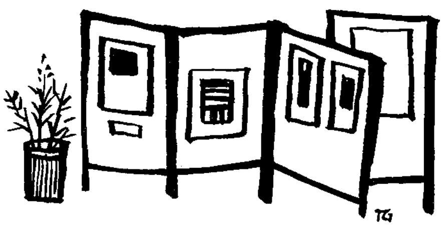
(No dancing, and no formal dinner, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. On Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 23-24, humorist Will Jordan will fill in for Mr. D. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Through Saturday, Feb. 26, Irwin Corey will be up to his old tricks of spokesmanship. Singer Jackie Forrest stays on, to be joined on Monday, Feb. 28, by comedian Marvin Braverman. On Friday, March 3, Joan Rivers will replace Mr. Braverman. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays through Fridays, and at nine, eleven, and one on Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—One guess is as good as another about which newcomers will try out on a given night. One guest is *not* as good as another, but some of these neophytes have something to say, or sing, for themselves, so patience can be rewarded. Minimum internal nourishment. No Sundays.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—Arthur Morey and Bobby Paul, who manage to be whimsical and mordant at the same time, are doing their own social-significance songs in the second-floor "M" Cabaret. Mondays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight, and Sundays at five and nine. Drinks and snacks.



Plaza 9, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3933)—Thirteen new young people are in a sort of revue whose music is carry-me-back-to-the-nineteen-twenties; this is done at eight and eleven every night but Monday.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Wednesday through Saturday, March 1-4, blues singer Novella Nelson will be on the podium.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*schuhplattler* dancers and a sort of brass band), and the two get along famously and cacophonously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Spanish cats with nine lives and the ability always to land on their feet. The current flamencan troupe is called Los Solera. The rest of the evening is Cuban singer Luisa Maria. Dancing Tuesdays through Fridays from five-thirty, Saturdays from seven-thirty, and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **FLAMENCO ROOM,** there is activity, well along in the evening, by vocal and physical athletes who are madrileños in every respect, performing in a casually formless format until early morn.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, Feb. 23, will be the final night for the Wilson Pickett Revue. On Thursday, Feb. 24, Bobby Darin, who can dress up a pop song until it looks really good, will arrive, and so will comedian Freddy Roman. No silent nights. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, one can still evoke the illusion that he is in typical, tropical, topical Las Vegas surroundings. The music, just voice and piano, begins at ten. No quiet nights here, either.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**LA FORÊT,** where every prospect pleases, remains serene even when a set of Peter Duchin undergraduates suddenly go Dixie on the bandstand, for no harm can come within this magic circle—a French magic circle, all the way from chef to sommelier. Eight-thirty until two-thirty, but, alas, only on a five-day week—Tuesday through Saturday. . . . ¶ Phil Wayne, who carried off the prize for the best dance music of the past season, spends Sundays and Mondays in the **CAFÉ** with a smaller crew (just three), seven-thirty until quite late; Herb Winner's triad is on duty all the other nights.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—At ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, the **PERSIAN ROOM** is ceded to the songs of Al Martino. Burt Farber and Mark Monte are on the bandstand, heading up their crews. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **GREEN TULIP,** a brace of new characters, Sig and Gary, who are strolling musicians, disport themselves from dinner through supper, but only for dinner on Sundays. Every night but Monday, there is discothèque dancing from ten to one or two. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT** at night (except Sundays), a pair of old family retainers (Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti) commune on fiddle and piano; Sandu Marcu, a violin man of long standing, is still on hand from four-thirty until seven-thirty.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The cricket on the hearth is Fran Jeffries, chirrupping away during dinner and supper. Dance tunes, too, some of them from memory cells and some of them live, happen the rest of the time. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Barbara McNair has the floor of the **MAISONETTE** at dinner and supper. She will be succeeded on Monday, Feb. 28, by Ramsey Lewis's jazz threesome. Dancing to the music of George Cort's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BOITE,** the prepossessing little chamber across the way, is exactly the setting for the chamber music that issues from the violin plied by that midtown landmark Gunnar Hansen. A better man for the job would be hard to find. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ And what a fine idea to station a pair of guitarists, at half past nine every evening but Sunday and

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Monday, in the minute **ST. REGIS ROOM!** No dining, no dancing, but who needs it here?

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): On Tuesday, Feb. 29, Bobby Short and his two grenadiers, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, will resume their musicales. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): The *son-et-lumière* festival that brings the Acropolis to life every night is easily matched right in this spot. Eat, dance (sometimes to rock), and be merry from nine until very, very late, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four, though (in the Greek fashion) never on Sunday. . . . **AL MOUNIA**, in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): One of the seven wonders of the Moroccan world, and something to be seen by everyone at least once—thus, a great place to start restaging the Arabian Nights. There's piano in one corner from six until whenever (after nine-thirty, it's by Jacques Kayal, a French-singing, non-Bogart Casablancan). Closed Sundays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Sort of a New World *café chantant*, what with Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque*, and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian trio. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings, or talks-sings, during dinner and supper, in a manner distinctly not women's lib. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Anyone—be he waiter, busboy, or barkeep—who can carry a tray is required to carry a tune in this not especially disguised or especially sedate school of the opera. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In the well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The setting is circa 1975, but the music (the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, a genuine exponent of *la dolce vita*) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Belowstairs, in an equally ornamented, compartmented grotto, dance music flows from a dulcet threesome, seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a townhouse can possibly be, and as formal, too. George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, gives his piano (and occasional lyrics) the flavor that has always been a secret ingredient of Vienna. On Sunday, Feb. 27, he will be replaced by Greta Keller and her Viennese songs. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Every night except Sunday, Ronny Whyte plays piano from eight-thirty to one-thirty. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): The dinner piano (seven-thirty to eleven) is the work of Ray Onley, and it is such a quiet searching out of the possibilities in today's American music that one is tempted to stay on and on in this pleasurable and polite refectory. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Invasions of privacy are not unheard of, for a troupe of serenaders can pop up beside one's butter plate on short notice, or none at all, and until fairly late at night. Well, when in Rome . . . Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Norman Rollings, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE VERTE,** 308 E. 59th St. (832-3814): It's run by the same librarians, and it looks more outdoors than bookworm. It sounds that way, too, when Jerry Scott applies easy voice and piano to songs that don't often come our way. His work week: from nine until two through the week, ten to three Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOGWOOD ROOM,** 50 E. 58th St. (PL 9-1710): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano from five-thirty to one Mondays through Fridays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old standby. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the instrument to other hands on Sundays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A brace of Lester Lanin's boys go plink-plink on the Barclay Terrace during the cocktail session in the King's Inn from seven to nine, and in the Gold Room from nine to eleven. Monday through Friday is the extent of this pleasant idea. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): A recollection of the disused supper clubs whose piano men set a mood that kept one ear alert for conversation and the other alert for the music. The practitioners in the extremely matter-of-fact Village grill are Charles De Forest (Monday and Tuesday) and Murray Grand (the rest of the nights). Eight to two. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): As of Monday, Feb. 28, Ray Hartley returns to his piano in this chancellery. His hours will be four-thirty to ten-thirty, except Saturdays and Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JULIO ALPUY—Figurative wood reliefs by a Uruguayan; through March 5. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

CARL ANDRE—Floor pieces in metal; through Wednesday, March 1. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

MILET ANDREJEVIC—Mythical themes painted against a background of Central Park; through Saturday, March 4. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

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HORST ANTES—Paintings of magnified profiles; through Saturday, March 4. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN ANTONAKOS AND LES LEVINE—Compositions in neon by the first, and cast eighteen-carat gold Doublemint gum by the second; through March 8. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BERNARD APTEKAR—Pop-type figures done in plywood cutouts painted on both sides; starting Tuesday, Feb. 29. (Lerner-Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

WALTER DARBY BANNARD—Color-area paintings; through Wednesday, March 1. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK BEAL—Figurative paintings that stress patches of light and color; through Friday, March 3. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

MIRIAM BEERMAN—Oil paintings on paper of birds, tortoises, and monkeys; through March 7. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

OSCAR BLUEMNER (1867-1938)—Oils, watercolors, and drawings by an artist who was an early member of the Stieglitz gallery group; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.). . . ¶ Small watercolors and crayon and charcoal drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

BILL BOLLINGER—Wooden constructions; through Saturday, March 4. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

FERNANDO BOTERO—Twenty-five recent paintings, drawings, and pastels of this Latin-American artist's balloonlike figures of generals, church officials, and ladies, plus still-lifes; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St.)

ANTHONY CARO—New sculptures by this leading British abstractionist; through March 8. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GASTON CHAISSAC (1910-64) **AND CARLO**—Figurative paintings and painted-wood sculptures of caricaturelike figures by the former, a French naïf, and paintings on paper, both sides, by the latter, an Italian psychotic whose present whereabouts are unknown; through March 25. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN CHUMLEY—Realistic figurative watercolors of farm themes; starting Saturday, Feb. 26. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARCEL COARD—A bedroom he executed in 1929 for Jean Cocteau; through March 18. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

KEN DANBY—Paintings, watercolors, and drawings by a Canadian close-focus realist; through Saturday, March 4. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALAN DAVIE—Emblematic compositions by a noted British painter; through March 11. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ARTHUR G. DOVE (1880-1946)—Twenty-one paintings covering the entire range of this pioneer American abstractionist's career from 1917 to his death; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

MAX ERNST—Four large paintings, seven sculptures, and some *frottages* by this well-known Surrealist; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

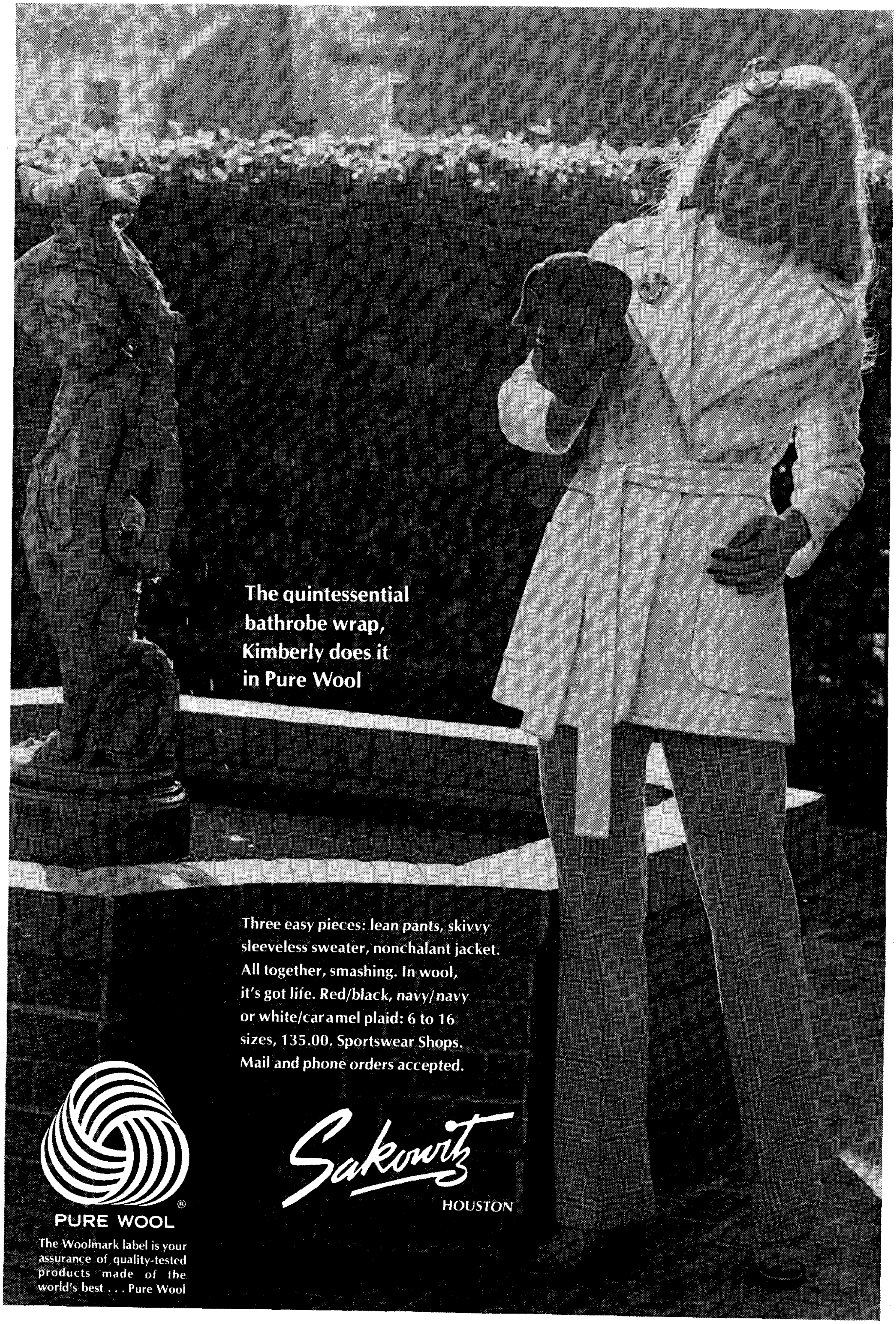
AUDREY FLACK—Paintings of paintings and sculptures ("David") and of architectural monuments (the Cathedral of Amiens); through March 16. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

FRANK GALLO—Fifteen new sculptures, plus screen prints and lithographs, by this artist known for his realistic female figures; through March 11. (Danenberg Contemporaries, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEE GATCH (1902-68)—Compositions of colored stones set into painted canvas; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

MICHAEL GOLDBERG AND TERENCE LA NOUE—Linear abstractions on luminous metallic grounds by the former, an ex-Abstract Expressionist, and molded-latex wall pieces by the latter; starting Saturday, Feb. 26. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD HAAS—Tableaux of New York settings



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in shadow boxes, and prints of buildings; through Saturday, March 4. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Harloff—Paintings composed of symbols, often the human eye; first one-man show in New York by this Milanese. Through March 11. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Agnes Hart—Abstract paintings featuring textures produced through the use of sand; through Saturday, March 4. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carl Heidenreich (1901-65)—Oil paintings and watercolors by a German abstractionist who came to the United States in 1941; through March 11. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Tuesdays through Thursdays, 1 to 8:30.)

Bob Henry—Figures in landscapes of Martha's Vineyard and New York; through March 12. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Ethelyn Honig—Encaustic paintings that stress texture; through Friday, March 3. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

John Hultberg and Eric H. Olson—Abstract Expressionist landscapes containing suggestions of cities and industrial plants by the former, a veteran New York artist, and strips of film between sheets of glass that respond to changing lights by the latter; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Bernard Kirschenbaum—Steel and cast-iron abstract sculptures; through March 8. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Koehler—A painter obsessed by artichokes; starting Tuesday, Feb. 29. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Le Corbusier (1887-1965)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings, predominantly in the Constructivist mode, by the celebrated architect; through Saturday, March 4. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Léger—Late oils, gouaches, and drawings, also lithographs; through March 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Brice Marden—Paintings consisting of panels in single colors; through Wednesday, March 1. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Nicholas Marsicano and Roger Jorgensen—Freely handled paintings of the figure in oil on paper by the first, and one large abstract sculpture by the second; through Thursday, March 2. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rus Michelsen—Abstract sculptures, some large, in bronze; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, March 4. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Edgar Negret—Metal constructions, a number of them quite big, by a Latin American; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

Emil Nolde (1897-1956)—Watercolors by a leading German Expressionist; through March 18. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Elliot Offner—Figurative allegories in bronze, marble, and wood; starting Saturday, Feb. 26. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nathan Oliveira—Paintings and lithographs by this figurative Expressionist; starting Tuesday, Feb. 29. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Helen Pashgian—Translucent colored polyester disks; through March 9. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—A show of four oils, one sculpture, and twenty-six drawings, which is running concurrently with the Picasso exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art; through March 17. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carl Pickhardt—Abstract paintings on panels; through March 18. (Meltzer, 783 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5:30.)

Robert Reid—Paintings and drawings on the theme of figures on a beach by this recently widely shown black artist; through March 11. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Dorothy Ruddick—Ink paintings suggestive of natural subjects; starting Tuesday, Feb. 29. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

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Rick Salzman—Ruby-colored polyester forms illuminated in the darkened gallery; first one-man show in New York. Through March 9. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Sills—Vivid Abstract Expressionist paintings by a well-known black artist; starting Tuesday, Feb. 29. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Peter Stroud and Mac Wells—Constructivist paintings by Mr. Stroud, a British artist, and abstract canvases by Mr. Wells; starting Saturday, Feb. 26. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Miklos Suba (1882-1944) **and O. Louis Guglielmi** (1906-56)—Paintings and drawings of architectural constructions by the former, and "magical-realist" paintings and drawings of New York by the latter, who was prominent in the thirties and forties; through March 9. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Anne Tabachnick—Paintings and drawings by a younger New York figurative Expressionist; through Tuesday, Feb. 29. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Steve Urry—Bright-surfaced welded-aluminum sculptures in twisted and curved forms; through Saturday, March 4. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joyce Weinstein—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 4. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

Ann Wilson—Paintings on silk of boats and water scenes, some on the wall, some free-standing, also a sculpture of a stag in a rowboat; through March 11. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Wofford—Large lyrical abstractions emphasizing texture; starting Saturday, Feb. 26. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Sixty-five paintings by Edward Hicks, Grandma Moses, Horace Pippin, and John Kane; through March 11. . . . **Benedek**, 380 West Broadway: Young artists, ranging from "New Realists" to Minimalists, in a new gallery; through Saturday, Feb. 26. . . . **Berry-Hill**, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Oil paintings by leading American landscapists; through April 29. . . . **La Boetie**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Recent acquisitions by Albers, Balthus, Feininger, Magritte, and Man Ray (to name several); starting Tuesday, Feb. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Castelli**, 4 E. 77th St.: Frank Stella, Lichtenstein, Morris, Warhol, Flavin, Judd, and Serra; through March 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works on paper by Avedisian, Agnes Martin, John McCracken, John Wesley, and others; through Thursday, March 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Hutton**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: More than a hundred Russian avant-garde paintings, sculptures, and constructions from 1908 to 1922 by Goncharova, Larionov, Lissitzky, Malevich, Popova, Rodchenko, Jawlensky, Kandinsky, and the like; through Tuesday, Feb. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Janis**, 6 W. 57th St.: Works by Abstract Expressionist and Pop artists; through Saturday, March 4. . . . **Kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: American naïve and folk art consisting of paintings, watercolors, chalkware, pen-and-ink drawings, and needlework from the eighteenth and early nineteenth century to half a dozen works from this one; through Saturday, Feb. 26. . . . **Loeb Student Center**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings, sculptures, collages, and drawings by faculty members of New York University's School of Continuing Education; through Friday, Feb. 25. (Weekdays, 9 to 11.) . . . **Mendola**, 341 Madison Ave., at 44th St.: Works by illustrators, past and present, among them Steven Dohanos, Bernie Fuchs, Rockwell Kent, Howard Pyle, Norman Rockwell, Andrew Wyeth, and N.C. Wyeth; through March 31. . . . **Midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: An anniversary exhibit of gallery artists (Thon, Peirce, Vickrey, Sepeshy, and many others); through March 11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Myers**, 50 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists—Neil Welliver, Jane Freilicher, and Kendall Shaw, for example; through March 9. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **New School**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A hundred and fifty prints and photos reflecting the cultural ties of France and America from 1600 to 1900; starting Saturday, Feb. 26. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.) . . . **Perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Archipenko, Chagall, Maillol, Pascin, and Rouault; through Saturday, March 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Raydon**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Sixty-five paintings, sculptures, watercolors, and drawings executed abroad by American artists of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and early twentieth centuries; through March 25. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **Weber**, 420 West Broadway: Four women painters and sculptors; through Wednesday, March 1. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

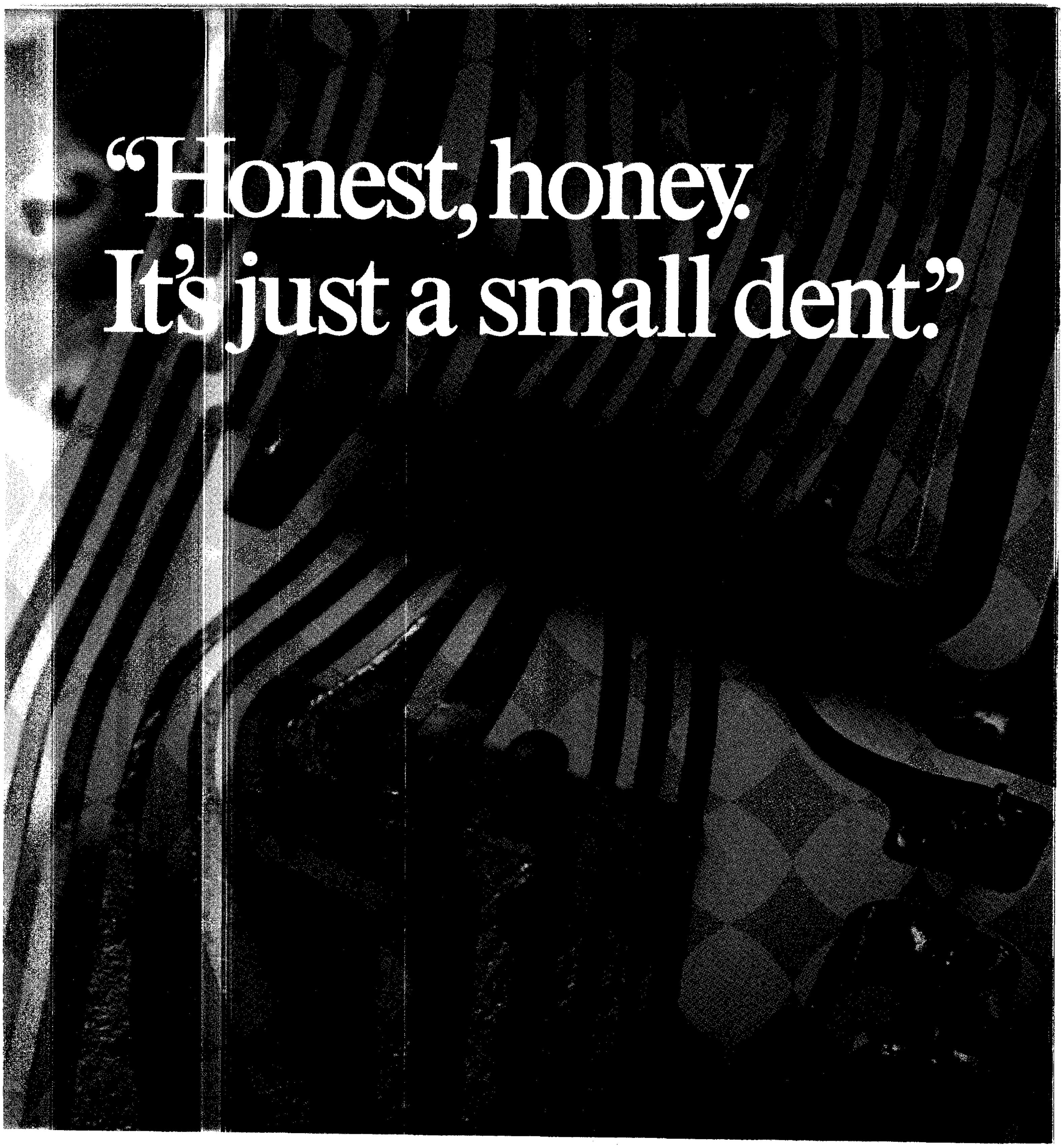
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—About thirty portraits and self-portraits of artists, in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints, along with photos of artists in their studios by Arnold Newman; through March 7. . . . ¶ A hundred and twenty-five photographs of China during the last thirty-five years by Robert Capa, Henri Cartier-Bresson, March Riboud, and René Burri; through April 11. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Works by Picasso in all mediums and spanning every phase of his career, assembled from the Museum's collection and promised gifts; through May 1. A complement to this show is the exhibit at the Saidenberg Gallery, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ Sixty-nine bronze sculptures by Matisse (his entire *œuvre* in this medium), also nineteen drawings, four lithographs, and one ceramic relating to certain sculptures; through May 1. . . . ¶ New acquisitions, consisting of a construction and a painting from the early twentieth century by two Russians, Vladimir Baranoff-Rossine and Ivan Puni, and paintings by Lichtenstein, Christensen, Ryman, and others; through March 5. . . . ¶ Naive art from the Museum's collection; through April 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Examples of their own works selected by ten American artists—Bearden, Beauchamp, Frank, Grooms, Johnson, Kriesberg, Kurhajec, Maryan, Westermann, and Schumann; through Sunday, Feb. 27. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The nationwide biennial survey of current painting by Americans; through March 19. . . . ¶ Paintings by Adja Yunkers, a well-known Abstract Expressionist painter and printmaker; through March 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A new addition to the Museum's American period rooms, the Worgelt Study, embodies the Art Deco style in every detail, from furniture to bar decanters. . . . ¶ The newly installed Schenck House Gallery focusses on the Jan Martuse Schenck House, a Brooklyn miller's



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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dwelling and one of the most important surviving examples of seventeenth-century architecture. . . . ¶ The recently opened Nineteenth- and Twentieth-Century Galleries contain furniture and decorations of the principal artists, designers, and craftsmen of the period. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W., at 79th St.—Over four hundred and fifty specimens of birds of the New York area are shown in a completely reconstructed exhibit. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Thirty-five Japanese "Nanga" paintings on paper and silk of the early eighteenth century to the mid-nineteenth; through Sunday, Feb. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Works constructed at the Museum by six artists, among them D'Arcangelo, Indiana, LeWitt, and Warhol, with the method used by each photographed and documented in the gallery; through March 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St.—A hundred paintings, sketches, drawings, watercolors, lithographs, and book illustrations spanning the career of Rockwell Kent; through March 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Illuminated manuscripts made in France between 1350 and 1450 by both recognized and anonymous artists, many of whom worked for the Duke of Berry, the outstanding patron of illumination; through April 1. . . . ¶ A refreshing showing of eighteenth-century French paintings of flowers (some enlivened by the presence of insects), all thought to be the work of pupils of Madeleine Basseporte, professor of flower painting at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris; through April 1. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective show surveying the Museum's collection of wood and stone carvings (including a large flock of decoys), paintings, weathervanes and trade signs, quilts, and other of its specialties; through Tuesday, Feb. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—An international exhibit of fibre sculptures, indicating new directions in weaving; through April 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-forty-seventh annual, composed of nearly three hundred oils, sculptures, drawings, prints, and watercolors by both members and non-members; starting Thursday, Feb. 24. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures constituting a retrospective of the visionary works of de Chirico from 1911 to 1971; through April 2. Wednesdays through Sundays, at 4 and 6, the exhibition is supplemented by the showing of films related to the artist. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Seventy-two new additions to the print collection, ranging from an anonymous Swiss woodcut of 1502 to a Lee Bontecou lithograph; through April 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Work by eleven black artists from Southern California, in a variety of mediums; through March 5. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Feb. 23: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Regina Resnik, Ljuba Welitch, Luciano Pavarotti, and Fernando Corena; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 24: "Werther," with Rosalind Elias, Colette Boky, Franco Corelli, Dominic Cossa, and Fernando Corena; Alain Lombard. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 25: "Falstaff," with Renata Tebaldi, Jeannette Pilou, Regina Resnik, Joann Grillo, Geraint Evans, Luigi Alva, and Kostas Paskalis; Christoph von Dohnanyi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 26: "Faust," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Frederica von Stade, Placido Domingo, Mario Sereni, and Giorgio Tozzi; Alain Lombard. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 26: "Fidelio," with Anja Silja, Judith Blegen, Helge Brilioth, William Dooley, John Macurdy, James Morris, and Leo Goeke; Hans Wallat. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 28: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Regina Resnik, Ljuba Welitch, Luciano Pavarotti, and Fernando Corena; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 29: "La Forza del Destino," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Judith Forst, Franco Corelli, Matteo Manuguerra, Cesare Siepi, and Fernando Corena; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 1: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Teresa Stratas, Frederica von Stade, Justino Díaz, Hermann Prey, and Paul Plishka; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 2: "Falstaff," with Renata Tebaldi, Jeannette Pilou, Regina Resnik, Joann Grillo, Geraint Evans, Luigi Alva, and Kostas Paskalis; Christoph von Dohnanyi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 3: "Fidelio," with Anja Silja, Judith Blegen, Helge Brilioth, William Dooley, John Macurdy, Paul Plishka, and Leo Goeke; Hans Wallat. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 4: "Werther," with Rosalind Elias, Colette Boky, Franco Corelli, Dominic Cossa, and Donald Gramm; Alain Lombard. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 4: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Regina Resnik, Ljuba Welitch, Luciano Pavarotti, and Fernando Corena; Richard Bonynge. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 30—Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 7: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Bianca Sauler, Michele Molese, and William Chapman; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 25, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Mary Cross Lueders, John Stewart, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26, at 2: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Johanna Meier, Michael Devlin, and John Darrenkamp; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Bianca Sauler, Michele Molese, and William Chapman; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 27, at 1: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Deborah Kieffer, John Stewart, and David Clatworthy; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 27, at 7: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 29, at 8: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Bianca Sauler, Michele Molese, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 1, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Michael Devlin, and Harry Theyard; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 2, at 8: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, March 3, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Kay Creed, Herman Malamood, and David Clatworthy; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 4, at 2: "Mefistofele," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Beverly Evans, William Chapman, and Harry Theyard; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 4, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Mary Cross Lueders, John Stewart, and Dominic Cossa; Charles Wilson. A benefit performance; for information about tickets, call 877-7652. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 25, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 28, at 7:30 (all with Rafael Druian, violin); and Thursday, March 2, at 8:30; Friday, March 3, at 2; Saturday, March 4, at 8:30; and Monday, March 6, at 7:30 (all with Daniel Barenboim, *piano*, *and* Pinchas *Zukerman*, violin). . . . **notes:** Mr. Boulez will also conduct the orchestra in a performance of Berg's "Kammerkonzert" (with the Messrs. Barenboim and Zukerman), as well as discuss, explain, and illustrate Berg and his music (and answer questions) on Tuesday, Feb. 29, at 8:30, at Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. . . . ¶ An hour before the concert on Thursday, March 2, Mr. Barenboim, clarinetist Stanley Drucker, and the Composers String Quartet will give a half-hour recital of Berg chamber music.

Prague Symphony Orchestra—Jindřich Rohan conducting, with Menahem Pressler, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8, an all-Mozart program; no soloists. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 4, at 9, a varied benefit concert, with Murray Perahia, piano. For tickets, call 354-0909.)

Vienna Symphony Orchestra—Josef Krips conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 3, a program of music by Richard and Johann Strauss. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 29, at 8, a Mozart-Bruckner program.)

Symphony of the New World—Denis DeCoteau conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 3.)

Harlem Philharmonic Orchestra—Karl Hampton Porter conducting. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 8. For tickets, call 865-5280.)

National Arts Centre Orchestra of Canada—Mario Bernardi conducting and acting as piano soloist, with Erica Goodman, harp. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra da Camera—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Kenneth Riegel, tenor, and Anthony Miranda, French horn. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, March 1, at 8.)

Camerata Singers and Symphony Orchestra—Abraham Kaplan directing, with Roberta Peters, soprano, and Julian Patrick, baritone. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—John Motley directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Israel in Egypt," with Diana Hoagland, soprano; Carole Walters, mezzo-soprano; and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

Sergio and Eduardo Abreu—Classic guitarists. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8, an all-Schubert program,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the last in a series of concerts. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.... ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave., at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8, a Schubert-Beethoven program.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Beverly Sills, soprano; Charles Treger, violin; Aldo Parisot, cello; Charles Wadsworth, piano and harpsichord; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8:30, and Saturday, Feb. 26, at 9.)

Agustin Anievas—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

New York Philomusica Chamber Ensemble—A group formerly known as the New York Chamber Ensemble, conducted, in part, by A. Robert Johnson. With Susan Belling, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 2.)

Evelyn Lear—Soprano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord, with Ronald Roseman, oboe; Thomas Nyfenger, flute; and Timothy Eddy, cello. The last in a series of recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 1, at 8.)

Garrick Ohlsson—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, March 1, at 8.)

Glenn Dicterow—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 2, at 8.)

Janos Starker and György Sebok—The last in a series of recitals of sonatas for cello and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 2, at 8.)

Martha Argerich—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 3, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute, with the Orchestre Paillard conducted by Jean-François Paillard. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 3, at 8.)

William Masselos—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 4, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Hermann Prey—Baritone, with the Paris Chamber Orchestra conducted by Paul Kuentz. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 4, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—The Vassar Madrigal Singers; Matthew Raimondi, violin; Blanca Uribe, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 4, at 8:30. For tickets, call EL 5-3131.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 5:45: Jimmy Giuffre's trio.... ¶ Wednesday, March 1, at 5:45: Eubie Blake.

Dave Berger Jazz Orchestra—Maisonette, St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Friday, Feb. 25, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.

Nana Mouskouri and the Athenians—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8.

New York Bass Violin Choir—With Max Roach and others. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 3.)

T. Rex and Jackie Lomax—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 7:30.

Badfinger—With Al Kooper. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 1, at 7:30.)

Kinks—With Lindisfarne. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday and Friday, March 2-3, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Baltimore, Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8.... ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday, Feb. 29, at 7:30.... ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, March 4, at 8.... NASSAU COLISEUM, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.: Nets vs. Indiana, Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8:15.... ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Friday, Feb. 25, at 8:15.... ¶ Nets vs. Virginia, Wednesday, March 1, at 8:15.... ¶ Nets vs. Pittsburgh, Saturday, March 4, at 3.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Philadelphia.... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 27, at 7:05: Rangers vs. St. Louis.... ¶ Wednesday, March 1, at 7:35: Rangers vs. California.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Wednesday, March 1, through Saturday, May 13. The Paumonock Handicap, Wednesday, March 1, and the Swift, Saturday, March 4.... BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 11. The John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 26.

Tennis—Clean Air Tennis Classic: Stan Smith, Clark Graebner, Ilie Nastase, Jim Connors, Tom Gorman, Cliff Richey, and Manolo Orantes. A benefit tournament. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 2 and 6:30; Thursday and Friday, Feb. 24-25, at 6:30; Saturday, Feb. 26, at 2 and 6:30; and Sunday, Feb. 27, at 1. For information about tickets, call EL 5-3611.)

Track Meets—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 7. For information about tickets, call 245-1540.)... ¶ National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 25, at 7.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Feb. 29. ... YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8, from Wednesday, March 1, through Wednesday, May 24.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"The Mikado," Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 26-27, at 4.... ¶ "Iolanthe," Saturday, March 4, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Peter and the Wolf." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.)... BLUE PEACOCK PLAYERS: "Genji and the White Jewels." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)... DRAGON MARIONETTES: "Cinderella." (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. Saturday, March 4, at 1 and 3. For information about tickets, call GR 5-0830.) ... SALVATORE GUIDA: "Bravo, the Clown," Saturday, Feb. 26.... ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, Feb. 27.... ¶ "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, March 4. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291. Afternoons at 2:30.)... MERI MINI PLAYERS: "The Princess and the Pea." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 260-4863. Saturdays at 2:30.)... PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Hot Feet." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturdays at 3.)... PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE: "How the Rhinoceros Got His Skin" and "The Arabian Nights." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Feb. 27, at 2. Children under five not admitted.)... LEA WALLACE PUPPETS: "The Adventures of Sinbad." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted.)

Movies—"The Red Shoes," with Moira Shearer, Saturday, Feb. 26, at 10, 12:30, 3, and 5:30, and Sunday, Feb. 27, at 1:30 and 4.... ¶ "The Glass Slipper," with Leslie Caron and Michael Wilding, Saturday, March 4, at 10, 12, 2, 4, and 6. (New York Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W. 64th St. For information about tickets, call 875-6261.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show in the Sky Theatre is called "By the Stars of Gitche Gumee." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)... ¶ An hour before the shows, the Guggenheim Space Theatre presents a projection of the story of astronomy—from man's earliest concepts of the universe to the achievements of the Space Age.

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—Fifty-three pictures in watercolor and chalk by children in Taipei; starting Friday, Feb. 25. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays and Fridays, 10 to 2; Thursdays, 10 to 5; and Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in

Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4 daily.)

National Antiques Show—Among this year's exhibits are Chinese works of art and an 1890 penny arcade. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 23-25, from 1 to 10:30; Saturday, Feb. 26, from 1 to 11; and Sunday, Feb. 27, from 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 23-24, at 2: Old-master and nineteenth-century paintings and drawings, from various owners.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26, at 2: Black Basaltes pottery, including a number of Wedgwood and Bentley library busts; from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bernheim.... ¶ Wednesday, March 1, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century sculptures, among them the monumental wood carving "Reclining Figure" by Henry Moore. From the Cranbrook Academy of Art and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 25.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 23 at 2: "The Brave Warrior" (1969), in Portuguese, directed by Gustavo Dahl.... ¶ Feb. 23 at 5:30: "Razor in the Flesh" (1969), in Portuguese, directed by Bráz Chediak.... ¶ Feb. 24 at 2: "The Priest and the Girl" (1966), in Portuguese, directed by Joaquim Pedro de Andrade.... ¶ Feb. 24 at 5:30: "The Gods and the Dead" (1970), in Portuguese, directed by Ruy Guerra.... ¶ Feb. 24 at 8: "The Priest and the Girl" (1966).... ¶ Feb. 25 at 2 and 5:30: "At Midnight I'll Take Your Soul" (1966), in Portuguese, directed by José Mojica Marins.... ¶ Feb. 26 at noon: "The Battle of Midway" (1942), "Memphis Belle" (1944), and "The Battle of San Pietro" (1945).... ¶ Feb. 26 at 3 and 5:30: "The Case of the Naves Brothers" (1967), in Portuguese, directed by Luiz Sérgio Person.... ¶ Feb. 27 at 12:30: "Tant Qu'il Y Aura des Bêtes" (1955) and "White Mane" (1953).... ¶ Feb. 27 at 3: To be announced.... ¶ Feb. 27 at 5:30: "O Canto Do Mar" (1954), in Portuguese, directed by Alberto Cavalcanti; no English titles.... ¶ Feb. 28 at noon: "The Gods and the Dead" (1970).... ¶ Feb. 28 at 5:30 and Feb. 29 at 2: "Shadows" (1961), directed by John Cassevetes.... ¶ Feb. 29 at 5:30: "Brother Carl" (1971), directed by Susan Sontag.... ¶ March 1 at 2: "Antonio das Mortes" (1969), in Portuguese, directed by Glauber Rocha.... ¶ March 1 at 5:30: To be announced.... ¶ March 2 at 2 and 5:30: "Sky High" (1922), with Tom Mix.... ¶ March 2 at 8: "Foolish Wives" (1922), directed by, and with, Erich von Stroheim. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Ozu, Melies, Smith, Renoir, Rossellini, Snow, Riefenstahl, Vertov, Vigo, Warhol, and others. Showings Feb. 23-26 at 6, 8, and 10; Feb. 27 at 6 and 10; Feb. 29 at 6, 8, and 10; March 1 at 6 and 10; and March 2 at 6.... **WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100)—Feb. 23: A program of animated shorts by independent filmmakers.... ¶ Feb. 24-March 1: "Image, Flesh, and Voice," directed by Ed Emshwiller.... ¶ Starting March 2: "Out There, a Lone Island," directed by Humphrey Leynse. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

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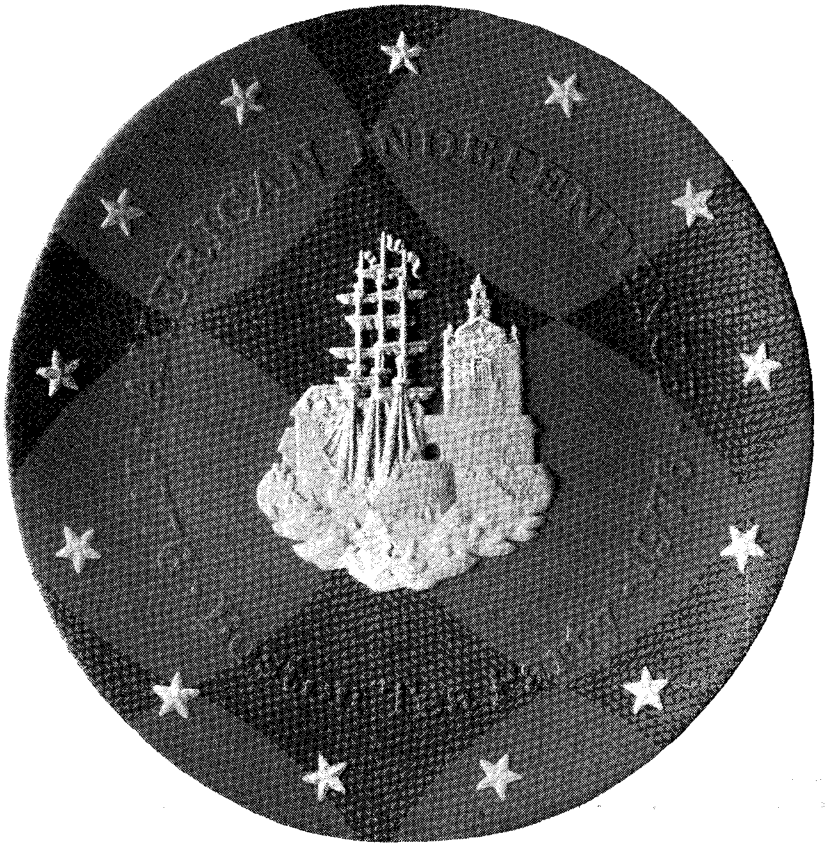

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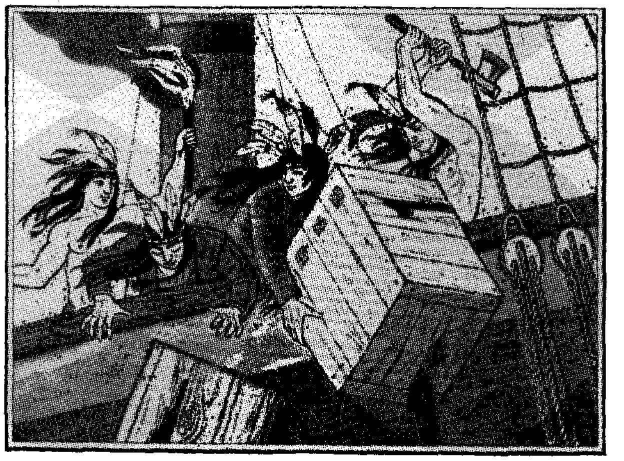

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	1	2		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 29: "Klute" and "Summer of '42."
From March 1: "King Lear."
Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Feb. 29: "Flying Down to Rio" and "The Sky's the Limit."
From March 1: "Presenting Lily Mars" and "Best Foot Forward."
St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Feb. 23: "Singin' in the Rain" and "Ninotchka."
Feb. 24-27: "A Hard Day's Night," "Help!," and "Bedazzled."
From Feb. 28: "A Day at the Races" and "A Night at the Opera."
Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 29: "Diamonds Are Forever."
From March 1: "$" and "The Deadly Affair."
Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Feb. 29: "Carry On Camping" and "Some of My Best Friends Are . . ."
From March 1: "Sometimes a Great Notion" and "Play Misty for Me."
Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Feb. 24: "Dirty Harry."
From Feb. 25: "I Want What I Want."
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Last Picture Show."
Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Feb. 24: "The Hospital."
From Feb. 25: "Dealing: or the Berkeley-to-Boston Forty Brick Lost-Bag Blues."
Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Hot Rock."
Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"A Man for All Seasons."
Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."
Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Nightcomers."
Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"No Drums, No Bugles."
R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Klute" and "Summer of '42."
R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Boy Friend."
Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"A Clockwork Orange."
Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Minnie and Moskowitz."
Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Last Picture Show."
Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"To Find a Man."
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Made for Each Other."
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Le Boucher."
Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Straw Dogs."
72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 29: "Carry On Camping" and "Some of My Best Friends Are . . ."
From March 1: "A Day at the Races" and "A Night at the Opera."
Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Klute" and "Summer of '42."
Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The French Connection."
Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Hot Rock."
U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 29: "King Lear."
From March 1: To be announced.
Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"X Y & Zee."
Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Feb. 29: "$."
From March 1: "Doctor Zhivago."
86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 29: "Diamonds Are Forever."
From March 1: "The Hospital."
R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (688-1717)
Through Feb. 24: "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."
From Feb. 25: "I Want What I Want."
R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (688-1717)
Through Feb. 29: "The Carpetbaggers."
From March 1: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (533-8270)
Through Feb. 26: "My Night at Maud's" and "La Collectionneuse."
Feb. 27-29: "Woman in the Dunes" and "Kwaidan."
March 1-2: "Medium Cool" and "Nothing but a Man."
Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Feb. 29: "The Decameron."
From March 1: "$."
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 29: "Dutchman" and "The Emperor Jones."
From March 1: "The Hospital."
5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Feb. 29: "The Quiet Man" and "The Rising of the Moon."
From March 1: "Ramparts of Clay" and "Angela Davis: A Portrait of a Revolutionary."
Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Sunday Bloody Sunday."
Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Feb. 24: "Woodstock" and "Monterey Pop."
Feb. 25-March 2: "THX 1138," "Billy Jack," and "Let It Be."
R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Feb. 29: "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."
From March 1: "Clay Pigeon" and "Chandler."
Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Nicholas and Alexandra."
Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
Through Feb. 26: "Sanjuro" and "Samurai Rebellion."
Feb. 27: A program of Greek films.
From Feb. 28: "Bushido—Samurai Saga" and "Harakiri."
Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."
Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through March 2 (tentative): "The Andromeda Strain" and "The Reivers."
Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Mary, Queen of Scots."
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cabaret."
Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"To Die of Love."
Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Macbeth."
Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Outback."
Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Modern Times."
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Without Apparent Motive."
Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Feb. 29: "The Hellstrom Chronicle" and "On Any Sunday."
From March 1: To be announced.
Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Feb. 29: "2001: A Space Odyssey."
From March 1: To be announced.
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Feb. 29: "The French Connection."
From March 1: To be announced.
Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Feb. 29: "Long Ago, Tomorrow" and "Little Murders."
From March 1: To be announced.
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Feb. 23: "The Confession" and "Hour of the Wolf."
Feb. 24: "Hour of the Wolf" and "Bay of the Angels."
Feb. 25: "Bay of the Angels" and "42nd Street."
Feb. 26: "42nd Street" and "Of Human Bondage."
Feb. 27: "Of Human Bondage" and "Sunrise."
Feb. 28: "Sunrise" and "The Collector."
Feb. 29: "The Collector" and "Elena et les Hommes."
March 1: "Elena et les Hommes" and "La Collectionneuse."
March 2: "La Collectionneuse" and "Elvira Madigan."
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 29: "Thoroughly Modern Millie" and "Sweet Charity."
From March 1: To be announced.
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Feb. 24: "The Confession" and "Le Petit Soldat."
Feb. 25-28: "The Touch" and "Take the Money and Run."
Feb. 29-March 2: "Last Summer" and "Loving."
Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Feb. 23: "The Grapes of Wrath" and "Kind Hearts and Coronets."
Feb. 24-26: "Bedazzled" and "The Fearless Vampire Killers."
Feb. 27-29: "Z" and "The Loves of Isadora."
From March 1: "Millhouse: A White Comedy" and "Les Carabiniers."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The Andromeda Strain—Biological invasion from outer space. The rapidly expanding green muck is like the various slimy menaces in the unpretentious sci-fi thrillers of the fifties, but Robert Wise, who made this expensive version of the Michael Crichton novel, has chosen a fanatically realistic documentary style and has failed to solve the dramatic problems in the original story. The suspense is strong, but not pleasurable. (Guild; through March 2, tentative.)

Bay of the Angels (1962)—Jacques Demy's virtuoso sense of film rhythm makes this flimsy, capricious story of a gambling lady (Jeanne Moreau, in dazzling form) a lyrical study in compulsion and luck. A magical, whirling film, photographed by Raoul Coutard, and with one of Michel Legrand's best scores. In French. (New Yorker; Feb. 24-25.)

Bedazzled (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme in a comedy directed by Stanley Donen. (Olympia; Feb. 24-26. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 24-27.)

Best Foot Forward (1943)—No one who saw it is likely to have forgotten "Buckle Down Winsockie"—the best of all the school songs in all the cheery-silly, hip-hip-hoorah musicals. The women excel in this one, an M-G-M picture with a cast that includes Lucille Ball, June Allyson, Gloria De Haven, Nancy Walker, William Gaxton, and Harry James and his orchestra. Eddie Buzzell directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 1.)

Billy Jack—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naïve feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The central story is a mess, but when Laughlin (who directed) wings it the results are ingenious and charming. Perhaps the only movie in which a rape victim discusses rape in terms of a specific feminine anger at her helplessness and the violation of her person. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, perhaps because Billy Jack uses his mystic powers on behalf of the young. (Elgin; Feb. 25-March 2.)

Le Boucher—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor

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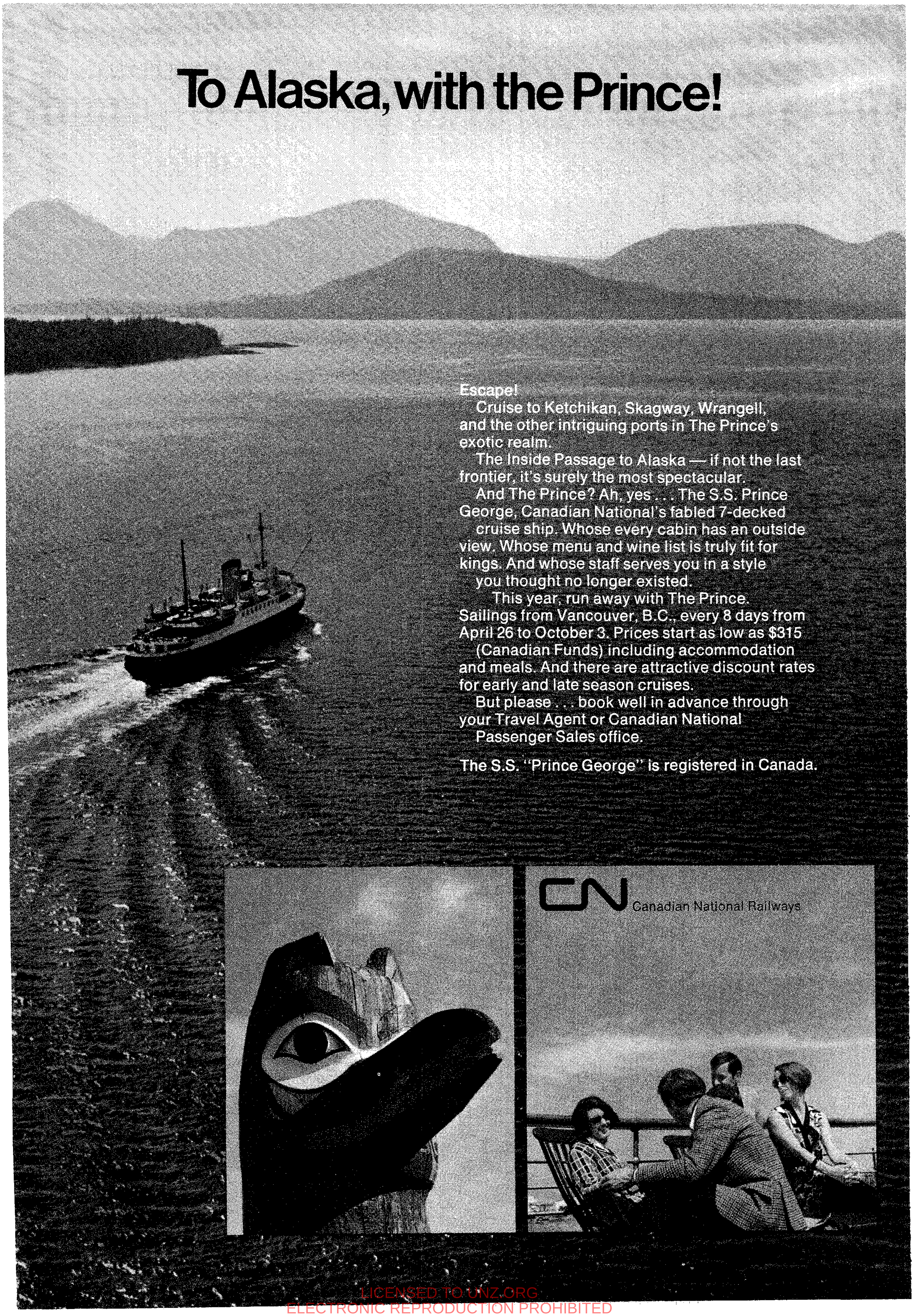

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Boy Friend—Ken Russell has turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2.)

Bushido—Samurai Saga (1963)—Directed by Tadashi Imai. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting Feb. 28.)

Cabaret—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Ziegfeld.)

Les Carabiniers (1963)—A Jean-Luc Godard film about two numbed soldiers who are pleased to go to war because of the chances it offers, in their Candide reckoning. In French. (Olympia; starting March 1.)

The Carpetbaggers (1964)—In the tawdry, lavish *roman-à-clef* genre, but of its kind fairly energetic, and the pop psychology is self-serious enough to be funny. The source is the Harold Robbins' novel with a thinly disguised Howard Hughes for its hero—spoiled-rotten rich Jonas Cord, Jr. (George Peppard). (Robert Ryan gave a far more compelling portrait based on Hughes in the Max Ophuls film "Caught," but Peppard is just right for this picture.) The characters, synthesized from old scandal sheets, are impersonated by Alan Ladd (it was his last film), Carroll Baker, Lew Ayres, Martha Hyer, Elizabeth Ashley, Leif Erickson, Audrey Totter, Martin Balsam, Archie Moore, and Robert Cummings. Directed by Edward Dmytryk. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Feb. 29.)

Carry on Camping—With Sidney James and Kenneth Williams, directed by Gerald Thomas. (Kips Bay and 72nd St. Playhouse; through Feb. 29.)

Chandler—With Warren Oates and Leslie Caron, directed by Paul Magwood. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting March 1.)

Clay Pigeon—With Telly Savalas and Robert Vaughn, directed by Tom Stern and Lane Slate. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting March 1.)

A Clockwork Orange—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's new film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Cinema I.)

La Collectionneuse—Eric Rohmer directs the third of his "Six Moral Tales," readying for "My Night at Maud's" and "Claire's Knee." This one, too, is full of summer—dazed with sun, bored, a study in the heresy of not enjoying a good time. Never were there so many brown limbs unengaged with each other. The film is about a drolly seen prig, but Rohmer's sense of the ridiculous isn't that sure. In French, with voice-over in English from the hero when he's thinking aloud, which has an oddly ventriloquial effect and makes you jump. (Garrick; through Feb. 26. . . . ¶ New Yorker; March 1-2.)

The Collector (1965)—Terence Stamp captures Samantha Eggar and keeps her locked up in a cellar in England. Stanley Mann's banal script does no service to John Fowles' novel, but the William Wyler production has an inexorable, compulsive drive. A handsome, though too dignified, movie. (New Yorker; Feb. 28-29.)

The Confession (1970)—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (New Yorker; Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Thalia; through Feb. 24.)

Angela Davis: A Portrait of a Revolutionary—Directed by Yolande du Luart. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting March 1.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 28. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse; starting March 1.)

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The Deadly Affair (1967)—A stylish thriller, directed by Sidney Lumet and boasting a cast that includes James Mason, Simone Signoret, Maximilian Schell, Kenneth Haigh, and Lynn Redgrave. (Gramercy; starting March 1.)

Dealing: or the Berkeley-to-Boston Forty Brick Lost-Bag Blues—With Barbara Hershey and Robert F. Lyons, directed by Paul Williams. (Sutton; starting Feb. 25.)

The Decameron—Based on Boccaccio's tales, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini. In Italian. (Waverly; through Feb. 29.)

Diamonds Are Forever—Tired Bond picture that is often noisy when it means to be exciting. It lacks elegance and visual opulence, but it's got Sean Connery. His Bond is less lecherous now and less foppish—and he's better this way: Bond the mock hero has become the one stable, unalienated fantasy hero of modern movies. (Gramercy and 86th St. East; through Feb. 29.)

Dirty Harry—Clint Eastwood is the saintly cop who demonstrates the necessity for para-legal police power; Don Siegel directed this skillful, brutal, Fascist thriller. (Murray Hill; through Feb. 24.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The poet-doctor (Omar Sharif) isn't a strong enough protagonist to bind together the events of the Russian Revolution, and so one seems to be on the sidelines watching an enormous, romantic, historical pageant. David Lean put it all together (or tried to) from Robert Bolt's adaptation of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (Loew's Ciné; starting March 1.)

$—Bank heist in Hamburg, masterminded by Warren Beatty, assisted by Goldie Hawn as a kook hooker. For the first twenty minutes, it's impossible to know what's going on; after that, there are so many camera setups and such noisy, overextended chases that the whole thing becomes hectic and exhausting. Brutality and tension are a poor substitute for pleasurable suspense. Overwritten and overdirected by Richard Brooks. (Loew's Ciné; through Feb. 29. . . . ¶ Gramercy and Waverly; starting March 1.)

Dutchman (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a white girl maniac and her Negro victim. (8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 29.)

Elena et les Hommes (1956)—Jean Renoir made this love-carnival film, set in France in the eighteen-eighties, in color and with an expensive international cast—Ingrid Bergman, Mel Ferrer, and Jean Marais. American audiences never got a chance to judge it properly, because it was released here in a botched, dubbed version called "Paris Does Strange Things;" Marais spoke in a gravelly baritone so far from his own voice that audiences laughed, Ferrer seemed weak even for Ferrer, and the picture had little besides Bergman's astonishing, ripe beauty to recommend it. The French version has considerably more, although it is far from a success. In French. (New Yorker; Feb. 29-March 1.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, who is so exquisitely fresh she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. In Swedish. (New Yorker; March 2.)

The Emperor Jones (1933)—Eugene O'Neill's play about a black man's disintegration was conceived in a semi-Expressionist style, and it was filmed in that style by Dudley Murphy, from a screenplay by DuBose Heyward. Murphy, a director with some ideas but almost no technique, used painted sets, exaggerated décor, and an artificial jungle; the effects are sometimes powerful, sometimes ridiculous. O'Neill's violent emotions are accurately rendered by Paul Robeson and Dudley Digges, though they seem to be acting on a stage. (8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 29.)

The Fearless Vampire Killers (1967)—Directed, written, acted in, and disowned by Roman Polanski, in an imaginative exile's comprehensible compulsion to find his feet again. The film flails, but you can see the talent somewhere. (Olympia; Feb. 24-26.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Flying Down to Rio (1933)—The romantic leads in this R.K.O. musical were Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, and Raul Roulien, but it is famous for being the movie in which Ginger met Fred. (They were intended for comic relief.) The dances, including "The Carioca" and the airborne number that Ken Russell imitates in "The Boy Friend," were choreographed by Dave Gould; the songs, by Gus Kahn, Edward Eliscu, and Vincent Youmans, include "Orchids in the Moonlight" and "Music Makes Me." Thornton Freeland directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 29.)

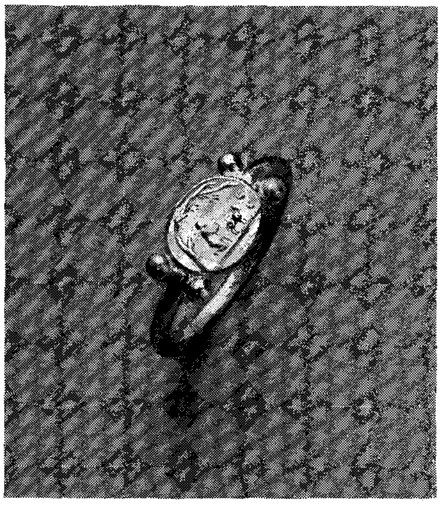
42nd Street (1933)—This big, cheerful Warners musical was a remake of the 1929 "On with the Show," but it gave new life to the clichés that have kept parodists happy; what's surprising is how organic the clichés once were. The cast includes Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, George Brent, and Ginger Rogers. The songs, by Al Dubin and Harry Warren, include "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" and "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me." Lloyd Bacon directed. (New Yorker; Feb. 25-26.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Juliet 2. . . . ¶ Regency; through Feb. 29.)

The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight—When farce isn't expertly played and directed, it becomes just stupid, and that's what happens to this Mafia farce, from the Jimmy Breslin book. Lionel Stander, Jo Van Fleet, and Jerry Orbach are among the clownish crooks; molestable Leigh Taylor-Young and the talented young Robert De Niro are the romantic leads. Directed by James Goldstone. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 29.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary

IMPRESSIONS



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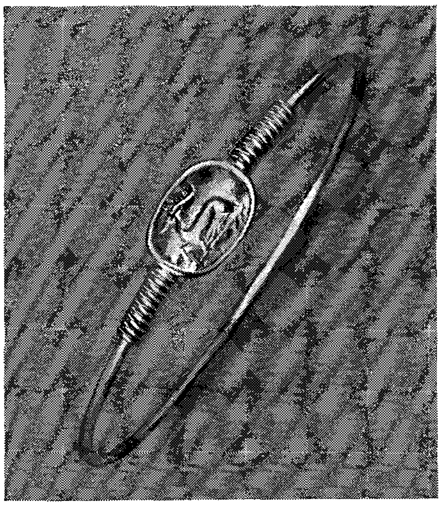

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Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Plaza.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH (*1940*)—*John Ford's reworking* of the Steinbeck novel. With Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (Olympia; Feb. 23.)

HARAKIRI (1962)—As grisly as the title hints, but a classically beautiful film. Directed by Masaki Kobayashi and probably his masterpiece. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting Feb. 28.)

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 24-27.)

HELP! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. In color, and good, but not quite so wonderful. (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 24-27.)

THE HELLSTROM CHRONICLE—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks about talking about the approach of Armagaddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (Paramount; through Feb. 29.)

THE HOSPITAL—George C. Scott is at his most hammily brilliant in Paddy Chayevsky's farce about the killing incompetence in a modern big-city hospital. The picture strains for seriousness now and then, but even when it makes a fool of itself, it's *still* funny. Arthur Hiller directed. (Sutton; through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ 86th St. East and 8th St. Playhouse; starting March 1.)

THE HOT ROCK—A cheerful caper movie, set around New York City. The dialogue is often painfully hip-cute, but the actors manage to be funny anyway. Ron Leibman plays a demonic getaway driver, George Segal is a panicky lock picker, Paul Sand is a spaced-out bomb wizard, and Robert Redford is the straight-man leader of the gang. Peter Yates directed, from William Goldman's screenplay. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

HOUR OF THE WOLF (1968)—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon each other, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his infected, deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (New Yorker; Feb. 23-24.)

I WANT WHAT I WANT—With Anne Heywood and Harry Andrews, directed by John Dexter. (Murray Hill and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Feb. 25.)

KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS (1950)—Ninth in line to inherit a dukedom, the amoral young hero (Dennis Price) systematically eliminates the intervening eight—all, by a casting stroke of genius, played by Alec Guinness. Brittle, witty, and good fun, though a little on the poky side. Robert Hamer directed. (*Olympia; Feb. 23.*)

KING LEAR—Blindness and nothingness are the controlling metaphors in this gray, cold Peter Brook production. Paul Scofield gives a frigid performance, and the cast, including the Cordelia, have dead eyes. You may feel dead while you watch. (U. A. East; through Feb. 29. . . . ¶ Art; starting March 1.)

KLUTE—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Art; through Feb. 29.)

KWAIDAN (1965)—A four-part film, elaborate and rather tediously decorative, directed by Masaki Kobayashi. In Japanese. (Garrick; Feb. 27-29.)

THE LAST PICTURE SHOW—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (34th St. East and Columbia I.)

LAST SUMMER (1969)—Directed by Frank Perry, written by Eleanor Perry. A fable about the decline into adult barbarism of three illustrative and well-heeled sixteen-year-olds horsing around on what looks like Fire Island. Preachy and trite. (Thalia; Feb. 29-March 2.)

LET IT BE (1970)—The Beatles at rehearsal—older and plumper and as fine company as ever—seen together on film for what's said to be the last time. It is a bad movie but a touching one; it turns out to be about change. "Get Back to Where You Once Belonged" *goes one song, sounding self-addressed.* Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. (Elgin; Feb. 25-March 2.)

LITTLE MURDERS (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 29.)

LONG AGO, TOMORROW—Doomed love between paraplegics, who must go through considerable *wheelchair wiggling even to* kiss. For people who want to be turned on by the sadness of it. With Malcolm McDowell and Nanette Newman, directed by Bryan Forbes. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 29.)

THE LOVES OF ISADORA (1969)—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character-sense instead of clodhopping chronology. It was wonderfully designed by Jocelyn Herbert and horribly cut around by Universal Pictures, which unwisely overrode Reisz's judgment. (Olympia; Feb. 27-29.)

LOVING (1970)—An unusually perceptive film, with George Segal as an amiable failed artist who wriggles this way and that because he doesn't like his life. Irvin Kershner directed, and it's beautifully detailed and sustained. (Thalia; Feb. 29-March 2.)

MACBETH—Roman Polanski shows such literal horror that there is no horror left to imagine. The play is treated not as a great cautionary nightmare but as an illustration of how power normally changes hands. The handsome, intelligent, and well-acted production succeeds as vivid melodrama but reduces Shakespeare's meanings to something almost complacently lucid. (Playboy.)

MADE FOR EACH OTHER—Renée Taylor and her husband, Joseph Bologna, wrote and star in this original, romantic comedy about a knocked-out bleached-blond failed actress and a grubby misfit who meet in an encounter group. The movie believes that there is a Kingdom of Heaven that you can get to if you *help each other be vulnerable and open.* It's Frank Capracorn updated by ethnic humor and simplified Freudianism, but it's so skillfully worked out that it's emotionally pleasing, and Renée Taylor's performance gives the film depth and conviction. Robert B. Bean directed. (Beekman.)

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS (1966)—The moral tug-of-war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Fine Arts.)

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS—Mary's story may be a great one, but periods of history "fraught with intrigue"—as they used to say—don't film well. Mary's "tragic destiny" has always been a movie flop; it was already a joke back in 1925, when Hal Roach made the comedy "Mary, Queen of Tots." There's no motivating idea visible in this version, produced by Hal Wallis, and the leaden script, by John Hale, lacks romantic spirit and dramatic sense. Vanessa Redgrave brings a tremulous, romantic-goddess quality to Mary; Glenda Jackson, likable but as contemporary as Bette Davis, gives Elizabeth a sort of camp humor. Her red wigs seem almost prankishly terrible, as if designed to subvert the imposing production. The director, Charles Jarrott, struggles to give it all a little lift, but without a script Hercules couldn't raise this story off the ground. (Music Hall.)

MEDIUM COOL (1969)—Haskell Wexler's film, with a TV-cameraman hero (Robert Forster), about the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1968, police brutality, Vietnam, Appalachia, McLuhan *thoughts on* media—the lot. An expert, hard-natured picture that makes a great many points at a glib pace and wears its liberal conscience on its sleeve. (Garrick; March 1-2.)

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about Richard Nixon, directed by Emile de Antonio. The picture uses the same unscrupulous methods it accuses Nixon of using. (Olympia; starting March 1.)

Minnie and Moskowitz—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't take root. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Cinema II.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Lincoln Art.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's infectious record of the Monterey music festival, with fifty thousand teen-agers and musicians. (Elgin; through Feb. 24.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Garrick; through Feb. 26.)

Nicholas and Alexandra—As obsequiously respectful as if it had been made about living monarchs who might reward the producer with a command performance. Viewers are put in the position of celebrity-lovers eager to partake of the home life of the dullest of the Czars. Nicholas and Alexandra were two dunces sitting on a volcano, and the solemnly square movie is more interested in the dunces than in the volcano. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, but without the sweeping command of large-scale visual imagery he has had in the past. (Criterion. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. *Matinées* Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 28. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse; starting March 1.)

The Nightcomers—With Marlon Brando, directed by Michael Winner. (Baronet.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo in Lubitsch's comedy—the one famous for her laughing for the first time, though it should be even more famous for the way her innate eloquence pierces the Lubitsch kitsch. She is a Russian on the run—to flee a country, or to look for a love, which she somehow manages to make seem everyone's condition. Garbo is implicitly omniscient as no other actress ever seems to have been—the world's parent. (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 23.)

No Drums, No Bugles—With Martin Sheen, directed by Clyde Ware. (Coronet.)

Nothing but a Man (1964)—Ivan Dixon and Abbey Lincoln as a black couple trying to live without succumbing to Uncle Tomism. A modest, uneven film, directed by Michael Roemer. (Garrick; March 1-2.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis had a great slouch in the role of Mildred, the scheming, deceitful Cockney waitress who sinks her hooks into the sensitive hero, Leslie Howard. (Howard was the man-born-to-be-betrayed until Dirk Bogarde came along.) Davis makes her role work through sheer will; she doesn't let it happen, she makes it happen—and, boy, you'd better watch! Her peroxide-blond Mildred may be too showily *mean* to be convincing, but Davis's energy was, for the first time, fully released on the screen, and the role made her a star. John Cromwell directed this careful, rather stilted version of the Somerset Maugham novel. The other women in the hero's life are played by the lovely young Frances Dee and the unusual, wry Kay Johnson. With Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale. (New Yorker; Feb. 26-27.)

On Any Sunday—A breezy documentary on motorcycle racing, directed by Bruce Brown. (Paramount; through Feb. 29.)

Outback—With Donald Pleasence and Gary Bond, directed by Ted Kotcheff. (Little Carnegie.)

Le Petit Soldat (1960)—Godard's first foray into politics, with romance and political extremism and torture and talk of cinema all suspended in an Existential mixture. Technically an innovative work, but humanly a baffling one. With Anna Karina and Michel Subor. In French. (Thalia; through Feb. 24.)

Play Misty for Me—Foolish thriller, with Clint Eastwood and Jessica Walter, directed by Eastwood. He should have taken some lessons before he tried to play in public. (Kips Bay; starting March 1.)

Presenting Lily Mars (1943)—Modest, second-rate M-G-M musical movie starring Judy Garland, with Van Heflin, Fay Bainter, Richard Carlson, and Spring Byington, and the orchestras of Tommy Dorsey and Bob Crosby. The score is undistinguished. Norman Taurog directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 1.)

The Quiet Man (1952)—One of John Ford's most popular films—but fearfully Irish and green and hearty. John Wayne plays an American who returns to Ireland and courts a fiery beauty, Maureen O'Hara. In the best scene, after they break down their wedding bed, Barry Fitzgerald comes in and says something indecipherable that sounds like "positively Homeric." (5th Ave. Cinema; through Feb. 29.)

Ramparts of Clay (1971)—Jean-Louis Bertuccelli directed this quietly impressive study of a strike in a Tunisian village on the edge of the Sahara and the way it radicalizes a young illiterate girl. Adapted from Jean Duvignaud's book "Change at Shebika." Shot in Algeria. In Berber. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting March 1.)

The Reivers (1969)—Pleasant, nostalgic Southern comedy, out of William Faulkner. With Steve McQueen, Rupert Crosse, and a beautiful bright-yellow 1905 Winton Flyer. (Guild; through March 2, tentative.)

The Rising of the Moon (1957)—With Cyril Cusack and other Abbey Theatre players, directed by John Ford. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Feb. 29.)

Samurai Rebellion (1967)—Masaki Kobayashi, who made a famous anti-militarist trilogy, directed this story of a rebellion against feudal power. At the climax, Toshiro Mifune and Tatsuya Nakadai have a geometrically planned and handsomely choreographed swordfight. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; through Feb. 26.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; through Feb. 26.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 23.)

The Sky's the Limit (1943)—Dreary R.K.O. musical, with Fred Astaire, cast, unfortunately, opposite the wholesome Joan Leslie, with her girl-next-door big smiles. But Astaire does some beautiful solo work, including the memorable "One for My Baby (and One More for the Road)." With Robert Benchley; Edward H. Griffith directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 29.)

Some of My Best Friends Are . . .—Homosexuals. The boys in the band in a bar. With Candy Darling, Fannie Flag, and Carleton Carpenter. Directed by Mervyn Nelson. (Kips Bay and 72nd St. Playhouse; through Feb. 29.)

Sometimes a Great Notion—With Paul Newman, Henry Fonda, and Lee Remick; directed by Newman. (Kips Bay; starting March 1.)

Straw Dogs—A picture that will be talked about for many years. Sam Peckinpah, who is an artist, has made the first American film that is a Fascist work of art. Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill, and the gifted young Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the now fashionable guise of the territorial imperative. (Tower East.)

Summer of '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs involved are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Art; through Feb. 29.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Greenwich.)

SUNRISE (1927)—A strange (and silent) failed masterpiece by the great German director, F. W. Murnau, who made this stylized, oddly Germanic movie in America. It got rather too self-consciously pictorial, but even in the alien milieu Murnau's direction is frequently masterly, and there are splendid sequences. From a Sudermann story. With Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien, and with Margaret Livingston as the temptress. (New Yorker; Feb. 27-28.)

SWEET CHARITY (1969)—With Shirley MacLaine, John McMartin, and Ricardo Montalban; directed by Bob Fosse. (Symphony; through Feb. 29.)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Thalia; Feb. 25-28.)

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE (1967)—A diverting movie, which would have been a lot better at half its length. With Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore, James Fox, and Beatrice Lillie, directed by George Roy Hill. (Symphony; through Feb. 29.)

THX 1138—A psychedelic view of the horrors of the computerized twenty-fifth century (which turns out to be an abstract version of "1984"). The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." Movie addicts may enjoy ticking up the homages or steals—Cocteau's "Orpheus," Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and so on. (Elgin; Feb. 25-March 2.)

TO DIE OF LOVE—With Annie Girardot and Bruno Pradal, directed by André Cayatte. In French. (Festival.)

TO FIND A MAN—With Pamela Sue Martin and Darren O'Connor, directed by Buzz Kulik. (Columbia II.)

THE TOUCH—A Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple, played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made—exact and very touching. (Thalia; Feb. 25-28.)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Cinema Studio; through Feb. 29.)

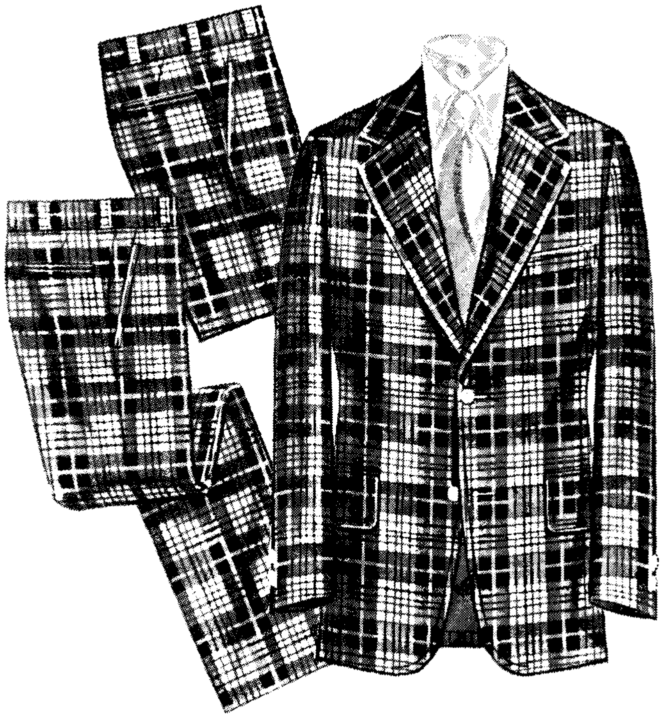
WITHOUT APPARENT MOTIVE—With Jean-Louis Trintignant and Dominique Sanda, directed by Philippe Labro. In French. (Paris.)

WOMAN IN THE DUNES (1964)—A very fine Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, as long as your sympathies hold firm enough not to be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand, sand, sand, sand-covered bodies, and an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Garrick; Feb. 27-29.)

WOODSTOCK (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Elgin; through Feb. 24.)

X Y & ZEE—Elizabeth Taylor in an all-out, let-it-bleed performance that shows her talent for comic toughness. She's a great bawd in this one, and so energetic that Michael Caine and Susannah York (it's a triangle movie) have to work hard to hold their own. The picture doesn't quite break through the plush-circus women's-picture format, but Edna O'Brien's dialogue has a sardonic tickle to it. Directed by Brian G. Hutton. (Orpheum.)

Z (1969)—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Olympia; Feb. 27-29.)



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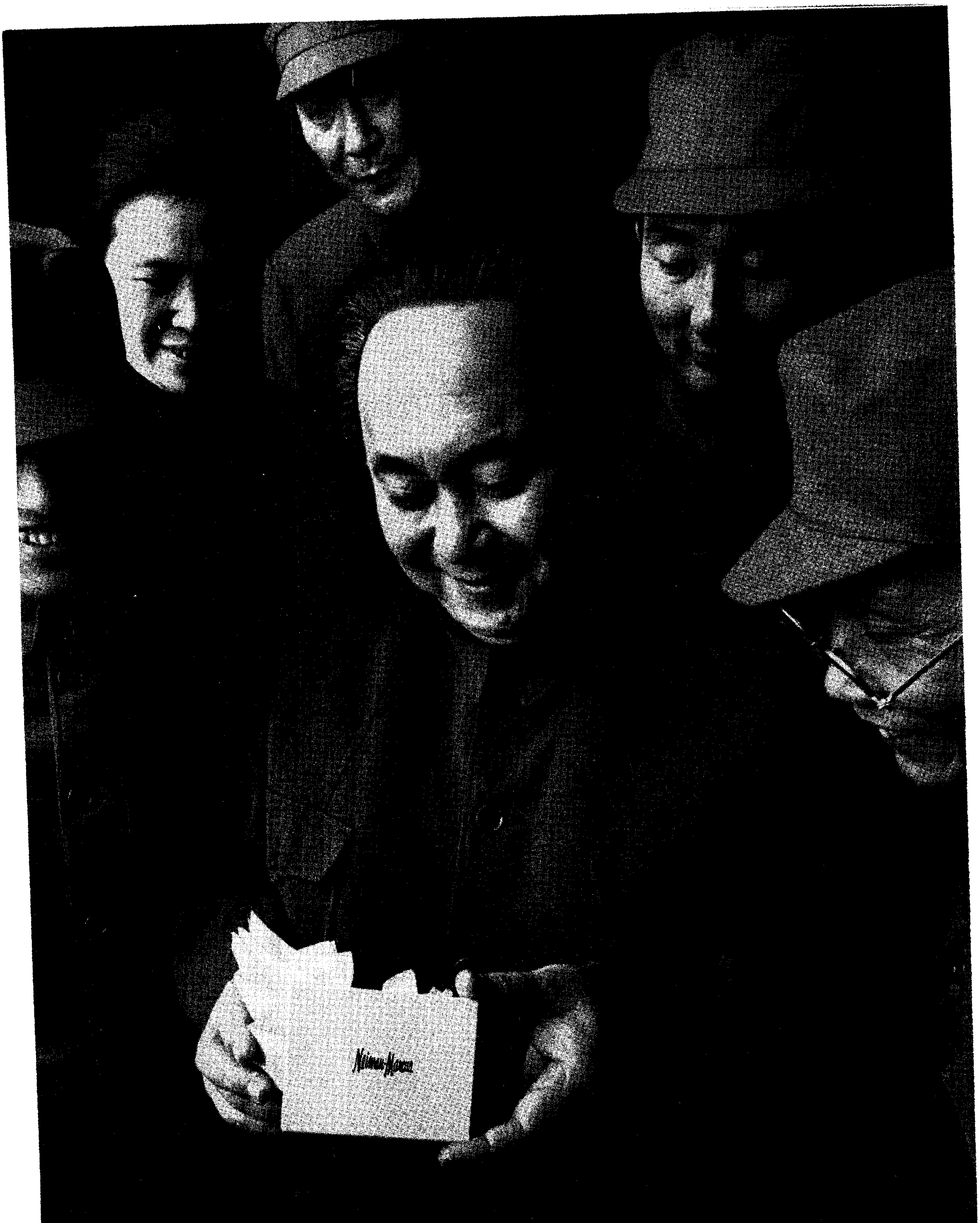

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LAST week, a wan and scruffy dragon came to the city looking for a disease. He had in mind ending his life, which he felt to be tedious, unsatisfactory, tax-troubled, lacking in purpose. Looking up diseases in the Yellow Pages, and finding none, he decided to enroll himself in a hospital. At St. Valentine's, he approached a guard and asked the way to the No Hope Ward. Directed to the proper floor, he found there a bed newly made, whitewashed with sheets. He climbed in and turned on the television set, which was attached to the bed umbilically. A nurse motored in.

"What have you got?" asked the dragon, thinking of diseases.

"Everything," said the nurse. "Eclampsia to milk leg. There is nothing that we do not have. Our Intensive Despair Unit is the envy of the profession. You will be edified. Everything will be all right. Trust us. The world is waiting for the sunrise."

The subsequent examinations, consultations, testifications can easily be imagined. Let us hurry on. The hospital refused to give him a disease. After three days, he'd been offered not so much as a nip of pneumonia.

"I trusted you," he said to his nurse. His fine, fiery eyes regarded her with reproach and disgust.

"I thought for a while we had something worked out with the Kidney Committee," she said. "But when they discovered the precise nature of your undertaking . . ."

Thinking of diseases still, the dragon left the hospital. Many fine diseases passed through his mind—rabies, gout, malaria, rinderpest. Or, he thought suddenly, I could get myself slain by a hero.

At that moment, a Colonel of Sanitation came striding by, in his green uniform. "You there!" he cried. "Ho, dragon, stop and patter for a bit. Quickly, quickly—haven't got all day! There are Juicy Fruit wrappers in the streets still, after all my efforts, and the efforts of my men, day in day out—people, people, if we could just do something about the people, then perhaps an end to the endlessness. One could go home of a Friday night, and wipe the brow, and doff the uniform, and thank God for a day well squandered. But you—you have a strange aspect. What kind of a thing are you? Are you disposable? Biodegradable? Ordinary citizen out for a stroll? Looking for work? Member of a conspiracy? Vegetable? Mineral? Two-valued? Hostile to the national interest of the Department of Sanitation? Thrill-crazed kid? Objet d'art? Circus in town?"

"I am nothing much," said the dragon. "But I must declare, if you will allow me, that I am in a catatony of admiration *in re* your life task. Your labor is indeed Sisyphean."

"You look rather like one of our fine Department of Sanitation trucks," said the Colonel, "now that I regard you closely. Are you sure you are not a malingering Sanitation truck?"

"I don't think so," said the dragon.

"Let it go," the Colonel said, with a sigh. "Let it go, like so much else in this radically imperfect world, in this radically befilthed city. This is my lunch hour, after all. Would you care to rip up a chop? I like your style, know a place—quiet talk, exchange of views, not-bad Gibsons, pretty waitresses, Diners Club and American Express cards accepted."

They sat over their tasty and well-onioned Gibsons.

"Tell me," said the dragon. "Are you West Point?"

"Sandhurst," said the Colonel. "Now, what is it, exactly, that is eating you and making you wan? Some order of death wish, I would imagine."

"That is the case," said the dragon, "exactly."

"A question of existence," said the Colonel, "or its opposite."

"You have put your finger on it," said the dragon.

"Dragons exist," said the Colonel. "Only a fool would doubt it."

"If pricked, do I not bleed?"

"You suffer, however, from a sort of general meaninglessness."

"Since the thirteenth century."

The Colonel thought for a moment. "You could be an endangered species," he said. "That would give you a meaningful life role. We love and cherish our endangered species and extend to them every courtesy."

"Well . . ."

"By the authority vested in me by the Department of Sanitation," pronounced the Colonel, "I hereby declare you an endangered species, *in tenebris*, *inter alia*, *pro forma*, *primus inter pares*, and subject to approval at the highest levels."

"Thank you," said the dragon. "Thank you very much."

"The President himself is vitally interested in endangered species," said the Colonel. "He has a list."

"Are men on it?"

The Colonel rose up in a great fit of

anger and threw his glass into the fire. Half a Gibson followed it into the flames. He then stamped from the room with skillful majesty, excellent hauteur, and the bill. The dragon, filled with self-regard and convinced that he had at last gotten a message to the Authorities, bought a two-dollar lottery ticket and decided to stop smoking.

Embattled

New York City has to lose two members of Congress this year, having lost some of its population in the last census. Governor Rockefeller and the leaders of the two parties in the Legislature are the men responsible for determining the shapes and sizes of congressional districts in the state, and they have been trying to decide which congressmen to eliminate. It has been known for some time that Manhattan will lose one representative, and last week Congresswoman Bella Abzug convened a press conference to announce that she had received reliable information that her district—the Nineteenth—had been scheduled for partition and redistribution, and that this was a decision she was not about to accept.

The press conference was at the Congresswoman's New York office, on the second floor of the Veterans Administration Building, on Seventh Avenue in the Twenties. Ms. Abzug shares the second floor with her colleague Congressman Charles B. Rangel, with something called Curative Industries, and with local offices of the Food and Nutrition Service of the Department of Agriculture and of the United States Information Agency. The press-conference room was small and was filled with well over a hundred people—reporters, and friends of the Congresswoman's. There were chairs for the reporters but none for the friends. Since the former were mostly men and the latter mostly women, this meant that the men sat down and the women stood up. We sat down next to Sam Roberts, who is a young reporter for the *News*. Sam said, "God, what a mob!"

Then it appeared that the press conference wouldn't be starting for a little while, so we went off in a corner with Douglas Ireland, the young man who managed Ms. Abzug's congressional campaign, and let him brief us on what might happen to the Nineteenth C.D. "This is the most deliberate dismembering of a congressional district I've ever seen," said Mr. Ireland, who is big and both mild and sharp. "The West Side above Fortieth Street goes to William Ryan. Part of the lower East Side goes to Edward Koch. The rest of the district—Greenwich Village, Chelsea, Little Italy, and Chinatown—goes to, of all people, John Murphy, of Staten Island, this remote reactionary from the suburbs."

The mood in the press-conference room during the waiting was one of cheerful bustle, and the talk was mostly domestic or political:

"My guess is she wants to leave herself flexible."

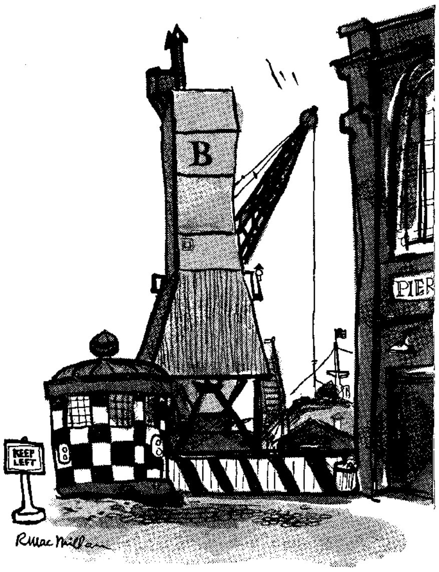
"No wonder you couldn't get hold of them last night. Everyone was at the McGovern dinner."

"You bring the steak. I'll bring something to throw in the oven and roast."

"He was operated on last May."

Several choruses of "Bella is our leader. She will not be moved" were sung, but the song broke up in laughter when someone tried to sing, "Bella speaks against high prices. She will not be moved."

Ms. Abzug appeared during the singing. She was wearing a smartly cut purple suit patterned with small blue diamonds, and a nice big purple felt hat. She was accompanied by Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, and she let the singing go on while a camera crew from one of the TV stations got settled. She looked as though the singing made her feel gratified and faintly embarrassed and slightly mystified. Then she said, "People. My sisters and my brothers. I regret I had to call this press conference. I regard politics as something that belongs to the people, but apparently some people don't. I have received extremely disturbing reports of the pending dismemberment of the Nineteenth C.D. This outrageous discrimination is apparently being planned by politicians who don't give a damn about genuine representation of the needs of ordinary citizens, of women, of poor and middle-income communities. I did not win election by making deals with politicians, and I don't intend to lose my seat in Congress by becoming the sacrificial victim of male deals."



The Congresswoman's voice was slightly hoarse, but her delivery was forceful. She explained that she thought eliminating her district would be an insult both to the people in her district, who would lose her services, and to the women of the whole country, who had only ten other representatives in the House. She said that the Governor and the Legislature were in for serious trouble if they went ahead with their reported plans. "I stand here as a symbol, though I'm very real in the body," she said. "I can expect to have the overwhelming support of the women in the country." This got cheers and a few stamps from her friends. Then she said, "This may even be a historic moment. By airing this now, the people are being brought in before back-room deals cut them out."

Later, there was a question period. Borough President Sutton was asked if he thought the press conference would have any effect.

"Oh, yes, indeed," he said. "We find a great deal of flexibility in government when the proper pressure is mounted."

Outside the room, afterward, feeling was running high. We stopped to chat with two elected district leaders from Ms. Abzug's district—Jane Buchenholz and Alex Rosenberg.

"I'll die before I let anyone get her out of Congress," said Ms. Buchenholz.

"We are completely prepared to do anything," said Mr. Rosenberg.

The reporters weren't so sure. "She gave 'em hell, all right," said one. "Wasn't much else she could do. Isn't much else Rocky can do, either, when you think about it. Somebody has to go, and there's only Ryan, Koch, Rangel, and Abzug. Rangel's from Harlem—they can't eliminate him. Ryan's been around for years—the first reform congressman. Koch has a fine record. Bella's been a good congresswoman, but— well, I guess I better lower my voice."

Warden

John Sparrow, the Warden of All Souls College, Oxford, who is an animated man of sixty-five with a de-

"Come, come, now! Prime time, everybody!"

• •

termined chin and an alert, friendly air, came here recently to deliver the opening address at an anniversary exhibition on John Donne (1572-1631) at the Grolier Club, and we had a talk with him the day before at a Gramercy Park home of culture and refinement where he was a guest.

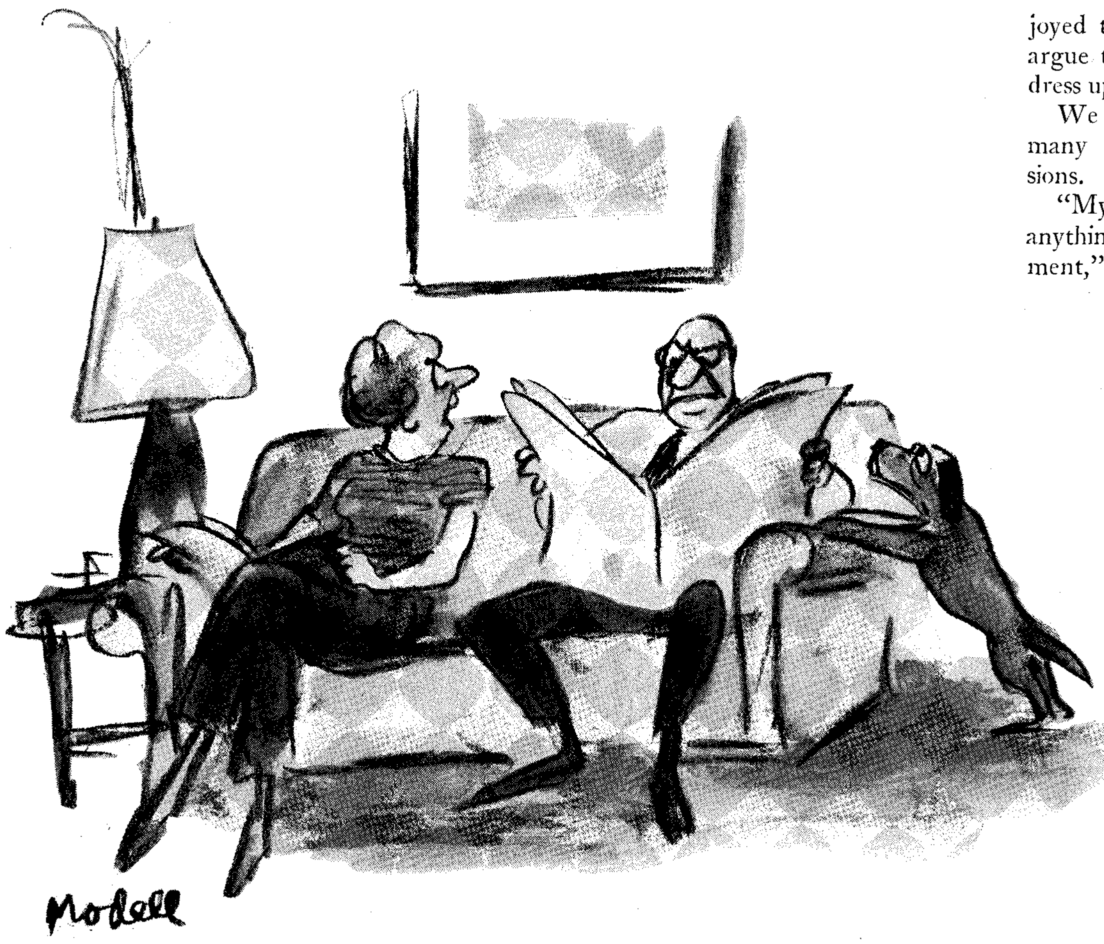
"What shall I say at the Grolier tomorrow?" he said. "I haven't prepared a speech. Perhaps I'll just declare the exhibition open and sit down."

We asked him about his interest in Donne.

"When I was fifteen, I already had a passion for collecting books," he said. "In a second-hand shop in Wolverhampton, the town in the Midlands near which I was brought up, I found a little book with no title page but with a preface signed 'John Donne.' I think I paid three shillings for it. I wrote an essay about it for school and won a prize. The prize was a bibliography of John Donne by Geoffrey—later Sir Geoffrey—Keynes. He's now eighty-four. I wrote him asking about my book. It was Donne's 'Devotions.' I began to collect Donne. I've always been very fond of Latin, and I'm now collecting Renaissance Latin books, mostly published in Italy. I'm collaborating with a professor in Florence on an anthology of Renaissance Latin verse. One begins by collecting, and then one develops an intellectual interest in the things one collects. I have a whole wall of Renaissance-and-onward Latin books in my library at Oxford. The college gives the Warden a beautiful house, with room for pictures and books. The Oxford University Press, which gets out all those Oxford Books of Verse, has refused to print our anthology—the editors thought it wouldn't sell well enough—so the Messrs. Duckworth are going to do it. Well, it won't set the Thames on fire."

We asked about All Souls.

"It was founded in the fourteen-thirties," the Warden said. "It is unique in that it has no students, only fellows—about sixty in all. Two junior fellows—from among the fields of law, history, philosophy, economics, and politics—are elected by examination every year for seven-year periods, which can



"*Oh, for heaven's sake, pat him! He doesn't know it's Lindsay you're mad at, and not him.*"

• •

be renewed. We also elect research fellows, who may be scientists; we recently got a cosmologist from Cambridge. Then, we have visiting fellows, a new feature—professors, mostly English, American, and Australian, but we have had one from Russia and two from Japan—who come either for a semester or for a year. They live with us. Some are on sabbatical pay; if they're on half pay, we make it up. George Kennan is coming for the second time; Lionel Trilling I *hope* is coming. We instituted these visiting fellowships a few years ago as a means of dealing with the embarrassing surplus revenue we have become possessed of. It arose from properties we'd inherited from the Co-Founder, Archbishop Chichele—a lot of agricultural estates and some valuable properties near London. It was one of the things inquired into by a University Commission in 1966. These visiting fellowships were a very happy solution to our problem."

Mr. Sparrow, a bachelor, became a fellow in 1929, soon after graduating from New College, and was twice re-elected. In 1931, he was called to the bar, and practiced in the Chancery Division—"trusts, wills, company law, no criminal or jury work"—until war broke out, in 1939. "I joined the Army as a private," he said. "I've never enjoyed anything more. It was delightful. But then I was persuaded to take a commission in the Coldstream Guards. Well, I liked that, too. Then I was seconded to the War Office. The Adjutant-General, Sir Ronald Adam, was a grizzled aristocrat, but he was a complete radical. He didn't believe in the regimental system. He made me a major, in charge of his Morale Committee. Every divisional commander had to put in a report on the troops' morale for the quarter. We made great use of the censors' reports on the men's mail—we found that morale depended largely on their relations with their wives. Running away from the enemy was not a problem. In fact, the nearer the men were to the enemy, the better their morale was."

Having returned to the bar in 1946, Mr. Sparrow left it in 1952 to become Warden. "It was an agonizing decision," he said. "I loved the bar. I had just applied for silk [applied to become a King's, or Queen's, Counsel] when I agreed to stand for Warden. I enjoyed the bar because you are paid to argue there and I love to argue. You dress up and argue for money."

We asked Mr. S., who has been here many times, for his current impressions.

"My impression is that in New York anything might happen at any moment," he said. "In England, nothing could happen, ever." He paused, and added, "Well, something *almost* happened at All Souls a few years ago. There was a student uprising at Oxford, and we had to put up the portcullis. 'Open All Souls!' a cry went up. A. L. Rowse, the Cornish historian, one of our resident fellows, went out and confronted the militant students. 'What work have *you* done?' he asked them. Silence. 'I've written thirty books,' he said. 'You're just the bourgeoisie.' Nothing happened."

Mr. Sparrow has produced a number of books, too, including "After the Assassination: A Positive Appraisal of the Warren Report," but we will quote from only one, "Line Upon Line: An Epigraphical Anthology," which reflects his interest in inscriptions:

> The principal device employed by the epigraphist, in order to achieve the aim peculiar to his art, is *lineation:* he composes his text so that it lends itself to effective division into lines. An elementary example will illustrate this:
>
> The Porters Have Been Instructed
> to Remove All Persons Making a
> Disturbance Within the Inn
>
> That is a text evidently intended for display; but it cannot easily be presented in such a way that the visual pattern sharpens the impact of its message.
>
> "Trespassers will be prosecuted," on the other hand, invites such presentation, and
>
> Trespassers
> Will Be
> Prosecuted
>
> is a successful example (albeit a crude one) of epigraphic art. Even in so simple a specimen the sign-painter has his contribution to make; if he presents it as
>
> Trespassers Will
> Be Prosecuted
>
> he will ruin its effect.

At the Mercer Arts Center

We were at the Mercer Arts Center the other night. The Mercer Arts Center is a little bit of theatrical chic that has been carved out of the rump end of what used to be the Broadway Central Hotel (it is now, more respectably, the Hotel University), on Mercer Street, near West Third, and it involves several theatres and a workshop, a bar, a boutique, an acting school, and a cabaret theatre, all put together in a manner (roughly the manner of the Public Theatre, a few blocks north) designed to convince one that at least a hundred exciting things are going on at the same time all around. We did not see either of the two available plays at the Mercer Arts Center that evening. At first, we were in a bar called Obie Alley, a crowded sort of place decorated with random pages from the *Village Voice* under glass, plastic, and whatever other transparent materials there are, and then we were in the cabaret theatre, where, we had been told, two young men of our acquaintance, the lyricist and singer Arthur Morey and the pianist and singer Bobby Paul, were performing.

Once inside the cabaret theatre, we went to sit with three friends. Morey and Paul were singing a song called "Fat World," which dealt with "the delicious ambiguities of fat." The mode of presentation was familiar, and the music resembled other cabaret music, but we had not heard a song on this subject before and so we listened intently. We also looked intently at what we sincerely believe to be the most plastic room in New York. The cabaret theatre had two elevated seating areas (elevated almost to the height of the stage), which were separated by a little canyon of an aisle. On the elevated seating areas were plastic chairs and plastic tables and the obligatory plastic ashtrays, and gigantic mirrors framed in plastic, which reflected across the room at each other so that everyone in the seating area was faced with many images of himself disappearing into infinity. Guarding the elevated seating areas were little transparent-plastic posts supporting a little transparent-plastic chain. Everything was either red or white or blue.

"I like it," said a girl named Mary Mitchell, who is a friend of Arthur Morey's. "I'm really getting into plastic. Not just *physical* plastic, though. My friend Peter and I gave a party the other night, and we had a Holiday Magic man demonstrate Holiday Magic cosmetics. I really love cosmetics now. I bought Banana Body Lotion and Papaya Dew Moisture Creme and, of course, the Strawberry Frappe Cleanser. You can make a lot of money selling cosmetics, you know. The Holiday Magic man said there was a neurosurgeon from South Africa who gave up South Africa *and* neurosurgery because he made so much money selling Holiday Magic cosmetics."

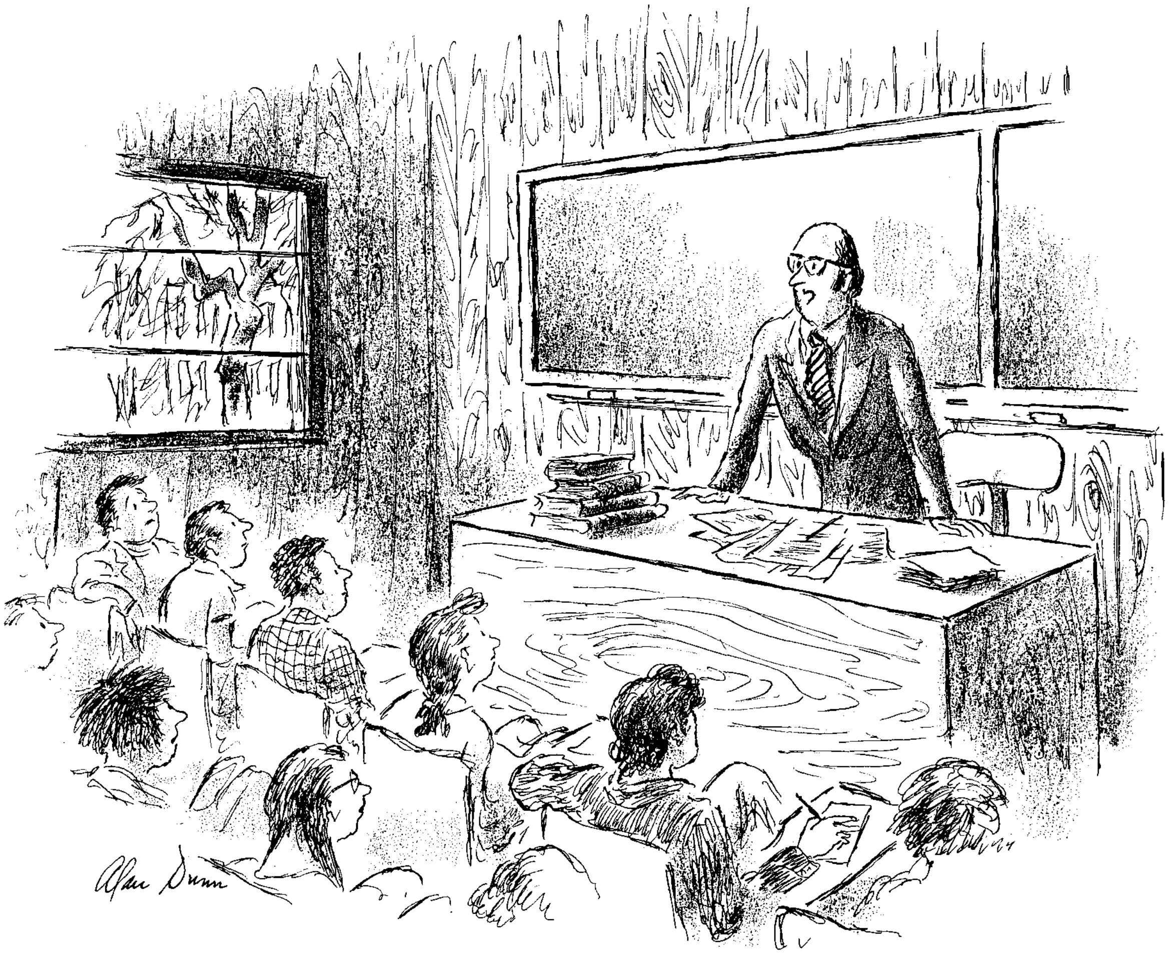
Arthur Morey and Bobby Paul sang a song about the hidden dangers of California, and then a song about a tap-dancer who staged a tap-dance marathon for peace and beauty. Then Arthur Morey came to sit down. Arthur Morey is about thirty. He was dressed in blue pants with white pocket flaps, a belted vest of brown leather without the belt, and boots. "This is what I want to do," he said. "Write songs and sing them. I have been doing other things for a long time. When I left Harvard, I went to Chicago. I spent *years* in Chicago. I was in an interdisciplinary program set up by the Committee on Social Thought at the University of Chicago. I was studying with fancy people like Hannah Arendt and Saul Bellow."

We asked Mr. Morey if he had got a degree of some sort.

"No," he said. "It takes three or four years to get a degree. Finally, I came to New York to be a star. I was in 'The Dirtiest Show in Town' with Mary. This is my second big break in Gotham."

Then Mary Mitchell told Arthur Morey about a plan she and her friend Peter had to form a commune for people who are likely to inherit a lot of money. "We realized one day that all there was standing between us and financial independence was Peter's parents," she said. "Our commune will be the first commune based on inheritance."

"My father works for a country-and-western radio station in Portland," said Arthur Morey.



"For next week's exercise you will each write an autobiography of Howard R. Hughes."

THE PARTY

I WENT to a party and corrected a pronunciation. The man whose voice I had adjusted fell back into the kitchen. I praised a Bonnard. It was not a Bonnard. My new glasses, I explained, and I'm terribly sorry, but significant variations elude me, vodka exhausts me, I was young once, essential services are being maintained. Drums, drums, drums, outside the windows. I thought that if I could persuade you to say "No," then my own responsibility would be limited, or changed, another sort of life would be possible, different from the life we had previously, somewhat skeptically, enjoyed together. But you had wandered off into another room, testing the effect on members of the audience of your ruffled blouse, your long magenta skirt. Giant hands, black, thick with fur, reaching in through the windows. Yes, it was King Kong, back in action, and all of the guests uttered loud exclamations of fatigue and disgust, examining the situation in the context of their own needs and emotions, hoping that the ape was real or papier-mâché according to their temperaments, or wondering whether other excitements were possible out in the crisp, white night.

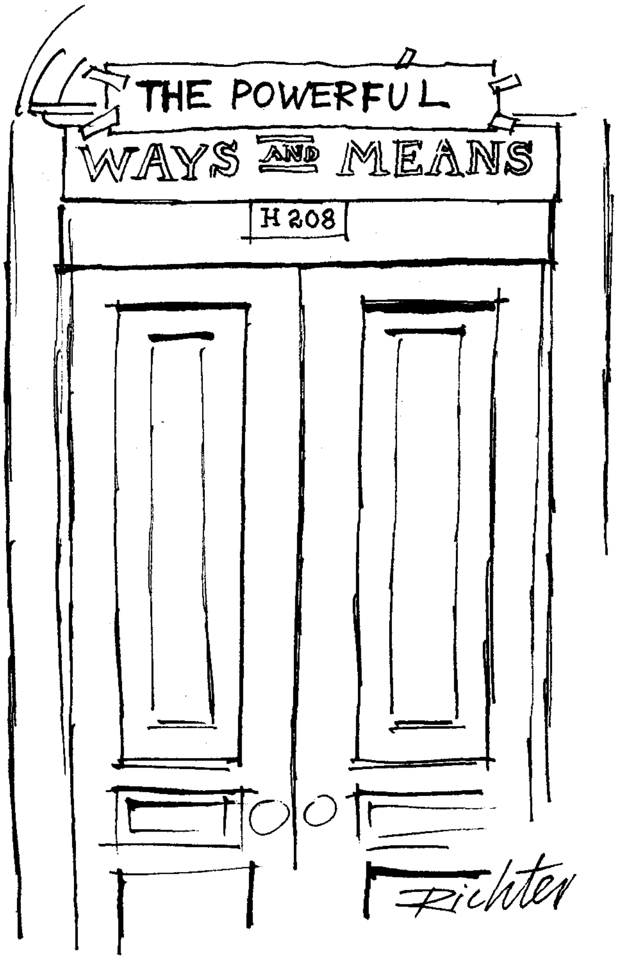
"Did you see him?"

"Let us pray."

The important tasks of a society are often entrusted to people who have fatal flaws. Of course we tried hard, it was intelligent to do so, extraordinary efforts were routine. Your zest was, and is, remarkable. But carrying over into private life attitudes that have been successful in the field of public administration is not, perhaps, a good idea. Zest is not fun for everybody. I am aware that roles change. Kong himself is now an adjunct professor of art history at Rutgers, coauthor of a text on tomb sculpture; if he chooses to come to a party through the window he is simply trying to make himself interesting.

A lady spoke to me, she had in her hand a bunch of cattleyas. "I have attempted to be agreeable," she said, "but it's like teaching iron to swim, with this group." Zest is not fun for everybody. When whippoorwills called, you answered. And then I would go out, with the lantern, up and down the streets, knocking on doors, asking perfect strangers if they had seen you. O.K. That is certainly one way of doing it. This is not a complaint. But wouldn't it be better to openly acknowledge your utter reliance on work, on specific, carefully formulated directions, agreeing that, yes, a certain amount of anesthesia is derived from what other people would probably think of as some kind of a career? Excel if you want, but remember that there are gaps. You told me that you had thought, as a young girl, that masturbation was "only for men." Couldn't you be mistaken about other things, too?

THE two sisters were waiting for me in the bedroom, on the bed, amidst the coats and hats, umbrellas, airline bags. I gave them each a drink and we watched the game together, the *Osservatore Romano* team vs. the Diet of Worms, Worms leading by six points. I had never seen khaki-colored punch before. The hostess said there would be word games afterward, some of the people outside would be invited in, peasant food served in big wooden bowls—wine, chicken, olive oil, bread. Everything would improve, she said. I could still hear, outside, the drums; whistles had been added, there were both whistles and drums. I was surprised. The present era, with its emphasis on emotional cost control as well as its insistent, almost annoying lucidity, does not favor splinter groups, because they can't win. Small collective manifestations are O.K. insofar as they show "stretch marks"—traces of strain which tend to establish that public policy is not a smooth, seamless achievement, like an egg, but has rather been hammered out at some cost to the policymakers. Kong got to his feet. "Louise loves me," he said, pointing to a girl, "but I would rather sleep with Cynthia Garmonsway. It's just one of those things. Human experience is different, in some ways, from ape experience, but that doesn't mean that I don't *like* perfumed nights, too." I know what he means. The mind carries you with it, away from what you are supposed to do, toward things that cannot be explained rationally, toward difficulty, lack of clarity, late-afternoon light.

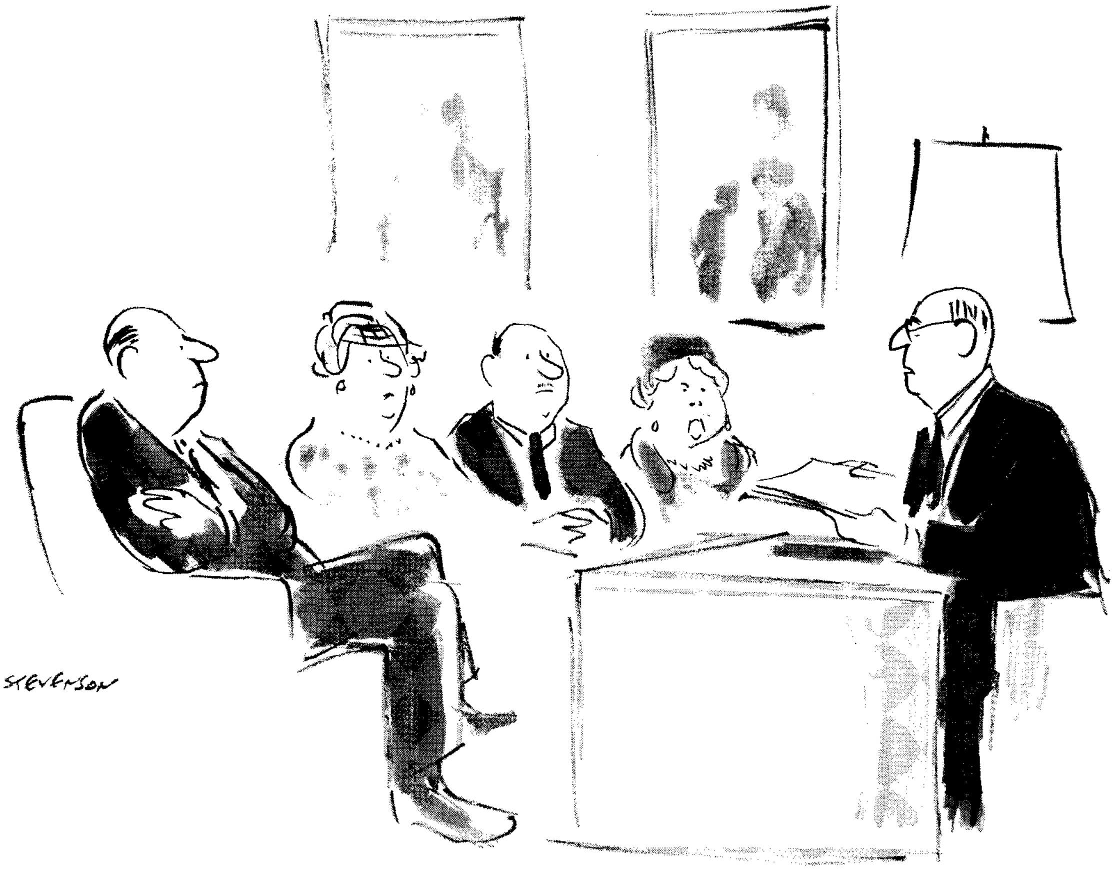


"Julie. Do you want to go?"

"I want to stay."

Now the sisters have begun taking their interminable showers, both bathrooms are tied up, I must either pretend not to know them or accept the blame. In the larger rooms tender fawns and pinks have replaced the earlier drab, sad colors. I noticed that howls and rattles had been added to the whistles and drums. Is it some kind of a revolution? Maybe a revolution in taste, as when Mannerism was overthrown by the Baroque. Kong is being curried by Cynthia Garmonsway. She holds the steel curry comb in her right hand and pulls it gently through the dark thick fur. Cynthia formerly believed in the "enormous diversity of things;" now she believes in Kong. The man whose pronunciation I had corrected emerged from the kitchen. "Probably it is music," he said, nodding at the windows, "the new music, which we older men are too old to understand."

You, of course, would never say such a thing to me, but you have said worse things. You told me that Kafka was not a thinker, and that a "genetic" approach to his work



"'As for my surviving relatives . . .' and here, I'm afraid, the deceased lapses into the vernacular."

would disclose that much of it was only a kind of very imaginative whining. That was during the period when you were going in for wrecking operations, feeling, I suppose, that the integrity of your own mental processes was best maintained by a series of strong, unforgiving attacks. You made quite an impression on everyone, in those days: your ruffled blouse, your long magenta skirt slit to the knee, the dagger thrust into your boot. "Is that a metaphor?" I asked, pointing to the dagger; you shook your head, smiled, said "No." Now that you have had a change of heart, now that you have joined us in finding Kafka, and Kleist, too, the awesome figures that we have agreed that they are, the older faculty are more comfortable with you, are ready to promote you, marry you, even, if that is your wish. But you don't have to make up your mind tonight. Relax and enjoy the party, to the extent that it is possible to do so; it is not over yet. The game has ended, a news program has begun. "Emerald mines in the northwest have been nationalized." A number of young people standing in a meadow, holding hands, singing. Can the life of the time be caught in an advertisement? Is that how it is, really, in the meadows of the world?

And where are all the new people I have come here to meet? I have met only a lost child, dressed in rags, real rags, holding an iron hook attached to a fifty-foot rope. I said, "What is that for?" The child said nothing, placed the hook quietly on the floor at my feet, opened a bottle, and swallowed twenty aspirin. Is six too young for a suicide attempt? We fed her milk, induced vomiting, the police arrived within minutes. When one has spoken a lot one has already used up all of the ideas one has. You must change the people you are speaking to so that you appear, to yourself, to be still alive. But the people here don't look new; they look like emerald-mine owners, in fact, or proprietors of some other sector of the economy that something bad has just happened to. I'm afraid that going up to them and saying "Travel light!," with a smile, will not really lift their spirits. Why am I called upon to make them happier, when it is so obviously beyond my competence? Julie, you have selected the wrong partner in me. You made the mistake a long time ago. I am not even sure that I like you now. But it is true that I cannot stop thinking about you, that every small daily problem—I will never be elected to the Academy, Richelieu is against me and d'Alembert is lukewarm—is examined in the light of your possible reaction, lack of reaction. At one moment you say that the Academy is a joke, at another that you are working industriously to sway Webster to my cause. Damned capricious! In the silence, an alphorn sounds. Then the noise again, drums, whistles, howls, rattles, alphorns. Attendants place heavy purple veils or shrouds over statuary, chairs, the buffet table, members of the orchestra. People are clustered in front of the bathrooms holding fine deep-piled towels, vying to dry the beautiful sisters. The towels move sensuously over the beautiful surfaces. I too could become excited over this prospect.

Dear Julie, tell me, is this a successful party, in your view? Is this the best we can do? I know that you have always wanted to meet Kong; now that you have met him and he has said whatever he has said to you (I saw you smiling), can we go home? I mean you to your home, me to my home, all these others to their own homes, cells, cages? I am feeling a little ragged. What made us think that we would escape things like bankruptcy, alcoholism, being disappointed, having children? Say "No," refuse me once and for all, let me try something else. Of course we did everything right, insofar as we were able to imagine what "right" was. Is it really important to know that this movie is fine, and that one terrible, and to talk intelligently about the difference? Is this the best we can do? Wonderful elegance! No good at all!

—DONALD BARTHELME

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Following the arrest, customs agents began a thorough search of the freighter. At 10:30 A.M., three more plastic bags were seen gloating near the ship and the police harbor patrol was summoned.

Two bags were picked up near the pier by a harbor patrol motor boat. The third was found gloating 500 feet away by a Coast Guard launch.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

It's why we prefer the old *paper* bag.

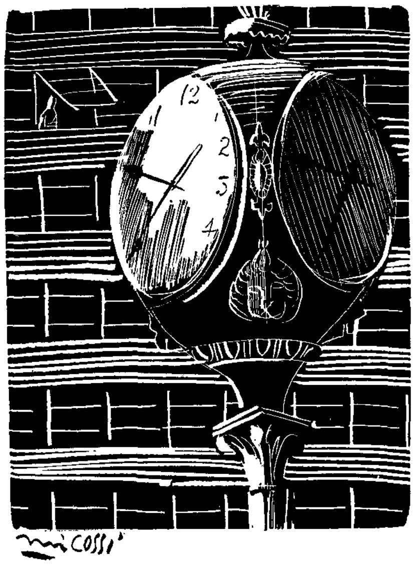
THE POTATO BARON AND THE LINE

Straight across the bay from Monterey is Santa Cruz, the last hazy bit of shoreline you can see across Monterey Bay on a clear day. Back when sardines and anchovies made Monterey a booming fishing center, Santa Cruz's southern exposure and long white beaches made it a resort, with its own boardwalk and merry-go-round and roller coaster. My father grew up in Santa Cruz just before it began its decline into a shabby retirement town, with hotels and mansions transformed into condominiums and boarding houses. I grew up in turn in Monterey after the fish had disappeared and the city's businessmen had taken over Steinbeck's Cannery Row, making steakhouses, theatres, bookstores, and quaint wine-tasting rooms out of what had been huge whitewashed warehouses permeated with the stench of fish—a vague putrescence that used to give the fog an acrid, substantial character. Now, at nineteen, I'm back in Santa Cruz, which is suffering a renaissance as a university town. I have a room off campus in a peeling gray mansion built around the turn of the century by a potato baron, who, with his fortune, wife and children, silk vest, and gold pocket watch, left the Midwestern plains for the Pacific Coast, where he built his home.

Originally standing beside the beach, the old house was subsequently moved up the hill to its present site above the city, where it has assumed a slightly hunched attitude, as if its sagging walls hoped to expand with one last, deep breath, in spite of termite-riddled timbers and attic beams that were left charred by some long-ago fire. Sometimes prospective buyers appear and tour the premises, but I think they are just curious or looking for entertainment. My own melancholy is often remedied by the house. I take strolls through the ground-floor rooms when the sliding doors are open, so that huge, high-ceilinged rooms are formed, and I can imagine it as it was originally decorated—plush and crowded, the pastel ceilings trimmed in gold, the walls dark mahogany, the windows draped with velvet, and the blazing chandelier lights creating movement in the woodwork. I am a mustachioed potato baron, once more basking in the aura of power that young capitalism brings to those who believe. There is more opportunity here on this great West Coast than Wall Street can imagine, Horatio—more than can be inferred from some silken débutante's sparkling eyes. This country here will grow. Opening the stained-glass windows in the towerlike cupola, I can look out and see its expansive potential.

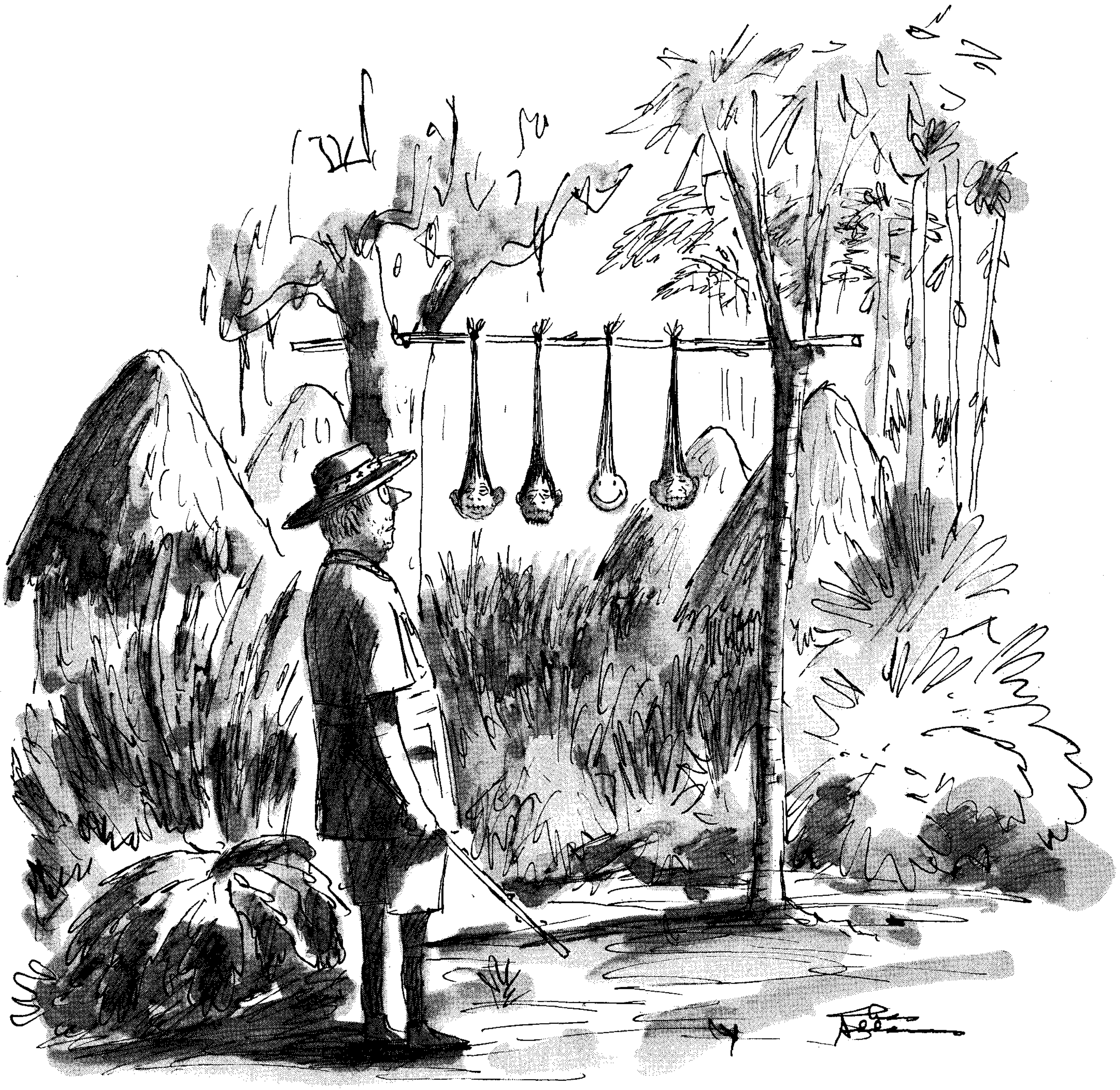
Now, however, the house is filled with students. It is owned by a Mrs. Thurgood, who is a sociology professor. She has rented the place to undergraduates while she attempts to sell it. The floors are eternally scuffed, and some of the rooms have been painted obscenely bright colors. Expensive stereos have replaced the delicate consonance of a harpsichord. As the youngest potato baron, I am upset by all this. Things are fading; the potato is not as popular as it once was. There are termites in the cupola, and, not far away, the brown pelican and the blue whale are being exterminated. We are all concerned. In this house, peopled with students of biology, ecology, and mathematics, concern is an important part of us—a glint of urgency in our otherwise dull eyes, an almost subversive inflection in our usually monotonous tone of conversation. I think we are growing out of it. Already, our concern lacks imagination; we sometimes spend a weekend registering Democrats.

Jessica is the woman who lives with me in my room, our room. Together, we share the finest room on the first floor, and at night we huddle in bed watching the fire writhe in the tiny fireplace cage, framed by handmade tile and a carved-woodwork mantel, which one visitor guessed would be worth a great deal by itself in any antique market. Our room was once the library, and the bookshelves still remain, rising the entire fourteen feet to the ceiling. Many of the prospective buyers who are being shown the house think it is a shame that students are allowed to live here, because it is such a fine old house. At times, I share their dismay and contempt, but usually I am busy studying. I am studying calculus and the fundamentals of chemistry, so that when the crops give out and I am no longer a baron I will be able to do something useful and relevant, something other than simply studying or playing the violin. I will take organic chemistry, then genetics, physics, and a great deal of biology. Eventually, I will be a doctor, my curly brown hair tousled in the wind as I make my way through the streets of an impoverished neighborhood of Chicago, New York, or Los Angeles. I will be a doctor for the poor, whom I can help with my knowledge and ply with my care. Jessica, after some thought, told me that this was, at least, a rational plan.



For this logical trend in my own thinking I thank calculus. At the same time, I can feel a new complexity cropping up in me because of my habit of having to shape everything before it can be used—taking usable equations off a curve that knows no stopping, no self-reflection, but simply continuance. There is, of course, a power in one's ability to stop the continuity for a moment in order to get a glimpse of the slope and the direction of the entire line. Too often, I feel events scurrying off on their own straight paths while I am left with an imaginary construct, an elaborate framework—this crooked house and a crooked smile. With mathematical training, however, I am beginning to see more and more the workings of a mathematical divinity. Whenever I complain of being a mindless, bodiless vector moving unsteadily away from a point of origin through squares of no coördinates across the Cartesian plane, Jessica accuses me of being theatrical and says that this is the way life is supposed to be arranged and that I should stop complaining. Jessica was married for a while. At the age of seventeen, she worked as a bookkeeper to support her husband and herself during their stay together, and she is still very good at work requiring order, straight-line thinking, and discipline. But me, I'm growing soft on Communism; I remember children's stories and the green emerald on my mother's hand.

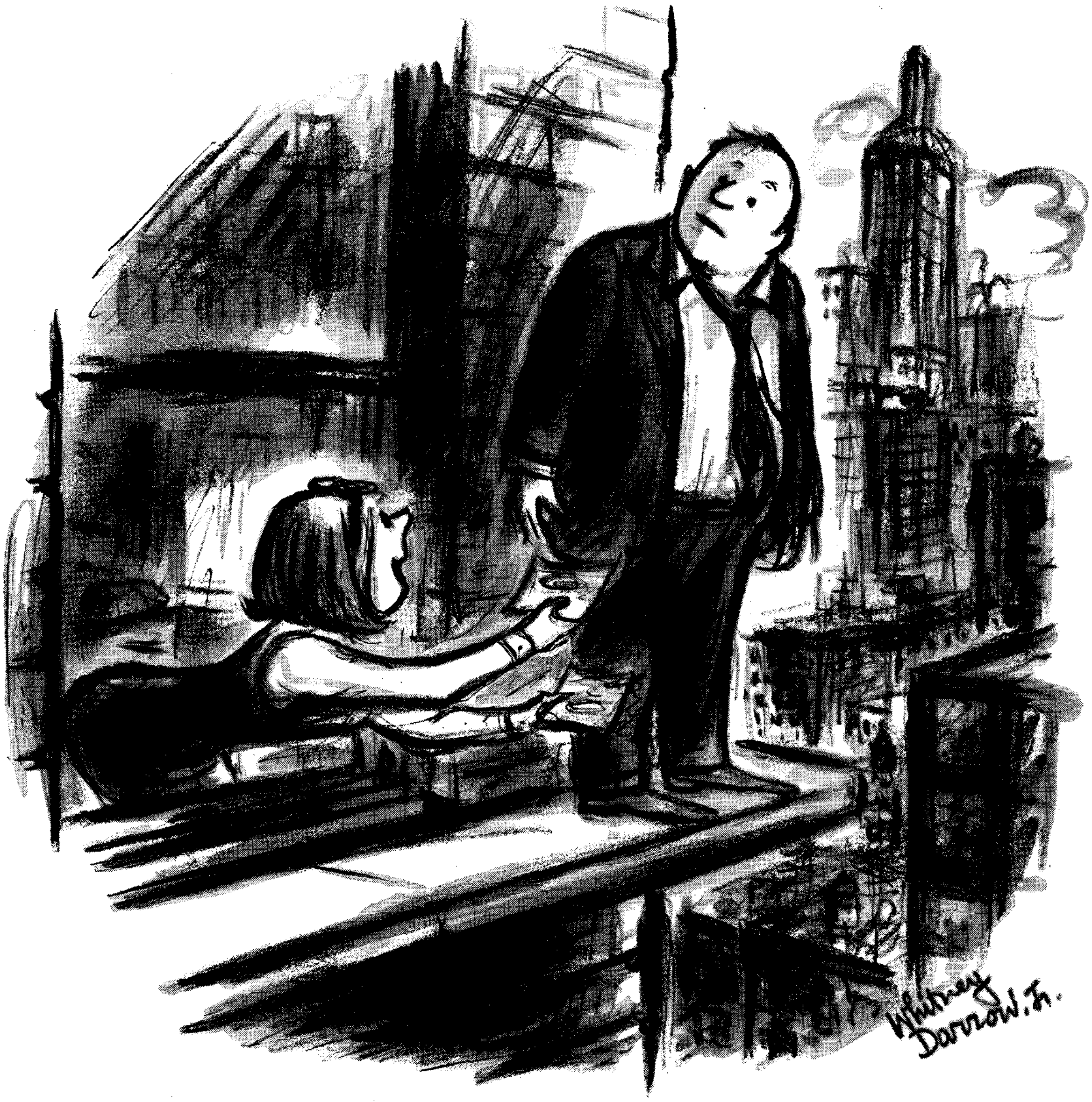
For most purposes, Jessica and I are a self-contained unit and spend most of our time together, in the same room. But there are other students



in the house. In fact, it was the others who found the house at the beginning of summer, and we moved in only after they had already painted the ceilings, sanded the floors, and varnished some of the old wood, and had forced Mrs. Thurgood to repair the plumbing. Tom and Jim, both blue-eyed, blond, and eager, apparently did most of the work, and they still feud about how the kitchen is to be repanelled or whether or not the house money can be used to repair the dishwasher. After an especially devastating argument, Tom will retreat to his lab up on campus, where he is doing undergraduate research on plant development, and Jim will spend a day or two programming computers, although his declared major is political science. If the disagreement is relatively minor, Jim, a member of the university chorus, will spend an hour or two singing at the top of his lungs. These two share a room on the second floor.

The second floor also houses Jane, a thin, sweet girl with a permanent closed-mouth smile and arms that are freckled like cream-of-mushroom soup. Also Susan, a short and jolly senior in biology, who occasionally bakes us a sheet of very rich chocolate-chip cookies. Both have graduation as their primary concern. Wade, another second-floor resident, seems to have dismissed the idea of graduating and has dropped out for the fall quarter, occupying himself with photography and the acquisition of a girlfriend who has no objections to modelling in the nude.

At one time or another, all the girls in the house have endured his pleading stare, which is magnified by thick-rimmed glasses. Sharon and Mary-Ann complete the original house population, sharing the first floor with Jessica and me. Sharon, with large wrists and deep voice, is a sloppy but energetic cook, who keeps a steady flow of bread, cakes, and gritty, massive salads coming from the kitchen. Mary-Ann, a senior in chemistry, spends the largest portion of her time pining away for her fiancé, stationed in Germany, who is only a rare phone call in the house. In all, there are nine of us living in the seventeen rooms. For the most part, we are compatible. The size of the house allows escape into the attic or an empty room, but the distances we keep affect


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Hold it, Mr. Clemons! You've just got this thing from 'Reader's Digest'! It says you may have already won fifty thousand dollars!"

• •

us; we become strangely and suddenly gentle, touching each other at times with a genuine kindness, an almost exploratory compassion.

I have been shut up in my room for an entire cold gray afternoon studying for the mid-December finals, and I begin to feel that the separations imposed by the house have become a permanent part of me, breeding a cold, gray melancholy. The house is quiet and there is no evidence of anyone else as I make a pot of coffee, but then, coming out of the kitchen, I notice Mary-Ann stretched out on the front-room rug. With my coffee, I stand in the doorway a moment, watching the place where her legs meet. They are big legs, and smooth. Rather like bananas, I imagine.

"Tired?" I ask.

She nods and says her neck is tight. She has been studying for her comprehensives in chemistry. I sit down beside her on the floor and take her neck in my hands, beginning an adventure beyond the established relationship. We have laughed together over dinner with the others and have joined in wild food throwing, in juggling glasses, in circus fantasies. Once, she got milk for a cup of coffee I was drinking, but we have never touched each other. I never thought of her as something to touch. So there is a strangeness to it, and an excitement in feeling the blond hair on her neck become sweaty with the warmth of my hands as I squeeze there and press and then relax and again push the muscles together until they are no longer tense. I try to think of other things, of things my hands have touched—cracked granite while building a retaining wall, sand, cold rusted metal protruding from the winter beach, jellyfish, mosaic tabletops, the waxberries of a neighbor's hedge, the soft feathers of a parakeet's breast, steel-wound gut violin strings, bread dough. Mary-Ann's neck is softer now.

I leave her sleeping on the shag carpeting, and I think how comfortably we all live here, our individual dreams uninterrupted by the revolution, all of us well fed and healthy, and the house preserving us within its aura. Jessica, with whose warmness I sleep (sometimes a leg extending its own private warmth across my own), is the best cook. She prepares blueberry cheesecake, pancakes, loaves of whole-wheat bread, and spaghetti with cream cheese and herb sauce. Her delicately flavored soups are served quietly and with formality, as if the whole sometimes vulgar collection of us were a group of tiny Orientals in this fading house. Jessica has had offers to live with others, because of her cooking and because she has hair the color of wheat and dark skin setting off blue eyes. She laughs at the proposals. There seems to be no question about us—perhaps because I am still the potato baron, perhaps because I can still pretend that this derivative and comfortable stopping of our lives will not change someday into something lifeless and joyless. Perhaps because I can pretend in bed that we are whales on the verge of extinction, floating just beneath the surface as we make love, singing the low whale songs.

In truth, it is beginning to seem as if the whole of my life is an exercise, a strenuous test of my imagination. Even in this house, in which time moves so slowly, limits manifest themselves again and again. The day comes to an end gradually as the talk in the kitchen dwindles and the people wander off into their rooms, leaving me, the only one up, studying calculus out of a thick book bound with integral tables. I have memorized most of them and can graph almost any algebraic function. I can find the first, second, and third derivatives, and soon, I see, noticing the heading of a future chapter, I will be able to do work with transcendental functions, which I imagine as extending off the graphed paper and through the windows, or up the old walls, along the beams, and up into the attic, worming their way across the silver planks there, where they sit for a moment on the cupola windowsills, and then finally leaping into the night sky and integrating themselves into the far-off glimmerings and the smoky odor of night—a continuous river of soaring equations pouring into velvet stratosphere.

In our room, Jessica takes the bedcovers in both hands and sleepily pulls them over her head. I am increasingly tempted to join her, to sleep and legitimately dream, instead of grappling with this calculus, but the math, I remind myself, is something useful, scientific, and physical. Nevertheless, I am affected by limits: the blankets, the bookcases, and the doors, always necessarily at some point of being opened or closed. Late at night, when I can feel that calculus can exist without my understanding, doors and their definite positions bother me. When I sleep, Gertrude Stein haunts me. She is leading a small encounter group and talking it into nonexistence. "We must be aware of our nonexistence," she says to me. "We must meet it head on."

THE landlady, never a popular figure in fiction or in this house, is making a move that may put an end to the stagnation that I have begun to feel here. Mrs. Thurgood is generally soft-spoken and sometimes motherly; she likes to refer to us as her "affluent brood." At one time she was quite a political figure here, running for office on Socialist Party tickets during the Depression, and she still keeps up a radical front, in spite of what we see as her exploitation of students. She is now in her late fifties, and freshly divorced. There is a property dispute with her ex-husband, who has threatened to come in and make off with the velvet curtains and the luxurious carpeting in the living room. All this is the cause of the first instability to threaten our lives here, for Mrs. Thurgood, who apparently believes her husband capable of anything, has decided to take up the carpet herself.

Jessica, a veteran of and deserter from the ranks of the married, sees all this as proof of the mess people get into when they accept marriage as any kind of ratification of an essentially personal relationship. "The government should build highways and hospitals, and leave people alone," she says.

And so the house slips into December. The school quarter will end on the fifteenth; today is the fifth, and the landlady was here for rent. I have gone to the market, a few blocks from the house, to buy tangerines and groceries for the rest of the household, whom I find gathered around the old stove in the kitchen when I return. She has done it—taken up the carpet and left the bare floor, carpet nails, and this subdued fury. Tom points out that, together, we probably pay five times more than Mrs. Thurgood's mortgage payments on the house and that the removal of the carpeting is not going to mean a reduction in our rent. Tom uses the words "one iota."

"Not one iota," Jim says, in echo, "and now we don't have a rug in the living room."

Sharon comes stamping in. She has just finished taking down and hiding all the velvet curtains—an act of retribution. Now it is decided that we will move out "en masse" in a combination rent strike and exodus, possibly taking the curtains as spoils.

"Before we vacate, perhaps we should attempt some sort of negotiation," I suggest. But no one is going to be persuaded at this point.

"Well, then, how about an obscene phone call or a bomb threat?"

I am hoping to become a part of the mood, but they ignore me, their backs up against the drainboards and counters, rancor in their eyes. It is going to be a revolution without humor. Damned if I'll support such a dull venture! I hide my tangerines against the coming upheaval and notice that the sugar is running low in the pantry but that there is plenty of salt. Three cartons of half-gallon cans of whole beets seem to be an omen of grim days ahead. I had hoped that things wouldn't converge until the quarter was over, and that I could play a more significant part in the revolution, but history is always out of people's control.

Here in the kitchen—in headquarters, now that the decision has been made—reliable sources regard the mood as tense. The initial surge of self-righteousness has been followed by a lot of activity involving calls home and to real-estate agents. We'll soon be homeless, and, standing in the kitchen after hiding my tangerines, I see that the tenants are suffering; almost everyone is either down with a cold or just getting over the flu. It is the rainy season here, and the roof is leaking badly; the ceiling of the second floor let loose an island of plaster this morning. Looking out the kitchen window, I feel the stillness of the house. It stands

CHEKHOV

We have the whole evening ahead of us,
We think, our eyesight starting to weaken,
We must have missed the houselights growing dim,
But how could that moment have escaped us when
The roots of the paper trees struck water
And transformed themselves into the real thing—
This nervous wood at the edge of a small,
Provincial town whose still-lifes waken
To find that they're portraits after all
And subject to the risk of animation?

Tonight we may discuss—after the Chopin
Nocturnes, after the I-don't-know-how-many
Performances of Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata—
The gradual reduction of Roman columns,
The disease of too many lakes and clouds.
Do cobblestones have a future? Is rain
Removable? Depressing mornings find
Characters in bed who have no reason
To get up, the light a yellowish half-light
Mirroring the mind, its sad affections.

At the lake, a flat of faultless summer
Is being taken down, the view abandoned;
The puzzled players change their places. Once
You might have found them walking in an orchard,
The blossoms opening their mouths to speak
And song occurring as if it were natural;
Now that trees uproot themselves and bankrupt
Agriculture wanes in its drying furrows,
Property and battlefields turn out to share
A fate in common—they exchange hands.

Shrines "fallen out of the perpendicular,"
Stones "that have apparently once been tombstones"—
We are on someone's estate not far from Moscow.
How simply the sun goes out like a match!
How deeply the wounds stay on the surface!
He said the best that can be said for property:
It lets an old man fall in love with landscape,
Lets so many trees have a chance to be noticed,
Allows the self-interested birds to preen,
Until the property is lost again

To an upstart creditor who sells the trees
For lumber, then, to the sound of saws,
Tramps through the hallway in his dirty boots
To explain, in tears, the dreary motivation:
His mother's dying, his young wife's in love
With a boor. . . . The Babel of trouble starts;
Among all the hells that go on talking,
Only one is real, though it is silent,
And everything leads up to it—to lose
The land, to lose the very ground you stand on.

If the temporary brilliancies gather once more
In the middle distance, and the modal lark
Persuades the summer evening to reveal
One private little splendor not for sale,
Still, a gunshot, onstage or off,
Tells us what no one is prepared to know:
Love is a tourniquet tightening its bands
Around the slowly dying wrist of freedom,
Futility's a spinster bending over
A book of household accounts forever.

Bathed in the acid of truth, all things
Become possible: to be a cold snake
At an interview, to live on scraps of soap
To keep oneself warm, to resemble a cat
Constantly stalking the shadow of nothing.
To the horse's clop-clop outside the window,
Or the sound of a guitar from a neighboring room,
The doctor, with a smile, asks, What is man?
A hero about to be done-in for good?
A villain about to be rescued by pain?

The governess is wearing her old forage cap.
That's Epihodov playing his guitar.
Astrov is talking about trees. We could be
Racing the wolves at thirty below
In a ravine whiplashed by snow, or slowly
Succumbing to boredom in a seaside town,
Waiting for a future that will never be,
The heat getting worse, far off the waves
Pounding faintly late in the moonlight,
At a low moment in our lives.

—Howard Moss

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quiet as the rain begins again, and the clouds turn pink in the dusk. The whole house is beginning to float. I leave the kitchen and find Jessica.

"At least it feels like Christmas," she says, peeling one of my carefully hidden tangerines.

" 'What would Christmas be without presents?' said Jo," I say. "And what's Christmas vacation going to be like if we have to spend it looking for a place to live?"

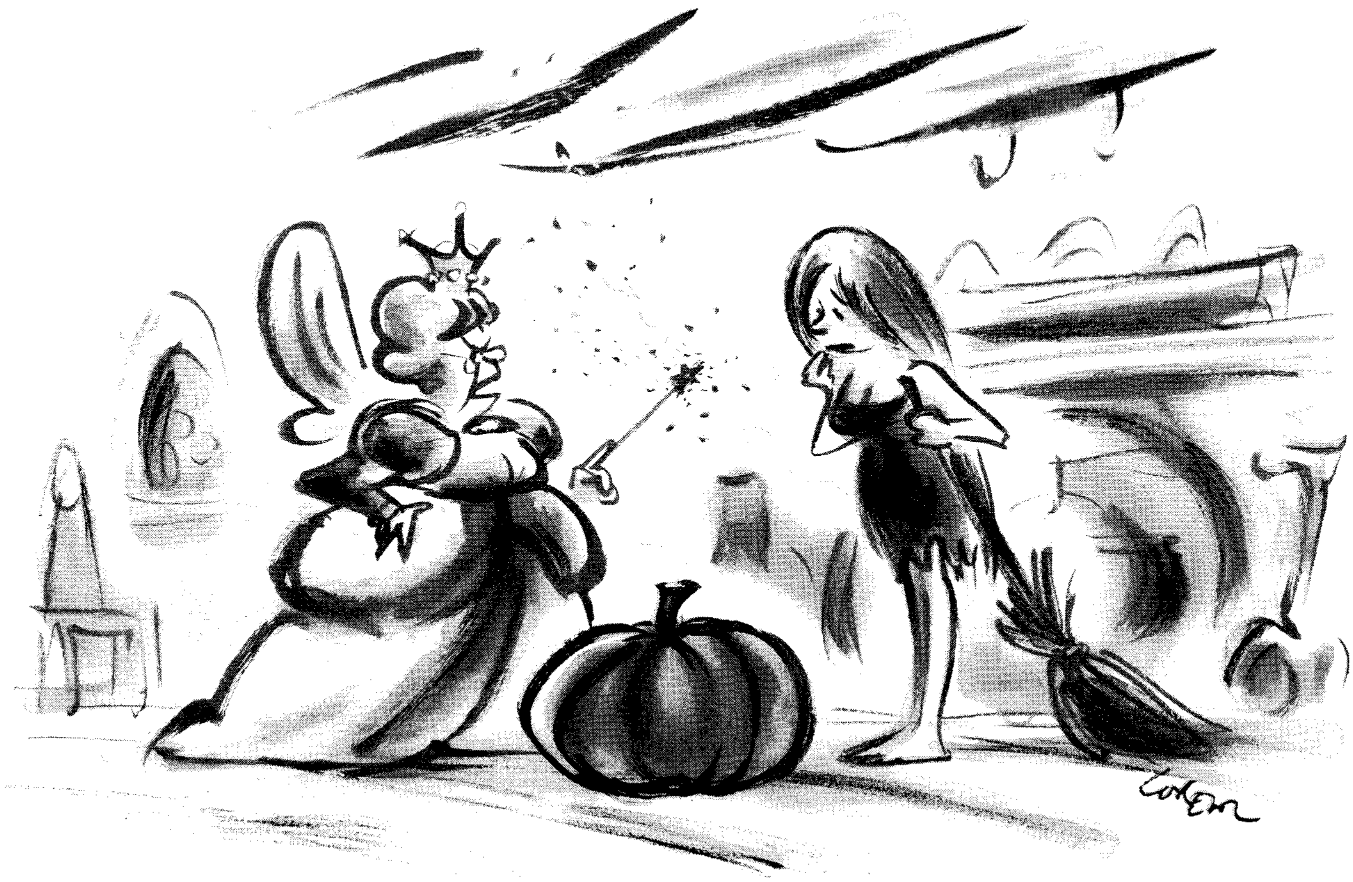
We huddle together on the bed. Jessica squeezes a section of tangerine into her tight lips, spits out a seed, and sniffles. "I'm beginning to feel unstable again," she says. "I thought we had a place where we could stay awhile, but this place is crumbling. The paint's cracking, and tomorrow we do the whole thing with the newspaper and telephone calls, the 'Are you a student? I'm sorry, we don't rent to students' routine. God."

"I'll do the calling, then. I'll just be firm and confident. 'Hello, I'm a potato baron. I need a winter place by the ocean. A big back yard, furnished and large enough for me and my concubine.' 'What?' 'Concubine—you know, a potato-picking machine. A large garage will do fine.' There must be some old people who will show proper respect for the aristocracy. What ever happened to the University that is Mankind, the vast Studentdom?"

Judith Shahn

Jessica, unimpressed, unrolls some of the toilet paper we keep in the room, wipes her nose, and goes upstairs. I light my pipe and look out the window, where the yellow sour-grass flowers are being beaten down by the rain. Damn her.

We're tired. The future is usurping things; our energy is no longer ours. At one time, when we first moved in together, just seeing Jessica getting up from bed and walking to the closet through the shadows—two white crescents of buttocks and the comfortable



"How the hell do I know if it's organic? Do you want a coach or don't you?"

• •

arch of her back moving away—filled me with warm excitement. Now I feel we are pushed together too often by having to sleep in the same bed, share the room, and make plans as a unit. The unique intimacy is becoming habit. But we don't talk about it. I have begun reading magazines, especially the advertisements—calculations in fine wool, spotless complexions, rich smiles, and long fingers. How would they look in this old room, those long women making their way to the closet from this brass bed? It is a vision filled with energy, and I am in need of energy. I have become a house-hunter, and it is lonely.

House-Hunting is put aside during the next week, the week of finals, and each of us again attempts his own miraculous academic pupation, from which we hope to emerge with shining new wings and brighter colors. Wade, with no courses and nothing to worry about, wanders around the house exclaiming, "What the hell has happened to you people?"

After finals, we continue to tighten our schedules, reducing alternatives and inhibiting tangents. It is musical chairs; we are trying to find a new place before the music stops. Michael, my first-year roommate, tells us of a small apartment—shower, tiny kitchen, and bedroom—that Jessica and I can rent for forty-five dollars a month.

We call the place, and an old voice answers. I ask if there is an apartment for rent.

"Well, maybe," the voice replies. "Are you a student?"

"Yes, I'm a biology major," I say, exuding uprightness, cleanliness, dedication, and reverence.

At the other end, she clears her throat. "How many of you are there?"

"There's one of me, and I have one friend. A young lady."

"A friend? Are you married?"

"Not at the moment."

She pauses. "You'd better talk to my sister. It's her house. I don't have anything to do with it."

"Hello?" her sister says. "Actually, we're looking for a single working man. No couples. It's just too small. No, I don't think that we want to rent to a couple."

"There's a possibility I might be living alone. Do you suppose I could come over and look at it?"

"You're not a hippie, are you?"

"No, I'm a biology major."

I hang up and put on a clean shirt and clean pants. Jessica and I walk the few blocks to the house, go up the front steps, and knock on the screen door. A lady, in curlers and jowls, meets us without a greeting.

"It's strictly for one person, you know," the woman says. "You can go around back and talk to my husband, if you want."

The door closes. Behind the lace curtains of a side window, a shadowy mass watches us—the sister. The entrance to the apartment is at the back of the house, and the apartment itself, it turns out, is in the basement. Inside, the husband has just finished repainting the shower. He shows us his work, complaining about the condition in which the place was left by the former tenants. "I cleaned the oven, too," he says. "Those three people left everything a mess."

"Three?"

"Yah. Of course, they were all boys. For you two, I'll move in a double bed. Maybe you want a desk, too? I've got a couch you could look at."

Jessica and I nod. We have decided to take the place, in spite of the old lady. We all go back outside.

"That'll be eighty dollars a month for the two of you," the man says, rubbing his scruffy chin with the back of his hand. He looks up at the sky, the telephone wires. Finally, he has to look back at us. "That too much?"

We shrug vaguely.

"All right. Because you're young and she's so pretty, sir, I'll let you have it for seventy. How's that?"

Smiling, we agree to it and shake hands. The door of the main house creaks open behind us. The man's wife leans her head out, her pudgy fingers on the latch. She says one word, "Telephone," and a magnificent wave of dread sweeps over the moment. The man goes into the house.

"Jessica, I think our plans are about to be hacked asunder," I say.

After a few minutes, the wife extends her head. Her grimace might be construed as a grin.

"I'm awfully sorry," she says, "but that was a single working man. You know—just what we wanted." She retracts her head and the door swings shut. We stand in the driveway for a few minutes, staring at the door, and then shuffle out of the yard.

I think somewhere in some chemistry book I might be able to find a formula for a bomb that would lift the white boredom out of that sagging house and fill it with the grand heat of vengeance. At the same time, I wish that instead of being a potato baron I could be a Single Working Man.

WITH Christmas only a week away, the melancholy seems to be deepening, as more and more of our various house-hunting ventures are unsuccessful. Wade, in an effort to cheer us up and still convey the epidemic nature of the despair, has christened the mood "melancholera." The rest of us are not comforted, but we are organizing our defenses. We are planning an extravaganza for the old house—something to fray the thread of our future, stretching from here to the beginning of next month, when the rent is due.

"It has to be *extravagant*," says Jim. As a first step, he invites the entire university chorus. On the day of the party, a keg of beer arrives and is dutifully tapped and tested. Sheets of cookies are turned out by our domestic faction, Susan and Sharon. A few of these cookies survive the strenuous test instituted by the rest of us. Emissaries are visiting the neighbors, borrowing their tablecloths and extending invitations. By this time, most of us have recovered from finals, but serious plans for the future are not possible until after the party. Tonight, the night of the party, a household resolution has been passed banning all serious talk and any further visits from "prospective buyers."

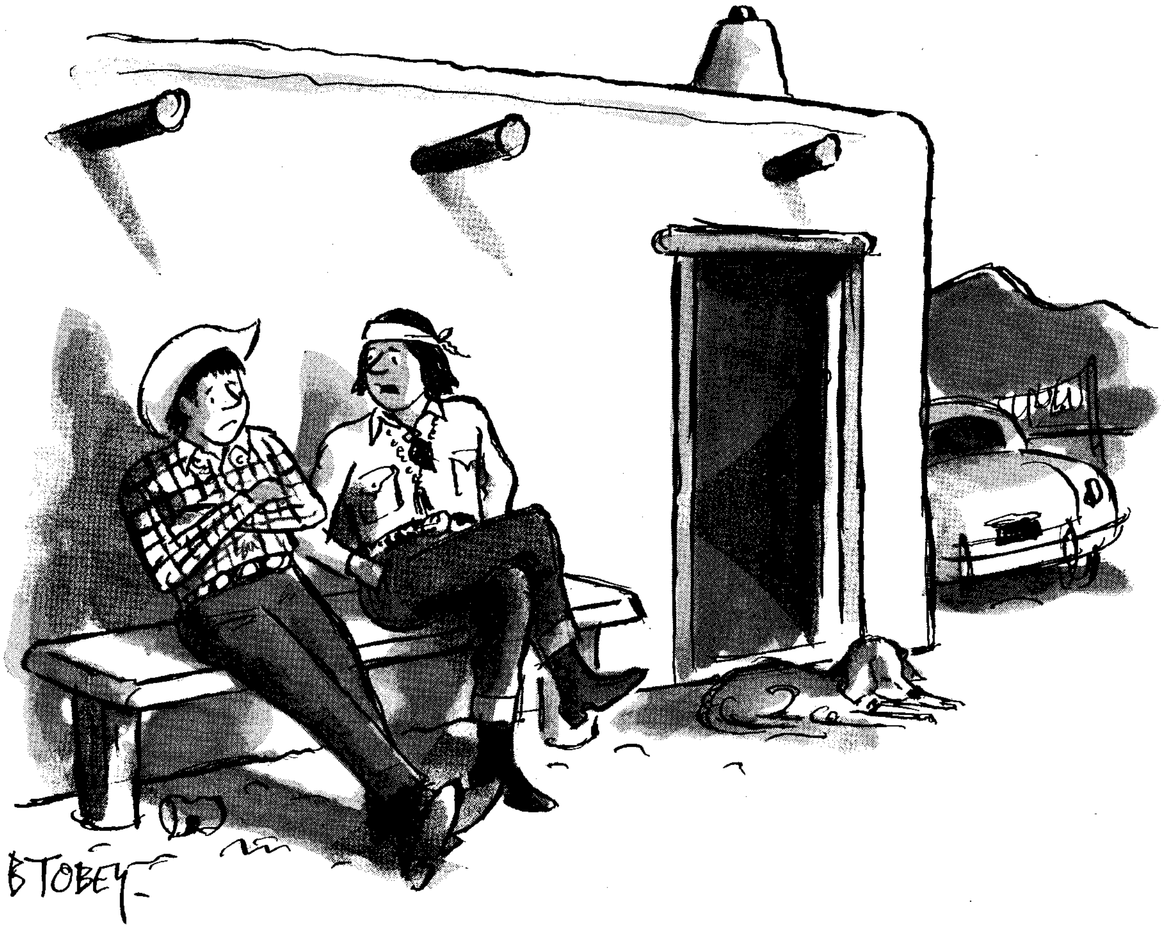
The guests, most of them chorus members, start arriving late in the evening, knocking at the door, rattling the old stained glass. Their Christmas concert was a success, and they are still singing. The party develops very much as I once imagined college parties to be. I walk about, watching it all—the fast drinking, the small contests and intense laughter, red faces, hands holding and moving. A bearded fellow I've never seen before has his arm around Sharon's big middle, and she is smiling sweetly. Sure that no one will miss us, Jessica and I retreat to our room, waiting for the arrival of our own friends. Perhaps we have never been part of the household, but I'm not sure now that any of us were. Perhaps it was just a house.

Jessica and I build a fire in the fireplace cage and watch it through the gold effervescence of our beer. Michael, my old roommate, makes his entrance and introduces his guest, Anne, a violinist. Her chin is almost double, but she is still invested with a kind of controlled beauty. Michael, who sometimes used to play duets with me, tells us she is a *real* musician, one who warms up with the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto. She has a slight blond mustache.

"Hello," she says. "Michael has told me about you. I understand we are all violinists."

"To some extent or another," I reply. She seems poised, damnably poised, and is probably fascinatingly disciplined.

Wade evidently had a successful finals week, for now he comes into our room with a new girlfriend, Elizabeth. We all make our way up to the cupola with a half gallon of white wine and several mugs of beer. Anne, it turns out, is not drinking. I take large swallows of wine and watch the lights of Santa Cruz through an open cupola window. Occasional doors slam in nearby houses, and there is a



"Well, if we ever do get to the Happy Hunting Grounds, you can be damned sure we'll find a white game warden there selling hunting licenses."

kind of music to the motors of the cars on the streets below—high octave stoppings and diminuendos at red lights, and a slow grumbling crescendo of the same motors as they begin again. Tonight, Jessica seems such little company. Sitting across from her in the cupola, I see no communication or strength in her tight little smile. How can this be? There is no interest there, and watching her fills my stomach with dry dust. I take another mouthful of wine, no longer tasting it, and I begin to think what it would be like to live with someone who could force herself to practice the violin five or six hours a day. I have decided that we all have intense passions and that it is endurance that finally makes the difference.

Anne, submerged now in a polite boredom, slightly tightening her lips and folding her hands in her lap, projects an air of two parts refusal and one part transcendence. With a nonchalant deliberation, I am getting drunk. I watch the blue veins in my hands.

Anne whispers to Michael about an early appointment in the morning, and together they rise to go, Michael a little embarrassed and Anne thanking Jessica for the wonderful time. They apologize for leaving so early. I stand also, consciously steady, and walk with them downstairs, seeing them out. There are mumbled good nights, and the door shuts softly. The car is starting, and in a kind of spasm of dejection I pull the door open again and scramble out to them before they pull away.

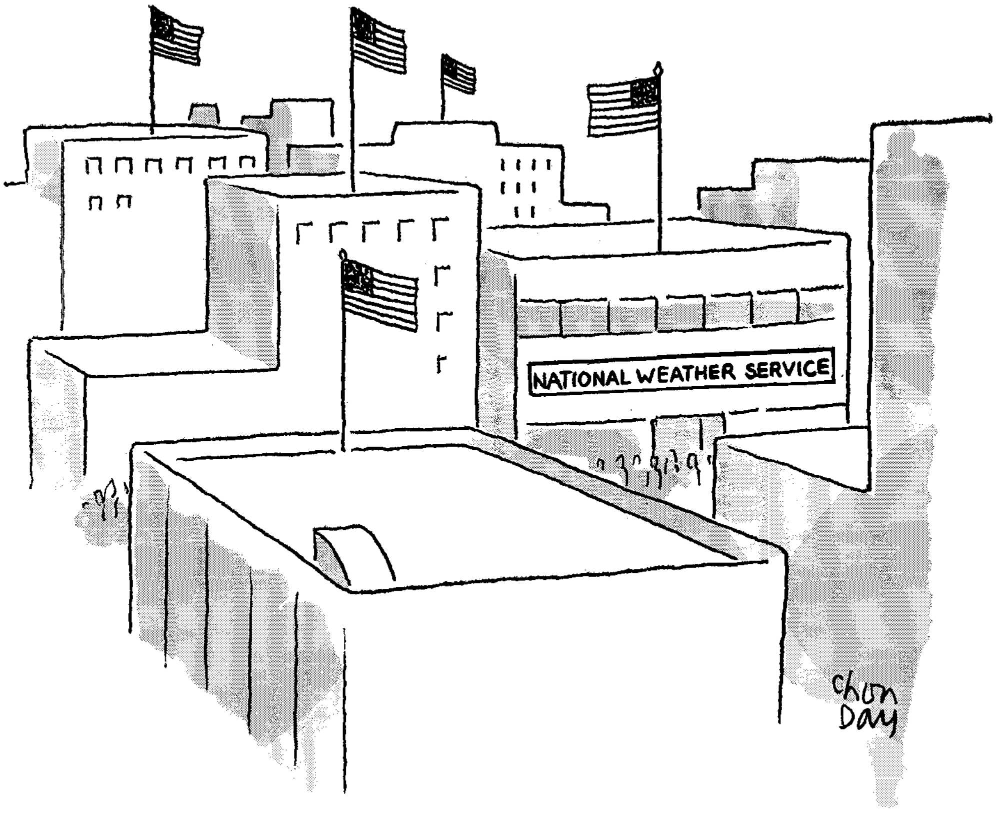
Anne rolls down the window.

“What is it?” Michael asks.

Ignoring him, I mumble something and take Anne’s face in my hands, kissing her lips gently but drunkenly.

“Must taste like wine and beer,” I say. “Awful.”

“Not too bad,” she says, smiling a little. Michael says good night, and the car pulls away. From the cupola, Wade and Jessica yell down. I don’t know if they saw.



MICHAEL comes back at six the next morning and wakes me up. We have an old appointment to go to Monterey for a violin lesson. The distant knocking at the glass front door comes as a shock; I feel a little like rattled glass myself. Rolling out of bed in a panic, unsteady and weak, I remember four of us on my bed, and me taking Elizabeth, Wade’s friend, and holding her face tightly between my hands. I kissed her desperately. I couldn’t feel my hands but I could feel her cheeks, and I had to connect my face with what I could feel of hers. Jessica was trying to dissuade me, saying that the only thing she wanted was me. Sometime after that, she made her way to the closet, slipped into my Army-surplus overcoat, and left the room, and sometime after that I was sick.

Now Jessica is sleeping on our bed, but I don’t remember her returning. I pull on my pants, nearly losing my balance as I painfully hop about on the cold wood. I take my violin and let Michael in the door. He asks if I feel well enough for a lesson.

“Almost.” I fix a cup of black instant coffee. The kitchen is filled with froth-crusted beer mugs and there is a pot of cold, stiff noodles. Michael is silent.

Later, in his Volkswagen, Michael turns his eyes from the road and glances at me nervously. “Could I ask you something?” he says.

I nod.

“What did you mean last night? I mean, you don’t have to answer if you don’t want to, but were you serious?”

I look at him for a moment. He has thick, Biblical hands, like Moses’ hands in Michelangelo’s marble.

“I’m sorry, Michael,” I say. “I was drunk. I didn’t have anything in mind. She seemed so disciplined, so sure.”

He looks straight ahead.

“You both seemed older,” I say, “and I felt that the only thing left to do was kiss her. Actually, I don’t think I would even like her. She seems so set and confident, and I can’t stay drunk all the time, can I?”

“I was just curious,” Michael says. “But you’re right—she is hard. And aggressive. You’re lucky to have someone like Jessica.”

“I guess it’s just difficult to do anything all the time. Being with someone all the time. Or practicing every day, putting your life in order.”

The Volkswagen is rattling, but it relaxes me. Calculus formulas begin to re-form in my hand, like green sprouts recovering from a flood. The drunkenness is wearing off. I am exhausted.

I think maybe Jessica will find a place by herself for the next quarter, maybe a house in the woods in the Santa Cruz mountains that she can share with someone else. I think I will move back on campus, to the colorless, comfortable dorms. On this simple gray Saturday, I think that I will move into a dormitory room, where there will be less confusion, less to worry about, and more time to study the violin, calculus, and chemistry.

—STEPHEN TRACY

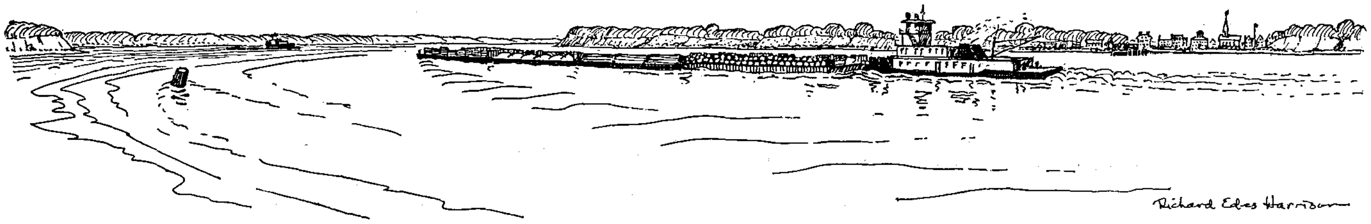
•

Due to a fire of undetermined origin, our shop is still conducting business in its usual efficient manner.—*Adv. in the Elizabeth (N.J.) Journal.*

Sometimes it takes strong measures.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE RIVER WORLD



THE Lesta K., a square-nosed, diesel-powered towboat owned and operated by the Port City Barge Line, of Greenville, Mississippi, is pushing slowly down the Missouri River toward St. Louis behind a tow of big red hopper barges loaded with Nebraska wheat and Kansas flour. There are eight barges in the tow—each riding nine feet deep in the water under fifteen hundred tons of cargo—and they are lashed two abreast. They form a raft-like mass just about seventy feet wide and almost eight hundred feet long. At the head of the tow, where I am sitting on a coil of rigging near the bow of the starboard barge, there is the feel of a raft—a peaceful sense of drifting, a sense of country quiet. The only sound is the slap of water under the rake of the bow. I am alone and half asleep in the silence and the warmth of the mild midmorning sun. The river is empty. There is only the bend ahead and the bend behind, a sandy shore of brush and willows on the near bank, and a steep bluff crowned with cottonwoods a quarter of a mile away on the other—no towns, no houses, no bridges, no roads, not even another boat. Early this morning, after a night tied up in fog at Kansas City, we passed the mouth of the Big Blue River (originally La Rivière de l'Eau Bleue), where, one June day in 1804, the expedition headed by Meriwether Lewis and William Clark "saw a number of parroquets (*Conurus carolinensis*), and killed some deer." There are no longer any parakeets along the Missouri River (or anywhere else in America), but its shores still look as wild as they were at the turn of the eighteenth century.

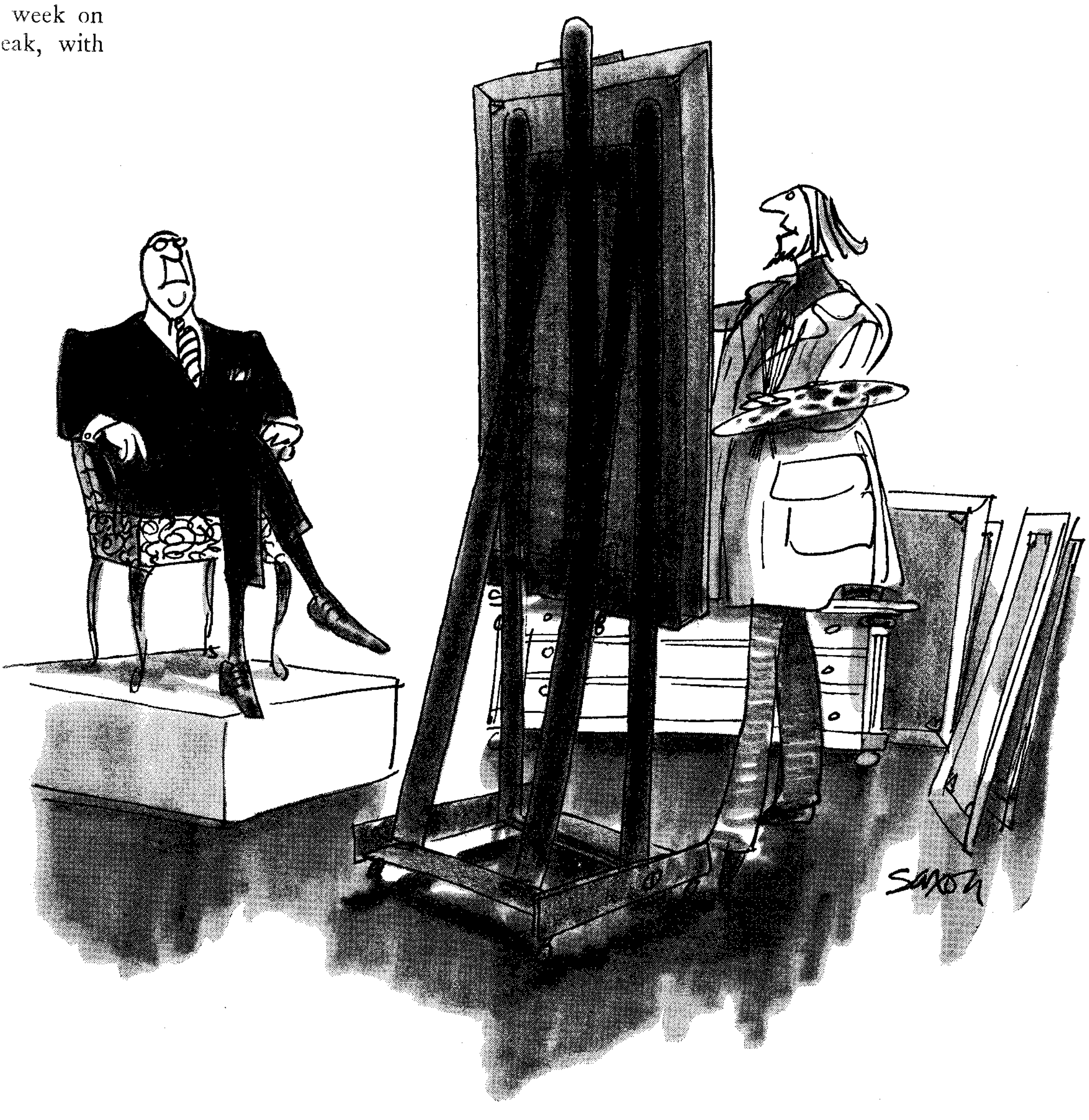
I WAS going to St. Louis, to Cairo, to Memphis, to Natchez, to Baton Rouge, to New Orleans—I was going down the river as far as I could go. I was going as far as I could find a towboat to carry me. The packet boat has vanished from America. It has gone the way the passenger train is going. It was too slow, too comfortable, too restful. But freight still moves on the rivers. The volume, in fact, increases every year. And one can sometimes arrange for accommodations on a towboat.

I had arranged to meet the Lesta K. at a grain-and-molasses dock some twenty river miles above Kansas City. That was late yesterday afternoon. A friend drove me out from the city, and I was waiting on the dock when the Lesta K. and its thrusting tow came into view, sliding downstream on a long crossing where the channel switched from one bank to the other. The Lesta K. was built in 1942, but its lines are still the standard lines for towboats on the rivers. I watched it lift into sight. First, a high white pilothouse with a narrow open bridge all around and a complex of whistles and fog bells and searchlights and radio and radar antennas on the roof above. Then an open texas deck. Then the boiler deck, with a small cluster of cabins forward and two faintly fuming smokestacks aft. Then the main deck, running the length of the boat (about a hundred and fifty feet), with a deckhouse almost as long. The main deck was just above water level—there was hardly three feet of freeboard—with two tall, bumper-like towing knees at the bow. The whistle blew. I waved. A deckhand with long, sandy hair and a horseshoe mustache waved back. He wore a T-shirt with a peace symbol on the front. The Lesta K. nudged gently against the dock.

The deckhand gave me a hand aboard, and took me up to a cabin on the boiler deck. Behind the ferocious mask of hair and mustache was a smiling, boyish face. And he wasn't a deckhand; he was the second mate, and his name was Johnny Avent. My cabin was at the bow, just under the pilothouse, and the roar of the engines was only a distant hum. There was a single bed, a chest of drawers, a chair and a desk, a *Playboy* calendar on the wall. An inner door opened on a bathroom with a sign above the washbasin: "Potable Water." I left my bag and followed Avent down and aft to the galley. It was six o'clock, and supper was just over. Supper is at five-thirty on the river. (So is breakfast, and dinner is at eleven-thirty.) We passed the last of the five-man forward watch—the six-to-noon and six-to-midnight watch—coming along the passage. None of them looked much older than the second mate. The remains of supper were still on the table: a platter with one surviving breaded veal cutlet; dishes of peas and carrots, lima beans, green beans, creamed corn, boiled cabbage, mashed potatoes, potato chips, chili con carne, cottage cheese, and combination salad; three big biscuits on a tray; half a poundcake; a bowl of whipped cream, a bowl of canned peaches; a pitcher of iced tea, a pitcher of Kool-Aid. The cook brought me a plate and a glass of ice. He was a big man with a big pale, worried face, and his name was Malone—H. L. Malone. "Or maybe you'd rather have coffee?" he said. I said I preferred iced tea. He nodded. "Yeah," he said. "Real fine." He sat down at the head of the table and gazed at a notice framed on the wall: "Pilot Rules for the Western Rivers & the Red River of the North." He frowned.

"They drink a lot of coffee on the river," he said. "Yeah—and the farther south, the more they drink. Now, I'm from Mississippi myself, but I give it up. I stopped last March, and I'll tell you something: no more heartburn. It cured it just like that. The same doctor told me to try corn oil for frying. He said it was a whole lot better. So I don't fry nothing no more in hog lard. Yeah—and another thing I learned. This was when I had me a little drive-in down home in Lexington. I used to sell a lot of pickled hard-boiled eggs. I sold dozens of them every week. But you know how hard a boiled egg is to shell. I spent half my time just peeling them eggs. Then the farmer I was buying from he give me a tip. Pip them, he said. Punch a little dent in one end before you cook them. And, sure enough, they peel just like a banana. But I don't grudge the fellas their coffee. I know they like it when they go on watch, and they like it when they come off watch, and they also like it in between. So I've always got a big pot on the stove. They don't allow no liquor on the river. That's the company rule. And no gambling, either. Coffee gives the fellas something to do. The only other thing is eating. The way it works, a fella works for thirty days straight and then he's off for fifteen days, and I try to keep them happy when they're on the boat. You know what they say: a full stomach makes a patient man. There's ten of us on this boat. There's the captain and his relief. There's the chief engineer and his relief. The rest are crew and me. I will say the company understands about food. They know it's important, and they allow me around a thousand dollars a month to work with. You wait till tomorrow. Saturday dinner is the high point of the week on the river. Steak—T-bone steak, with mushrooms. All you want. I broil a couple of dozen. I fry my chicken and my pork chops and my catfish, but I broil my steak. I've been on the river for nine years—seven with Port City—and I've got my own way of doing things. I like it on the river. Of course, I don't have my wife anymore. She left me—after seventeen years of marriage. I don't think it was the river. These days, I could sleep in the morning till maybe four-fifteen, but I like to get up around three. I don't like to go right to work. I like to set around and drink tea and wake up good. I take my tea and go out on deck and set there. I like the dark and the smell of the river. And I don't let nothing bother me."

I CLIMBED two flights of almost vertical stairs to the aerie of the pilothouse. The stairs were dark, and the pilothouse was dim with dusk and cigarette smoke. Jene Bills, the captain, was sitting there alone in the twilight at a console of levers and grips and gears and meters—a square-built man of about forty-five with smooth brown hair and a broken nose. His chair was a big leather armchair as high as a shoeshine chair, and it gave him a commanding view through the windows all around. I cleared away a pile of charts and magazines and sat down on a high wooden bench. The river spreading out ahead had a coppery sunset glitter. Bills craned his neck and grunted. "A lot of pilots cuss this time of day," he said. "I mean this doggone glare. But fog is worse. We've got radar—the screen is that box standing over there. We couldn't run at night without it. But radar ain't enough in fog—not on this river. The Missouri is too fast and too narrow, and the bends are too short. It's got a lot of bends that ain't but two miles long. You've got to do a lot of holding back—what we call backing up. I know a lot of pilots on the Lower River—on the Mississippi on down from Cairo—that are scared shirtless on this river. I've got a good feeling for it, but I will admit it can be trouble. It can be real hard work to go down. When you're moving along at eight or nine or even ten miles an hour and there isn't too much water in the channel, anything can happen. Like finding a bar built up on a crossing that wasn't there before. The most important tool we've got is the swing indicator. It's like a gyrocompass. It tells me if the tow is swinging out of line. It's a whole lot faster than my eye. I watch that machine as much as I watch the river. But the river is getting better, too. The Army Engineers have done a lot to stabilize the banks and maintain a decent channel. This channel used to change a couple of times a day. And the Coast Guard keeps the channel marked with buoys—like that red nun off to port. But this is still the trickiest river in the U.S.A. Coming up, it don't matter. You're poking along at three or four miles an hour. There's nothing much for the pilot to do but set back and read his Western magazine. No



"And where is the quizzical lift of the left eyebrow today, Mr. Griffith?"

close work, and plenty of time to act if need be. I mean, when you cut your engines, the current is as good as a brake. But, going down, you can stub your toe pretty easy. When your tow is put together right, when you've secured your barges end to end and side to side and the stern of the tow is fast to the tow knees—when you've done all that, why, it's just like one big boat, and it steers like one. It don't act or feel much different. But you've got to remember one thing. It's one hell of a big old boat. You can't stop it or turn it like you would your car. Not unless you want to bust it up."

THE WATCHER

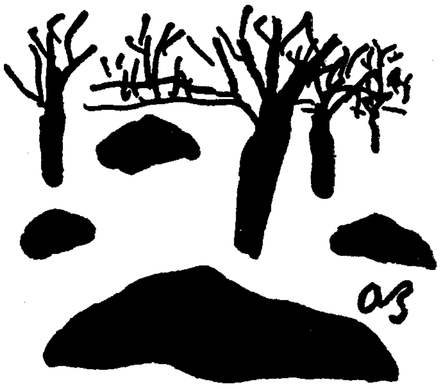
The light comes in and I awake. There he is.
He starts by telling me his name, which is (of course) my own.
I return to the slavery that's lasted more than seven times ten years.
He thrusts his memory on me.
He thrusts on me the petty drudgery of each day, the fact of dwelling in a body.
I am his old nurse; he makes me wash his feet.
He lies in wait for me in mirrors, in mahogany, in shopwindows.
Some woman or other has rejected him and I must share his hurt.
He now dictates this poem to me, and I do not like it.
He forces me into the hazy apprenticeship of stubborn Anglo-Saxon.
He has converted me to the idolatrous worship of dead soldiers,
to whom perhaps I would have nothing to say.
At the last flight of the stairs, I feel him by my side.
He is in my steps, in my voice.
I hate everything about him.
I note with satisfaction that he can barely see.
I'm inside a circular cell and the endless wall is closing in.
Neither of us deceives the other, but both of us are lying.
We know each other too well, inseparable brother.
You drink the water from my cup and eat my bread.
The door of suicide is open, but theologians hold
that I'll be there in the far shadow of the other kingdom, waiting for myself.

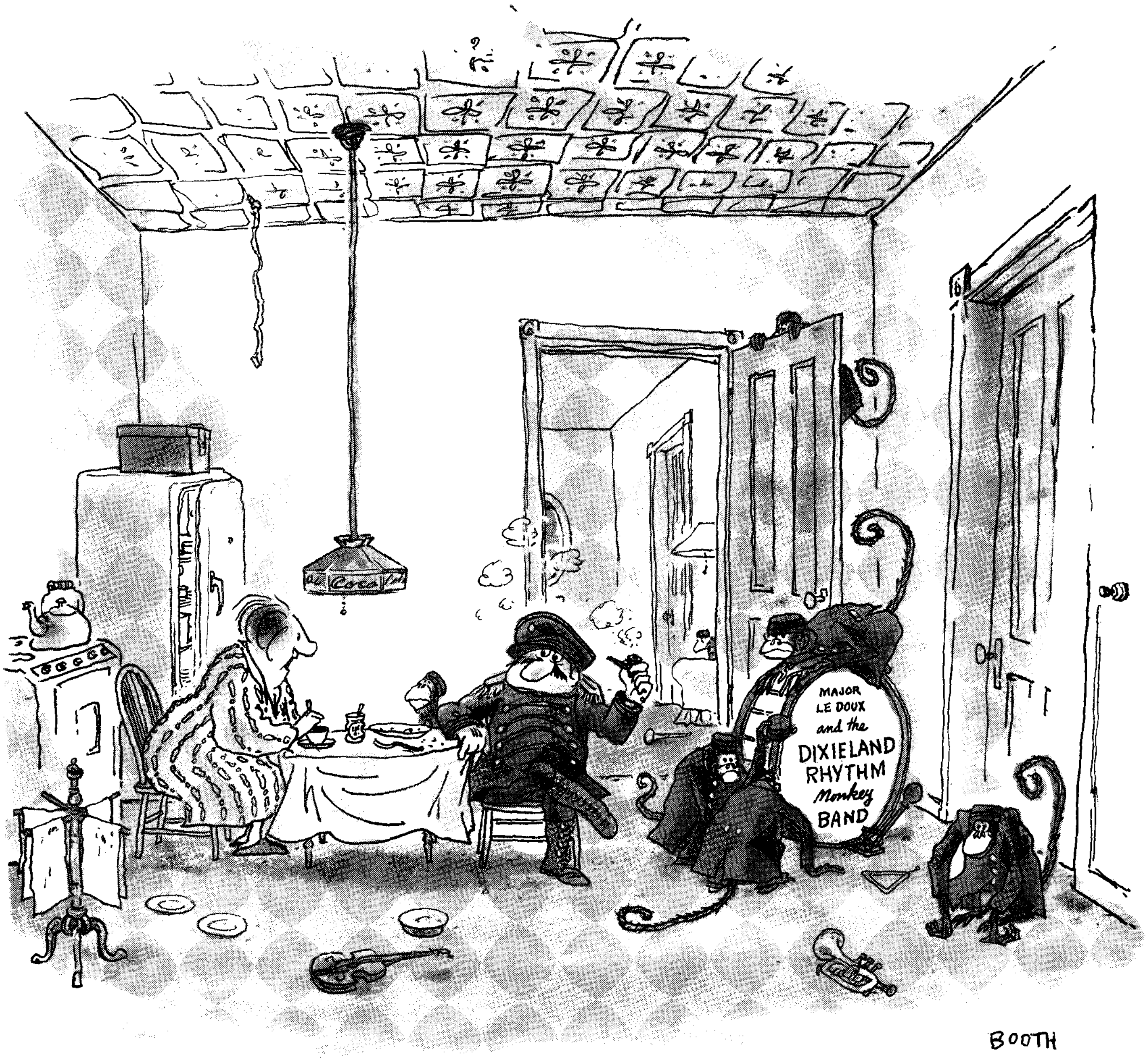
—Jorge Luis Borges

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni.*)

• •

The sunset glare was fading from the river. The shadows deepened along the banks. Then the last of the light was suddenly gone, and the river was only a stir of paler dark. Three little running lights appeared on the faraway head of the tow. Bills turned on a searchlight. The beam reached out across the tow through a turmoil of white willow flies. It touched a bobbing black can buoy, then a ghostly finger of sandy shoal, then a bright-green jungle wall of trees. It felt back across the water and pounced on another buoy. "Another thing about this river," Bills said. "I think it's probably the cleanest. Up at Sioux City and all the way down to Omaha, it's as clear and blue as a lake. It's the prettiest, too. I guess I've been on most. The Upper Mississippi and the Lower. The Ohio. The Illinois. The Tennessee. If you want to know the truth, I've been on the river all of my life. I was born on a houseboat down at Memphis. And I guess you could say that the river was my salvation. I never had a father. I only had a stepfather, and when my mother left us, he raised me. He worked as a steeplejack when he worked. I done the rest—the cooking, the washing, the housekeeping, the woodchopping. That man never let up. He treated me worse than the meanest man would treat the sorriest dog. When I reached sixteen, I dropped out of school and run off down the river. I started out where everybody starts on the river—as a deckhand. That's the school for the river. There ain't no other. You learn to be a pilot by learning the river and watching the pilot work. Johnny Avent, the boy that brought you aboard, I'm teaching him right now. When you've made ten round trips on your river and can draw a map of its course and put in every bend by name and every light and every crossing, then you can take the Coast Guard examination. If you pass, you're a licensed pilot on that river. That's what I done. Those were still the steamboat days. I remember that long, lonesome whistle on those old steamers. It was a beautiful sound coming across the water. It was sad, but it made you feel good. There wasn't much else in those days that you'd want to brag about. Everything was different then. The river was just about the bottom of the gutter. Hell, it *was* the bottom. If you worked on the river, you were trash. People would walk away from you. But it gets you, the river. I had it in me too deep to let me quit, and I got my first license in 1950. Then things began to change. Business got better, and the pay and everything else got better, and they started crying for pilots. There still aren't near enough for the need. Last year, more than fifteen per cent of all the freight that moved in this country was carried by barge, and it's going to be more this year. The reason is the rates are so low—three mills per ton-mile. The railroads, for example, charge the shipper fifteen. There's a lot of new people coming on the river now. We're even getting college men—fellas like Johnny. They're ambitious to learn and advance. Of course, we get the other kind, too. I mean that new kind of kid they've got these days. They don't know nothing, and they don't want to learn. They don't want to work. All they want is easy living. Eat, sleep, and make a payday. Then they're long gone. And do you know the pay a deckhand gets now? Twenty-two fifty a day. That's almost seven hundred dollars for the thirty days. And no expenses—no room, no board, no nothing. They make me sick. We call





"Listen, Sugar, if you're so convinced the 'Ed Sullivan Show' has really run its course, why not take off your hat and stay awhile?"

• •

this here a bulkhead and we call what we're standing on a deck. They can't be bothered. They call it walls and floor. They call the bow the front end and the head the bathroom and the galley the kitchen. And they're not all kids. Some of them are grown men. I had a mate a while back who kept talking about the capsule. I asked him what the hell was that. He said, 'Why, that thing there.' And he pointed to the capstan."

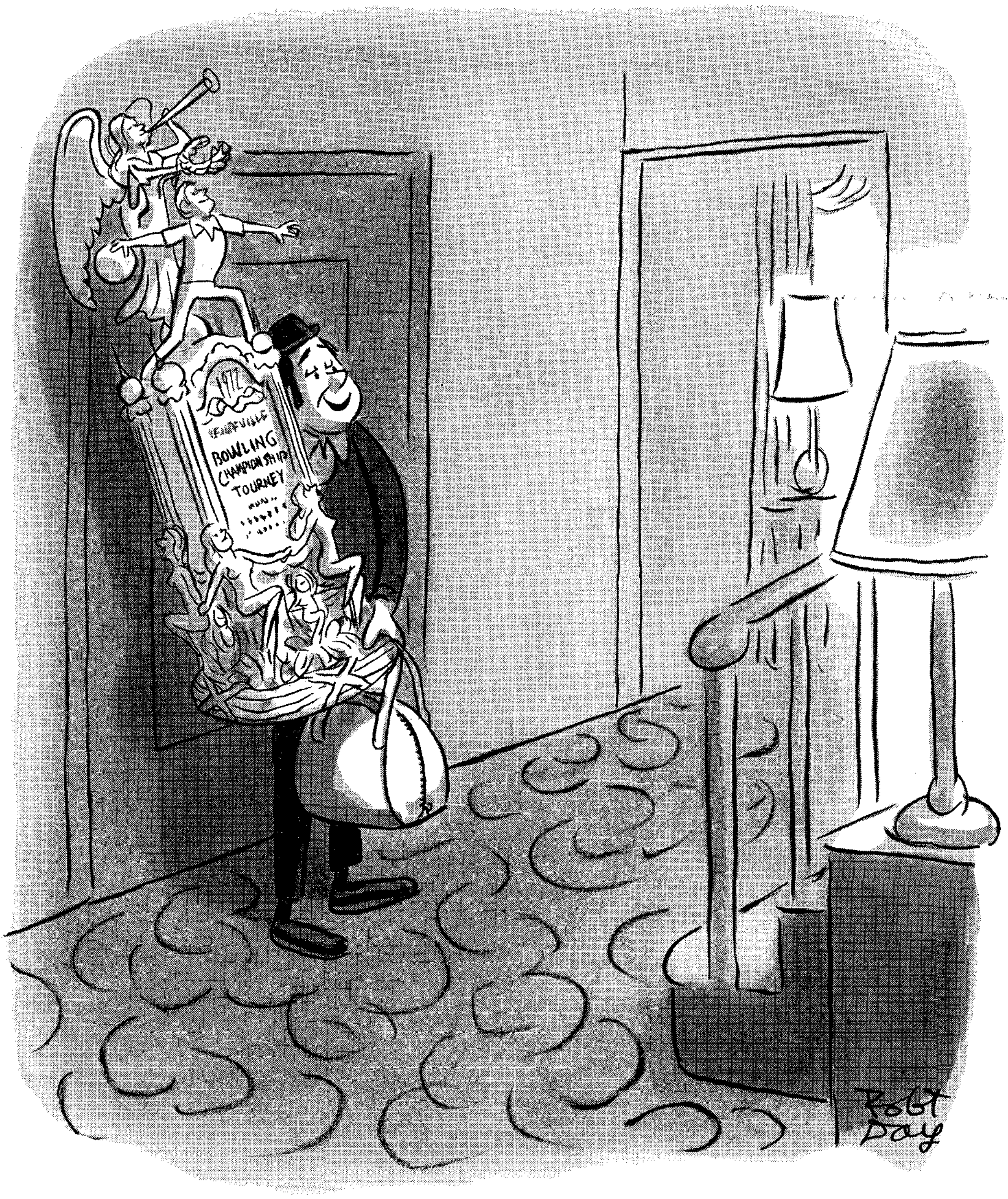
Bills reached across the console and picked up a microphone. He pressed a switch. "Johnny?" he said, and his voice splintered out from a speaker on the bridge. "Polka Dots? One of you fellas. The captain wants some coffee." He glanced at me, but I shook my head and he put the microphone back. "Coffee gets to be a habit on the river," he said. "I seem to need it even when I'm relaxed at home. I sometimes wake up in the night and go out to the kitchen and make myself a cup. It drives my wife about crazy. But now I'm going to show you something pretty. We're coming into Kansas City. It's just around this bend, and, lighted up at night, it's the prettiest skyline on the river. I've seen them all, and nothing else can touch it." We picked our way through a crossing and into a tight hairpin bend. There was a glow above the riverside woods ahead. We came out of the bend, and there it was—an explosion of lights, mirrored in the dark of the river and diffused across the sky, climbing steeply up a terraced bluff to a soaring summit of flashing signs and floodlit towers. I looked up at Kansas City and thought of "Huckleberry Finn": "The fifth night we passed St. Louis, and it was like the whole world lit up." So was Kansas City.

A VOICE from the pilothouse speaker called me back to the boat from my seat at the head of the tow. It was eleven-thirty and time for dinner. I walked back along the barges through a spillage history of past and present cargoes—wheat, rock salt, soybeans, phosphate rock, corn. I ate my T-bone steak (and five vegetables, baked potato, green salad, hot biscuits, vanilla ice cream) with the forward watch. They were Bills, Johnny Avent, the chief engineer, and two young deckhands—the one called Polka Dots, because he wore a red-and-white polka-dot cap, and another called Tear Drops, because soon after he came aboard the Lesta K. he received a shattering "Dear John" letter. Just beyond the windows at the end of the table, a long green shore of willows drifted serenely by. It was practically in the room. We sat at the table until well past noon. There was a somnolent feeling of Sunday. Afternoon is often an idle time on the river. The forward watch goes off to bed for its second installment of sleep. "What I like to do," Bills said as he pushed back his chair, "is get into bed with a good Luke Short or Frank O'Rourke or one of those, and the next thing I know, they're knocking on the door to get me up for supper." With nothing much to do, the after watch lie around on deck and smoke and talk and turn the pages of *Playboy* and *Cavalier* and *Penthouse*. Only the pilot—the relief captain—is fully awake and at work. Even the cook goes off to his room for a nap.

The pilot on the Lesta K. was a man named David Evans. He was a handsome, red-faced man of about thirty-five with long gray hair and with a heart tattooed on his thumb. When I came into the pilothouse, he was staring out at the river and whistling some tuneless tune. He had a mug of coffee on the console beside him, and a textbook—"The Hive and the Honey Bee." "Beekeeping is one of my hobbies," he said. "It's an interest. I got three hundred hives down home in Mississippi—down in Choctaw County. I get a good hundred pounds of sweet-clover honey per hive. But there's so much poison in the fields these days you can't let your bees stray. You got to keep them close to home. The way you do that is plant good nectar sources nearby. The next thing I think I'll do is get me a herd of Black Angus cattle. And I want to build me a nice big home—a fifty-thousand-dollar home. But my real life is here on the river. I been on the river ten years, and I like it real fine. It's a world of its own. It's a world I feel comfortable in. The Missouri is the friendliest river. Everybody knows everybody else. Nobody wants to cut your throat. I got a first cousin who's a captain on the Lower River. His mother was a real Christian woman. I mean, she had the power of prayer. When we were all growing up, my cousin he cut his middle finger off. The blood was gushing out, but his mother she started praying and the bleeding stopped. I mean it stopped. I remember seeing it with my own eyes. But most of those pilots on the Lower River, they don't like it much up here. This river is too fast for them. You know what they call the Missouri—they call it the Big Muddy. They used to say it was too thick to run and too thin to plow. But that ain't true no more. They've cleaned it up. But it's fast. I've averaged twelve to fourteen miles an hour going down with eight barges. That was high water—in May or June. Of course, I've also busted up some tows. It's three hundred and sixty-seven river miles from Kansas City to the mouth, just above St. Louis, and one trip I busted up seventeen times. It made a real long trip, chasing and catching and tying up those runaway barges. It took me seven days instead of two or three."

Evans sat up higher in his chair. He reached for a pair of binoculars and trained them down the river. There was a dark spot on the moving water far ahead. "Somebody coming," he said. "But we got the right-of-way. The down boat always has the right-of-way." He picked up a telephone and turned a radio dial. "Lesta K. to westbound tow coming into Wakenda Chute. Over."

A voice came out of a



"I'm home!"

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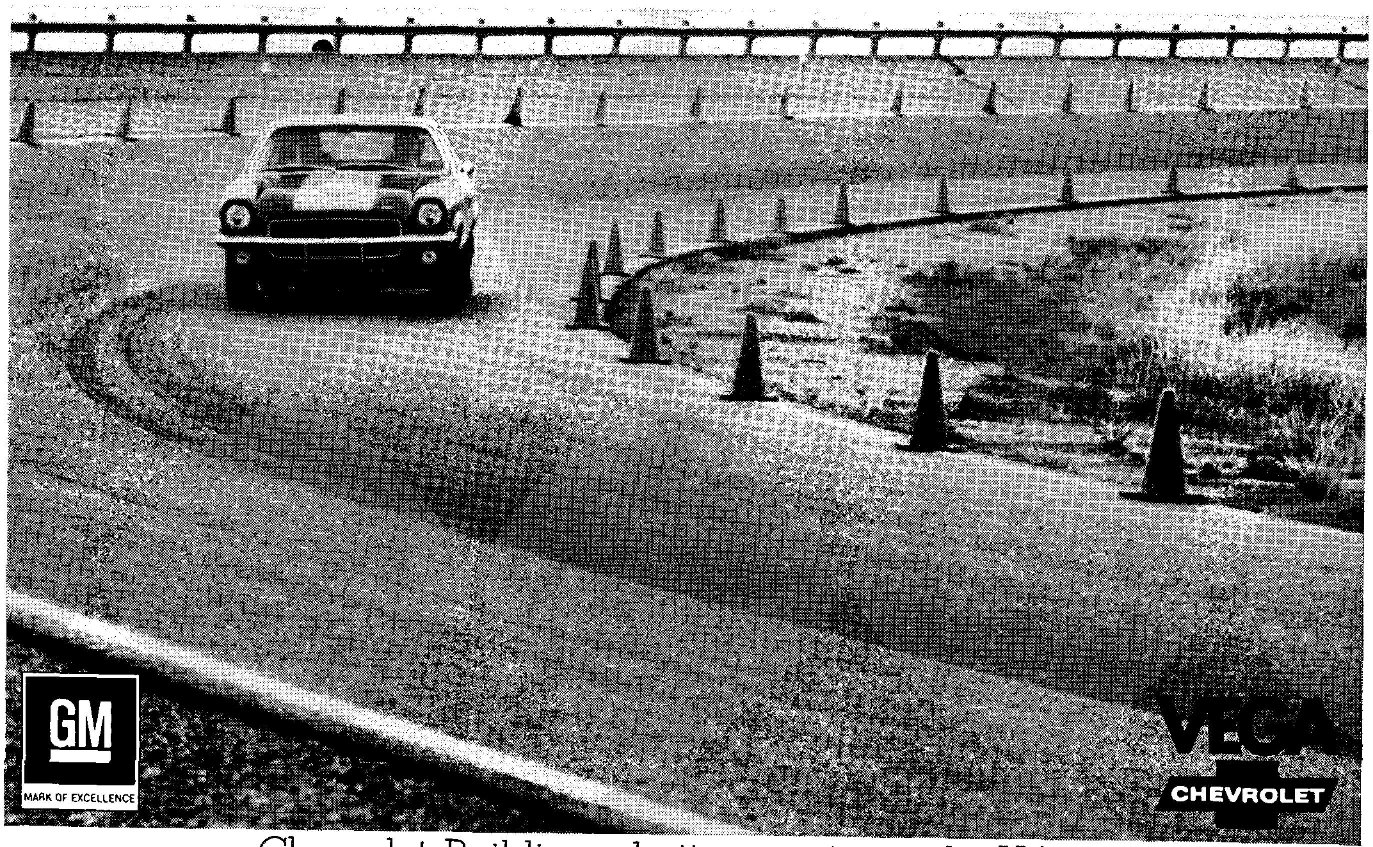
Vega Coupe on the track at the GM Proving Grounds, Mesa, Arizona



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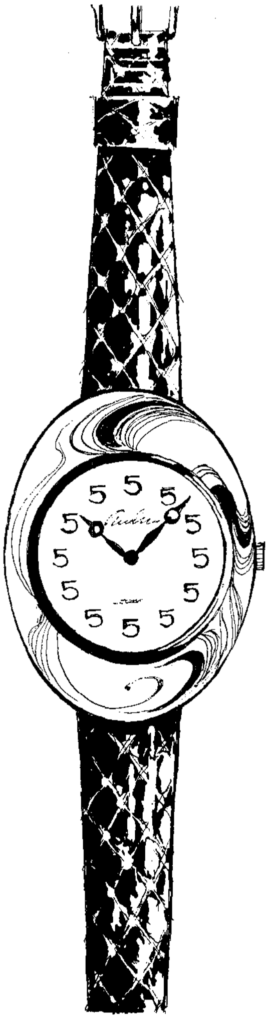

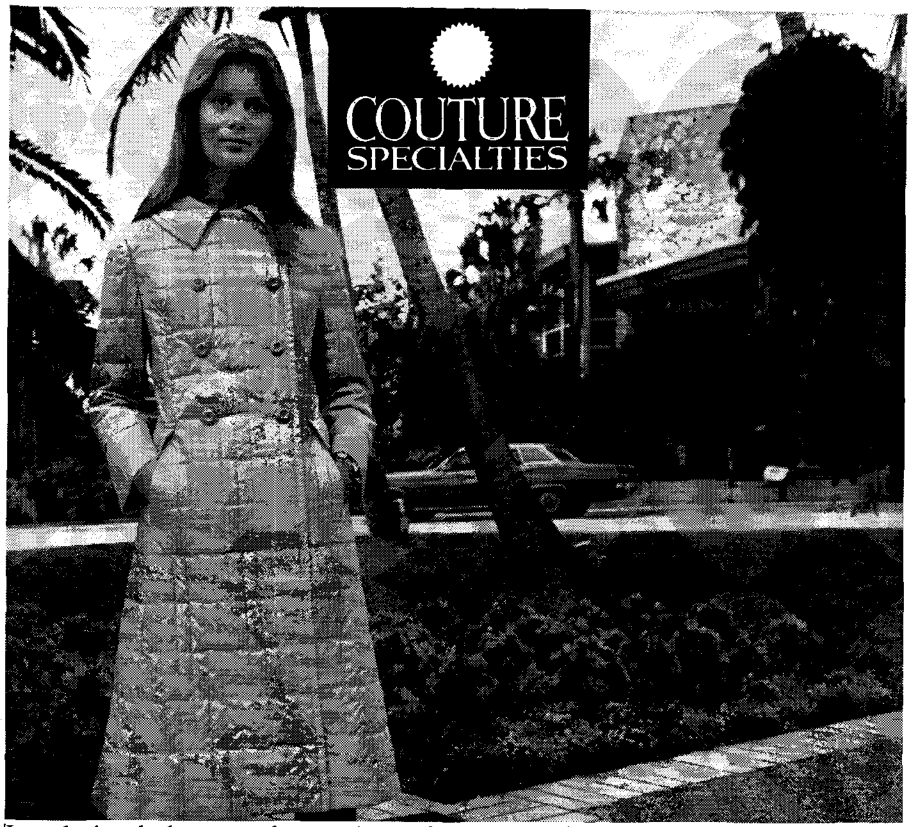

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*DU PONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK.

speaker: "Belzoni to Lesta K. How you doing, Dave?"

"Real fine, old buddy. How's it look down there?"

"Had a little trouble in Bushwhacker. It's shallow, Dave. Real shallow."

"O.K., old buddy. I gotcha."

"Yeah. But, you know—no problem. How you want to pass?"

"I'll give you the bank. Port to port. One whistle."

"Gotcha, Dave. Say hello to everybody."

"Real fine, Skip. Will do. And the same to you."

I watched the Belzoni coming. It loomed slowly into shape. It came creeping up along the shore on the left behind a tow of eight barges. One of them carried a massive angularity of structural steel—a section of a bridge. Evans pulled a single blast on the whistle. The Belzoni replied. We came closely abreast, the Lesta K. moving at what looked like breakneck speed. Evans jumped out of his chair and stepped out on the bridge and waved. A man in a white shirt with the tails hanging loose waved back from the bridge of the Belzoni.

The river stretched bright and empty again. The green shores—bluff and bottom, bottom and bluff—ran on and on and on. I watched a flight of seven sandhill cranes flapping from shoal to shoal. There was a volume of charts on the bench where I sat: "Missouri River Navigation Charts: Kansas City, Missouri, to the Mouth." Every bend, every crossing, every light was marked. I turned the pages, following the names downriver. Like all place names, they were a kind of poetry. Teteseau, Chamois, Cote Sans Dessein, Creve Coeur, St. Aubert, Auxvasse, Gasconade, Bonhomme. Tamerlane, Amazon, Malta, Euphrase, Miami. Berger, Bernheimer, Hermann, Berlin. Slaughterhouse, Plow Boy, Bushwhacker, Rising Creek, Cowmire, Centaur, Pelican. The afternoon crawled peacefully away. Wilhoite, Lupus, Mullanphy, Diana.

I SAW just three towns between Kansas City and the river mouth, below St. Charles. I had a passing view of the once premier port of Boonville (where in October of 1864 Price's Confederate Missourians, marching victoriously up the river to Gettysburgian defeat in the three-day Battle of Westport, paused for a spell of roistering rest, one of them leaving behind an unfinished letter: "Wee hav plenty of corn bred and pore beefe to eat and sasafras tee to drink"); Jefferson City,

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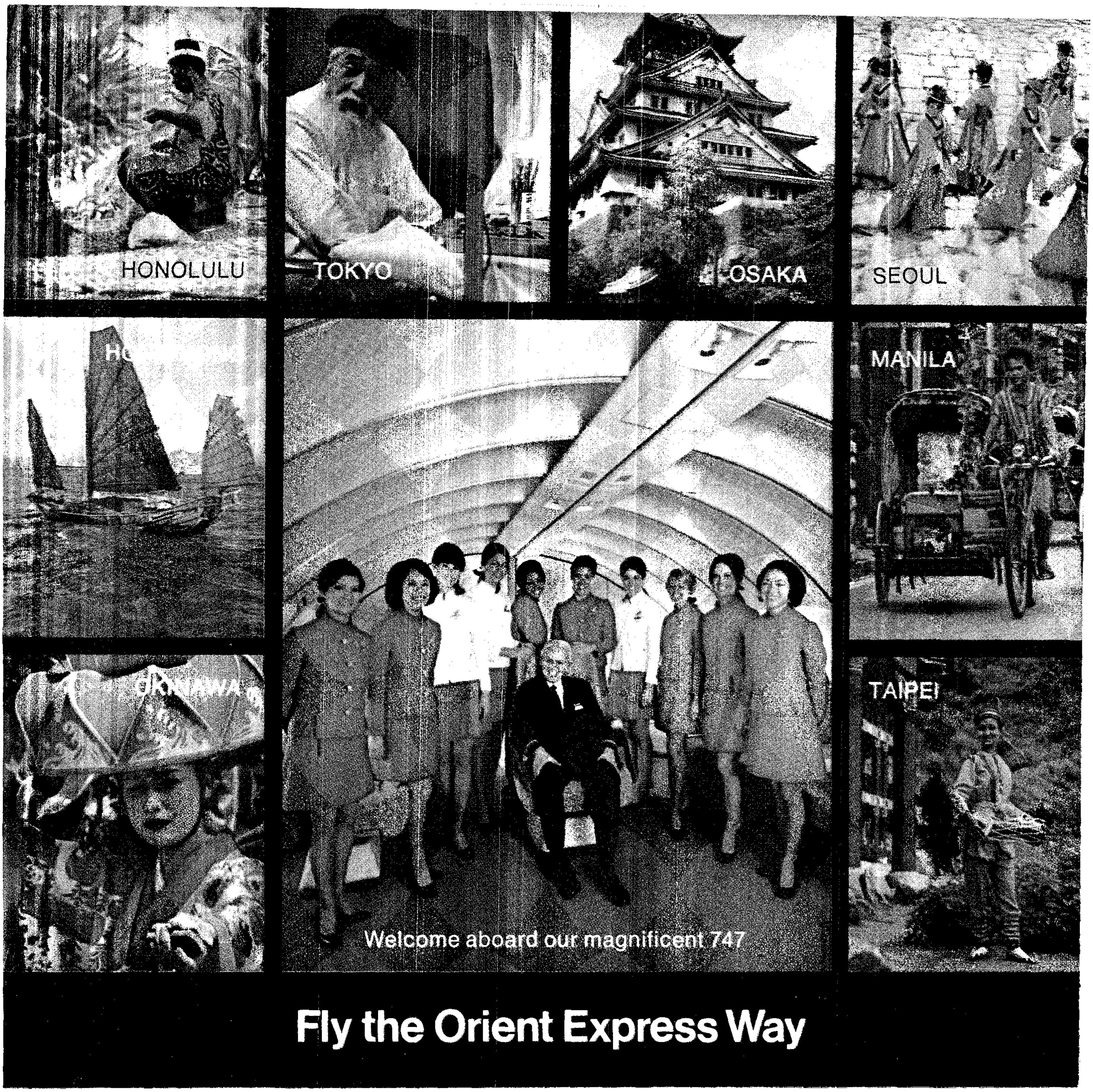
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the capital (with the lanterned dome of the State Capitol, the mansard roof of the Governor's Mansion, and the battlements of the State Penitentiary strung along a landscaped bluff); and the tidy red brick waterfront of the old German town of Hermann. We stopped at none of them, but a mile or two above Hermann the Irene E., from Staude's Boat Supply Dock, came out to meet us. That was late Sunday afternoon. I stood with Malone at the galley door and watched the Irene E. approach. "Pete Staude is my grocery store," Malone said. "I give him an order on one trip and pick it up on the next. He's bringing me out just a few things now, but I got a big order for him. All the boats trade with Pete. He handles everything but liquor. He even does our laundry. And he's where we get our mail." The Lesta K. slowed to the speed of the current, and the Irene E. came alongside. Two after-watch deckhands made it secure. We floated on together. A man in a business suit handed up a heavy crate and a bundle of mail tied with string.

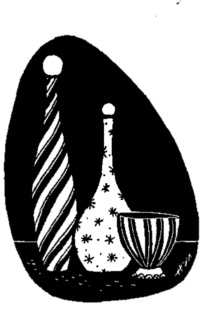
"I hope for once you brought me the right kind of peas," Malone said. "I mean them little ones, Pete."

"You got them, old buddy," Staude said. "And everything else you ordered."

"It better not be them big-as-chinaberry kind."

"I even got the Sunday paper for you," Staude said. "Now, who needs what?"

Somebody broke the string on the parcel and spread out the mail on the dining table. The crew, both watches—everybody but Evans, up in the pilothouse—crowded around. There were typewritten bills and business letters and letters addressed in pencil and big, thick letters in scented envelopes addressed in colored ink. The deckhand called Tear Drops had one of the scented letters, and he turned his back and stood in a corner to read it. Johnny Avent had three.



Before going down to bed that night, I went out on the bridge for a breath of river air, and heard a kind of music. It was a whining and whanging and thumping, and it came from the main deck, below. I leaned over the rail and looked down on Johnny Avent and two deckhands. Johnny was sitting on a box with the blade of a carpenter's saw bent against the deck like a musical saw, and he was tapping it with a hammer. The deckhands were dancing—stomping and whirling and clapping their hands. It gave me a curious feeling, a curious start of memory. I remembered a painting by the mid-nineteenth-century genre painter George Caleb Bingham called "The Jolly Flatboatmen," which shows the long-haired crew of a river scow cavorting on deck to the music of a fiddler. I looked down at the whining saw and the capering deckhands, and wondered again at how little the river seemed to change.

AFTER breakfast (pineapple juice, oatmeal, ham and eggs and grits), I walked out to the head of the tow to watch the sun come up. The sky overhead was black and clear and full of stars, but a layer of fog hung, boiling like steam, on the river. I sat and watched the stars fade and the sky go gray and the first spread of pink appear. It was still dark, it still had the feel of night, and then suddenly it was morning. The sun was up, and the fog was thinning and opening and drifting away, and the grass along the steep right bank was dappled with dewy cobwebs.

I heard somebody coming up the middle of the tow. It was Johnny Avent, hunched under a braided ball of two-inch rope the size of a bushel basket. Behind him came the deckhand Polka Dots with another. They hung one ball over the side of the starboard barge and the other off the port barge. Johnny came over and sat down on the deck beside me. "Them?" he said. "They're bumpers. We hang them out whenever we go through a lock. On the Upper River and up on the Illinois, they're hanging there all the time. The Upper Mississippi is nothing but locks. There's only one lock on this run—the Chain of Rocks lock, just above St. Louis." He gave his cutthroat mustache a pull.

"I guess you've heard of William Faulkner," he said. "And Eudora Welty? And William Alexander Percy? And Shelby Foote? And Hodding Carter? Then you probably know they're all Mississippians—and so am I. I come from Greenville. My daddy is port engineer for Port City. I guess that's why I'm on the river. He used to be a chief engineer, and all I ever heard since I was a little bitty boy was the river. I didn't always act like it, though. I studied architectural engineering at college—at Southern Mississippi—and I had a rock band there. I play piano and organ, and like that. I gigged in high school and college both. We played those long weekends. We'd play some college down in Louisiana and then cut over to Texas and come back by way of Alabama or Tennessee. I got me an ulcer, and my grades went down, so I finally quit. The other fellas, they're still playing, but my real world was always the river. I worked here summers, and I've been on the river full time since I got out of school last year. Captain Easy—that's what we call Captain Bills; there's another captain we call Captain Rough—he's teaching me to be a pilot. I like the river, I like this peaceful life. It's peaceful, but it isn't lonely. I like the way you've always got somebody to horse around with and throw the bull with. And I like the money, too. I get twenty-seven eighty-five a day—that's the rate for a second mate—and it's all clear money. I mean, I haven't got anybody, and when I'm home I live with my daddy and mummy. I don't even smoke. It's nice to have that big old roll of money. You go in a local bar and start flashing a few fifties around, and those chicks, they kind of go for that. It's like being in the band again, the way those chicks come running, only better. You don't have to pack right up and drive to, like, Shreveport. I like money. But, thank God, I didn't sell my body that time. The medical school down at Louisiana State was offering three hundred dollars apiece for bodies to be claimed after death, and five of us drove down to New Orleans. We wanted that easy money for partying. But then we found out they were going to tattoo something on your heel for identification. I didn't like the idea of some girl getting into bed and looking down and reading my heel and thinking I'd been stole from some morgue."

I DROPPED the sports section of yesterday's St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* back on the pilothouse bench. I got up and stood at the window. "It looks like the river is getting a little wider," I said.

"Wider?" Bills said.

"I don't know," I said. "It just seems wider than it was."

"Yeah," he said. "Well, it *is* wider. It's just about twice as wide. But it's a different river. We come out of the Missouri at that big long bend back there. That was the mouth. This here is the Mississippi."

I LEFT the Lesta K. on Monday afternoon at St. Louis. As we came out of the lock at Chain of Rocks,

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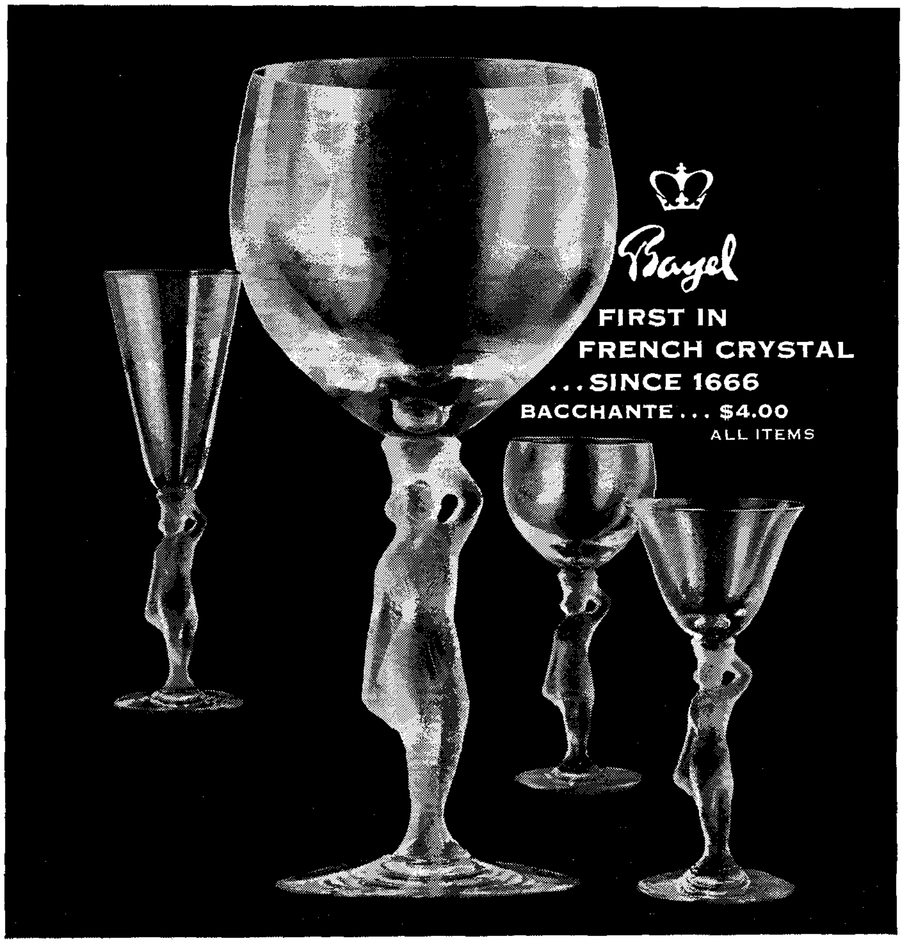

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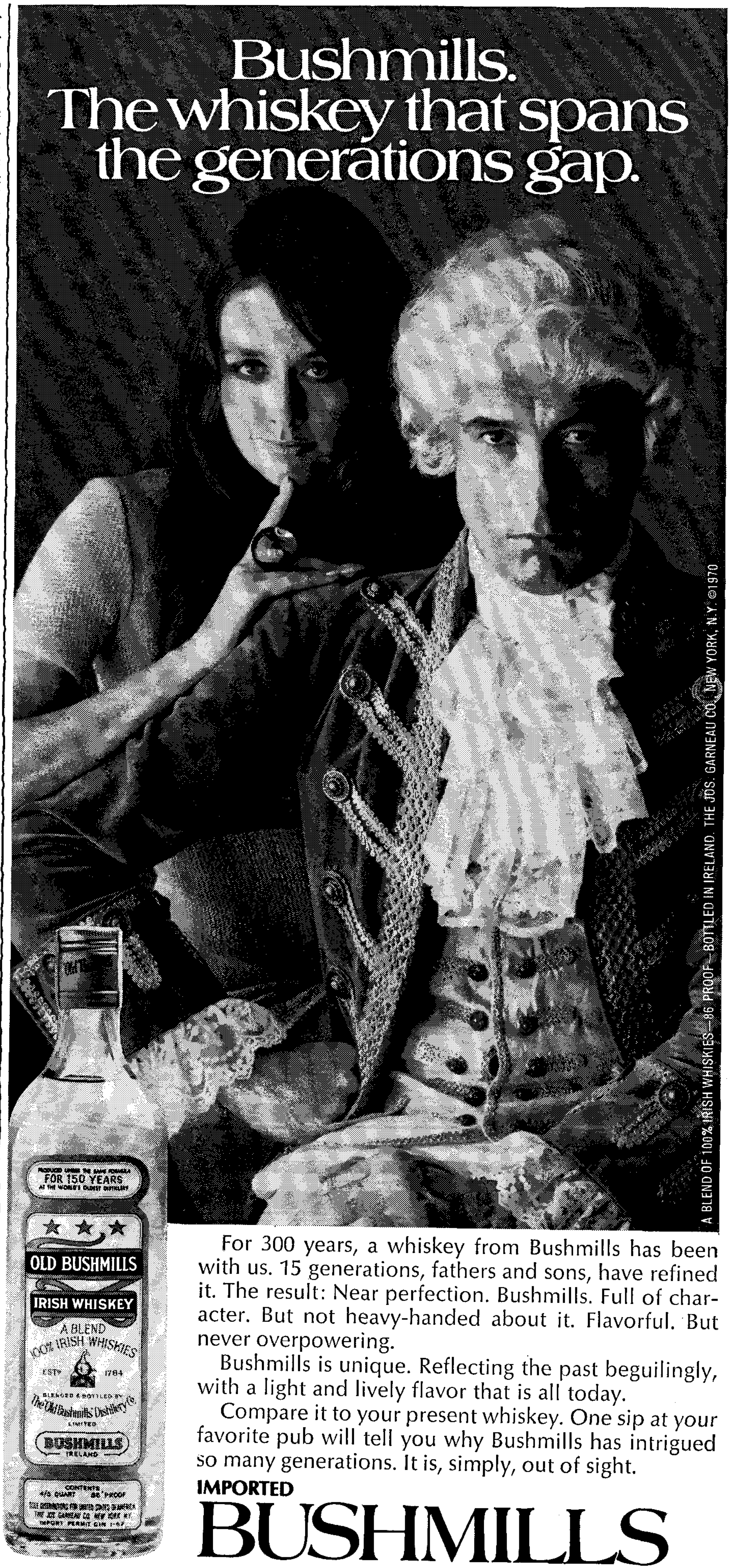
Bills received a radioed order to exchange his barges there for another tow and return with it upriver to Kansas City. The Port City Barge Line had made arrangements for me to continue my trip on another boat—the National Progress, of the National Marine Service, Inc., of St. Louis, H. P. Duplantis, captain. The National Progress was tied up just below the St. Louis waterfront, and the Lesta K. churned down there on its way to pick up its new tow—past the Eads Bridge (the first steel bridge built across the Mississippi, completed in 1874, built with arches high enough between the piers to clear the tall twin stacks of the paddle-wheel steamers), past the new soaring Saarinen wishbone arch, past the anchored replica of the Robert E. Lee, past the replica of the Santa Maria, past the five-deck excursion boat Admiral, past the floating restaurant Huck Finn, past the showboat Goldenrod. The National Progress stood offshore behind a tow of four shining double-tank refrigerated anhydrous-ammonia barges, flying the company's flag—a red beaver on a white background. We came alongside, and I stepped across the gap. A deckhand in bib overalls—a big, grumbling fat man—took me to my cabin and then on to the pilothouse. He climbed the steep stairs breathing hard and pulling at the seat of his pants. "I don't know about work clothes anymore," he said. "You can't get anything that will wear for more than forty-five minutes. I think the Mafia must have taken over the whole shebang."

The pilothouse was as loud and crowded as a cocktail party. There was Duplantis, a young Cajun with long black hair and bright blue eyes, sitting on the bench. There was the pilot, a young Mississippian named William McBunch, at the console. There was a refrigeration technician (anhydrous ammonia is ammonia liquefied by sub-zero cooling for safekeeping), a young Arkansan named Dennis Blackford. There was a deckhand from Texas making coffee at a little stove in a corner, and a deckhand from Missouri. The fat deckhand and I brought the number in the little room to seven. Everybody was smoking and drinking coffee and talking at the top of his voice.

". . . and married a fella from Texas."

"It's a funny thing—you meet a fella from Texas, and if you call him Tex, he kind of preens. But you meet a fella from Arkansas and you call him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Many will find themselves confused as to which small car is best.

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Volkswagens included.

One of the big reasons for this is the Fiat 128, which we're bringing to America for the first time this year.

And to give you an idea of how good it is, here's how it stacks up, point by point, against America's favorite, the Volkswagen.

And not just the regular Volkswagen. But the Super Beetle.

OUR PERFORMANCE VERSUS THEIR PERFORMANCE.

The most obvious difference between the Fiat 128 and the Volkswagen Super Beetle is the engine.

Ours is in front—theirs is in back. We have front wheel drive—they have rear wheel drive.

Front wheel drive gives you better handling because the wheels that are moving the car are also the wheels that are turning the car. And also because pulling is a much more efficient way to move something than pushing.

Front wheel drive also gives you better traction on ice and snow. (As proof, last year, the Fiat 128 won the Canadian Winter Rally, which is run over ice and snow the likes of which we hardly ever see in the States.)

You'll also notice, if you glance at the chart on the right, that under passing conditions the Fiat accelerates faster than the Volkswagen. (If you've ever passed a giant truck on a highway, you know how important that is.)

Now, since engines alone do not determine how well a car performs, there are a few other subjects we'd like to cover.

For instance, the Fiat 128—which has self-adjusting front disc brakes—can bring you to a complete stop in a shorter distance than the Volkswagen, which does not have disc brakes.

Secondly, the Fiat 128 has rack and pinion steering, which is a more positive kind of steering system generally found on such cars as Ferraris, Porsches, and Jaguars. The Volkswagen doesn't.

And lastly, the Fiat comes with radial tires; the Volkswagen doesn't.

OUR ROOM VERSUS THEIR ROOM.

The trouble with most of the small cars around is that while they help solve the serious problem of space on the road,

SMALL CAR IN EUROPE SMALL CAR IN AMERICA.

they create a serious problem of space inside the car.

And while the Volkswagen is far from the worst offender in this area, it still doesn't give you anywhere near the amount of space you get in the Fiat 128.

As you can see on the measurement chart, the Fiat 128 is a full 10 inches shorter on the outside than the Volkswagen. Yet it has more room on the inside than an Oldsmobile Cutlass, let alone the Volkswagen.

Compared to the Super Beetle, it's wider in front, wider in back, and 5 inches wider between the front and back seat. Which should be good news for your knees.

And in the trunk of the Fiat 128, where lack of room is taken for granted in small cars, you'll find 13 cubic feet of room. In the Volkswagen you'll find 9.2.

OUR COST VERSUS THEIR COST.

Aside from the fact that the Fiat 128 costs $167 less than the Super Beetle, there's another cost advantage we're rather proud of. According to tests run by the North American Testing Company, the Fiat 128 gets better gas mileage than the Super Beetle.

Now we don't for one minute expect that, even in the face of all the aforementioned evidence, you will rush out and buy a Fiat. All we suggest is that you take the time to look at a Fiat.

Recently, the president of Volkswagen of America was quoted as saying that 42% of all the people who buy Volkswagens have never even looked at another kind of car.

And we think that people who don't look before they buy never know what they've missed.

FIAT

ACCELERATION		
FIAT	20-50 mph	9.405 secs.
VW	20-50 mph	11.635 secs.
FIAT	40-70 mph	17.86 secs.
VW	40-70 mph	20.09 secs.
BRAKING		
FIAT	20-0 mph	13.2 ft.
VW	20-0 mph	14.6 ft.
FIAT	60-0 mph	139.7 ft.
VW	60-0 mph	155.2 ft.
BUMPER TO BUMPER		
FIAT		151.81 in.
VW		160.24 in.
FRONT SEAT–SIDE TO SIDE		
FIAT		53.50 in.
VW		46.0 in.
REAR SEAT–SIDE TO SIDE		
FIAT		49.875 in.
VW		47.125 in.
BACK SEAT–KNEE ROOM		
FIAT		31.00 in.
VW		25.75 in.
COST		
FIAT		$1,992*
VW		$2,159*

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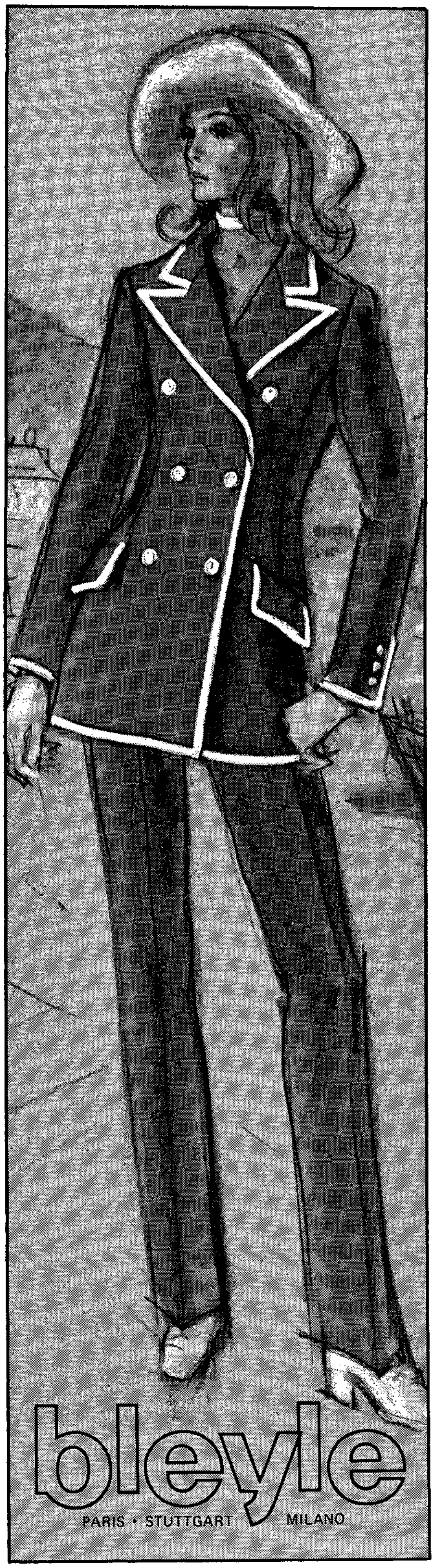
*Manufacturer's suggested retail price, POE. Transportation, state and local taxes, optional equipment, dealer preparation charges, if any, additional. Overseas delivery arranged through your dealer.



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Arkie—well, you got a fight on your hands."

"You ask me, I'd rather have a sister in a whorehouse than a brother in Texas."

"I don't know why they call a Cajun a 'coon-ass.' I never ate coon in my life."

"The way I heard it, every time you mention Missouri, a jackass will kneel down and pray."

I sat down on the bench, and one of the deckhands brought me a cup of coffee. It was black and strong, and sharp with chicory. The deckhand leaned on the arm of the bench.

"That's coon-ass coffee," he said. "That's what they call it. And we make it drip. But every captain on this line has his own idea about how to make his coffee. One captain has me make it one spoon of Luzianne and then one spoon of Community, then another spoon of Luzianne and another one of Community. And so on. And it has to be just right or he gets as mad as a mule."

"I remember one time," Duplantis said. "We took a new cook on at Memphis. One of the deckhands came running up here to the pilothouse and he said, 'Oh, Jesus, Duke, you won't believe it but that new cook she's a girl.' Well, I'd heard of women cooks on the river—a few old widows. But he was right. She came up to report, and she was a young girl. Good-looking, too, and built real nice. She said she had an aunt who had cooked on towboats. She said she had taken home economics in high school, and her aunt had taught her the rest. The aunt had told her about the different watches and when they ate and the kind of food, and about accommodating the crew. I said, 'The what?' The men, she said—about going to bed with the men. However, she said, her aunt had told her not to play any favorites. That could only cause trouble. She would take the fellas in turn when they wanted her. But she had one rule. Nobody but me was to know her last name or where she lived on shore. And that's the way it was. She accommodated the fellas—practically the whole boat. But then the trouble began. It was just what she had tried to avoid. Dissension. They all of them fell in love with her, or thought they had, and in no time at all everybody—even the married men—was unhappy and jealous and snarling at everybody else. So when we got up to Marseilles, Illinois, I had to put her ashore. She was a real nice girl—real likable, and a good cook, too. But she was strange—real strange. I

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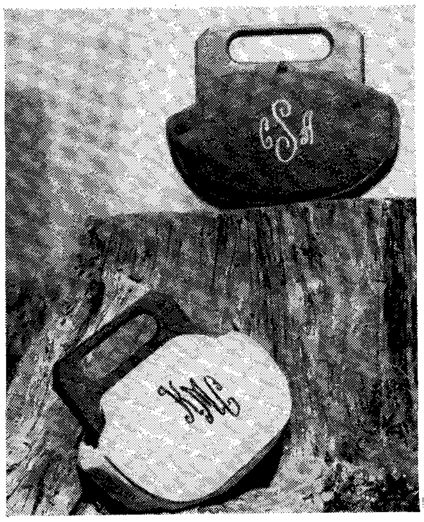

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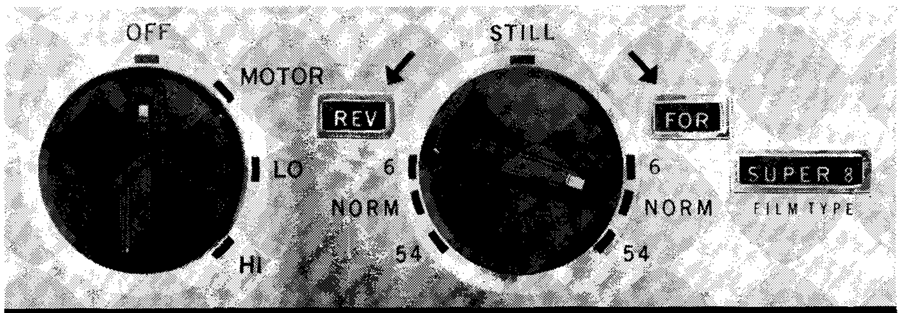
remember her name. It was Shirley."

"It was Shirley Ann," the Missouri deckhand said.

I HAD supper that night with the after watch (fried country ham and redeye gravy, sweet potatoes, succotash, okra, banana cream pie) and then sat for a while on the texas deck and watched a new moon rise. I saw what the early-Victorian novelist Captain Frederick Marryat had seen before me—had seen almost a century and a half before: "I did not expect that the muddy Mississippi would be able to reflect the silver light of the moon; yet it did, and the effect was very beautiful. Truly it may be said of this river, as it is of many ladies, that it is a candle-light beauty." I went down to bed before nine. The nights are short when you are called for breakfast at five o'clock. My cabin was over the engine room, and I awoke a dozen times to the grinding roar of the engines backing and braking, but only for a moment. The usual engine sound—the steady forward thrust—was a soporific hum.

Duplantis was alone in the pilothouse but was talking on the telephone when I climbed the stairs after breakfast. I stopped at the door that opened onto the bridge. The river was unmistakably the Mississippi now. It stretched a mile wide and infinitely on ahead. In the thin white early-morning light, it might have been a lake. But the banks were still riverbanks—sandbars and willow flats, willow slopes and high cottonwood bluffs.

"Yeah," Duplantis said on the telephone. "I gotcha, man. I'll just keep paddling." He hung up, and turned. "There's fresh coffee there on the stove. Or if you'd rather have a Coke, there's some in the refrigerator underneath. And you can pour me some more coffee while you're at it." He was wearing dark glasses, and his long dark hair hung down across one eye. "That's Pond Lily Light over there on the Missouri side. We made good time last night, in spite of a lot of fog—better than sixty miles a watch. We're past Cape Girardeau and we're getting close to Cairo. It's interesting there, the way the Ohio comes in. A lot of pilots think the books have got the rivers wrong. You can see it here on this chart. The Mississippi comes in from the west and the Ohio comes down from the north, and after they meet you can see how the Mississippi bends and runs due south. A lot of the pilots think the Ohio is the main river and the Mississippi is the feeder—the



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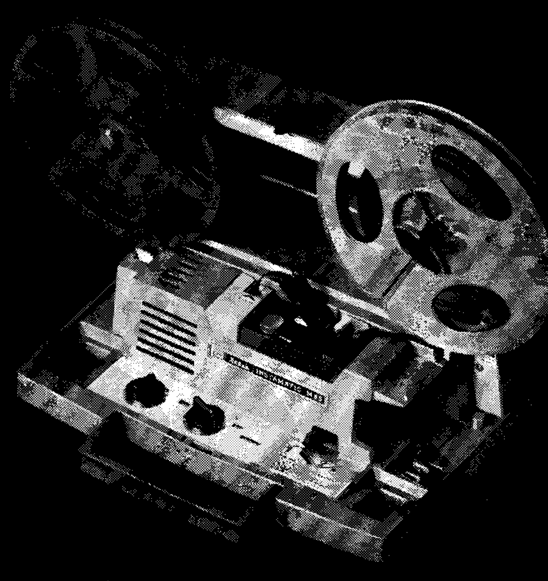

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tributary. I think they've got a point. And here comes the fella I was talking to."

The tow came distantly into view, hugging the high Missouri shore—a tiny white pilothouse rising behind an acreage of barges. It came close enough for me to make out the head of the tow: it spread five barges wide. I took up a pair of binoculars and read the name on the pilothouse: Theresa Seley. Duplantis pulled the whistle twice, for a starboard-to-starboard passing. The Theresa Seley replied in confirmation, and came slowly up and slowly abreast and past. Duplantis raised a hand in the ritual greeting. I counted the barges. The tow was five barges wide and six barges long—a total of thirty barges. It *was* an acreage. It was five acres of barges. And, at fifteen hundred tons per barge, it carried thirty-five thousand tons of cargo. It was more cargo than could be moved by rail on a freight train of three hundred cars.

"Fellas new on the river are scared of certain cargoes," Duplantis said. "It scares them to handle oil or petrochemicals—chemicals of any kind. Those things are dangerous. Anhydrous ammonia is dangerous. So you have to be careful. You have to follow the safety rules. But the kind of load that scares me most is something else entirely. If you noticed that boat, the Theresa Seley, he had a couple of deck barges loaded with river sand. That wet river sand is real unstable. It shifts. Even a gentle turn can shift the load, and a shift of fifteen hundred tons of sand—all that weight, with the buoyancy all underneath—it can turn you right smack over. I've never had any trouble. I've never even come close, except once when I tried to keep from running down two measly little ducks. I've never had anything like a fire or explosion, but I had a tow one time where it would have been kind of interesting. That was up on the Upper River. I picked up a tow at St. Paul of eight barges of popping corn and a jumbo barge of soybean oil. All the way down to St. Louis, at every lock and every bend, I kept thinking, What if something happened? What if something exploded? What if we got hit by lightning? My God, the whole Middle West would be knee-deep in buttered popcorn!"

I LEFT the National Progress around ten o'clock that morning off the village of Hickman, Kentucky, just north of the Tennessee line. The circumstances were much the same as those that had moved me to the Progress from the Lesta K.: an order had been telephoned to Duplantis to meet another National Marine Service towboat there—the National Gateway, Victor Wood, captain—transfer his tow to her, and return upriver to Hannibal. Arrangements had been made for me and the refrigeration technician, Blackford, to continue aboard the Gateway, destination Baton Rouge. The Gateway, built in 1966, was bigger and finer than the Progress, and my cabin was a guest stateroom—twin beds, a deep leather armchair, a reading lamp, a tiled bathroom hung with big, thick towels. Across the passageway was a lounge for the crew, with a sofa, comfortable chairs, a television set, and a table piled with paperback books (including "Ada," by Vladimir Nabokov, and Saul Bellow's "Herzog") and copies of the Memphis *Press-Scimitar* and Hodding Carter's Greenville *Delta Democrat-Times*. The boat gave a shudder. I looked out the window. We were under way—behind a seven-barge tow of anhydrous ammonia and caustic soda, with red metal danger flags standing stiff on every barge. I found the stairs to the pilothouse and went up. Wood—thirty-eight, green-eyed, tousle-haired, unshaven, sockless—was at the console. A gray-haired deckhand with a sunken jaw was sitting on the bench.

". . . seniority," the deckhand said. "That's what they say. Thirty minutes of kissing ass will do you more good than thirty years of seniority."

"Yeah?" Wood said. "Well, I tell you what. How about you going over there to the stove and pouring everybody a nice little cup of coffee?"

We moved around an overgrown towhead island and into a long starboard crossing. The Missouri shore loomed and lifted, and through the trees I could see the slope of a field of stubble corn. A congregation of crows was busy among the rows. "My home town isn't far from here," Wood said. "It wouldn't be more than thirty miles for one of those crows. Sikeston, Missouri—my daddy was a cotton farmer there. I never meant to go on the river. I guess I'd have to call it just an accident. But once I got started, I was hooked. It's another kind of life. It's like one of those drugs. There ain't no future and there ain't no past. There's nothing but the river. That's the way

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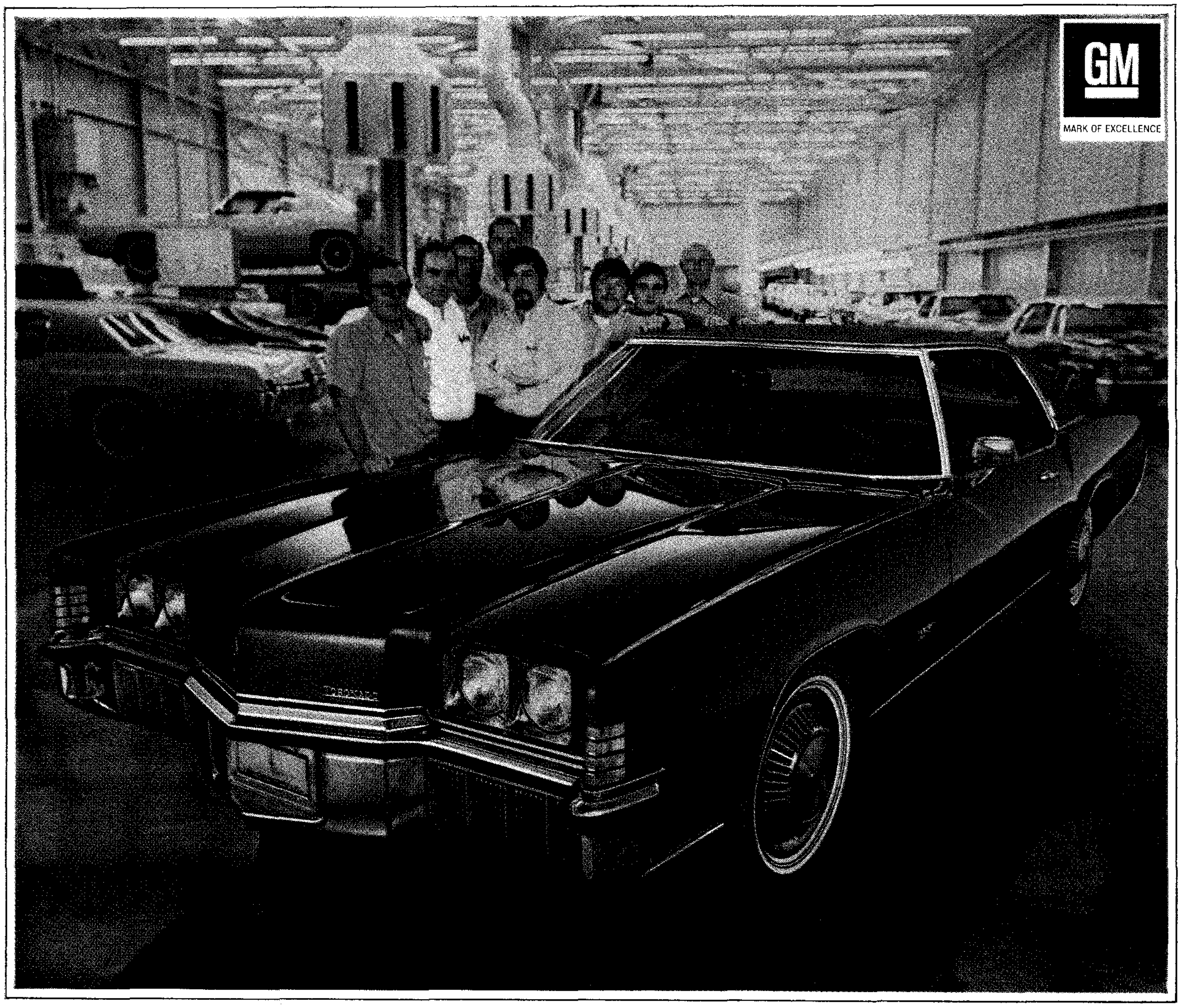

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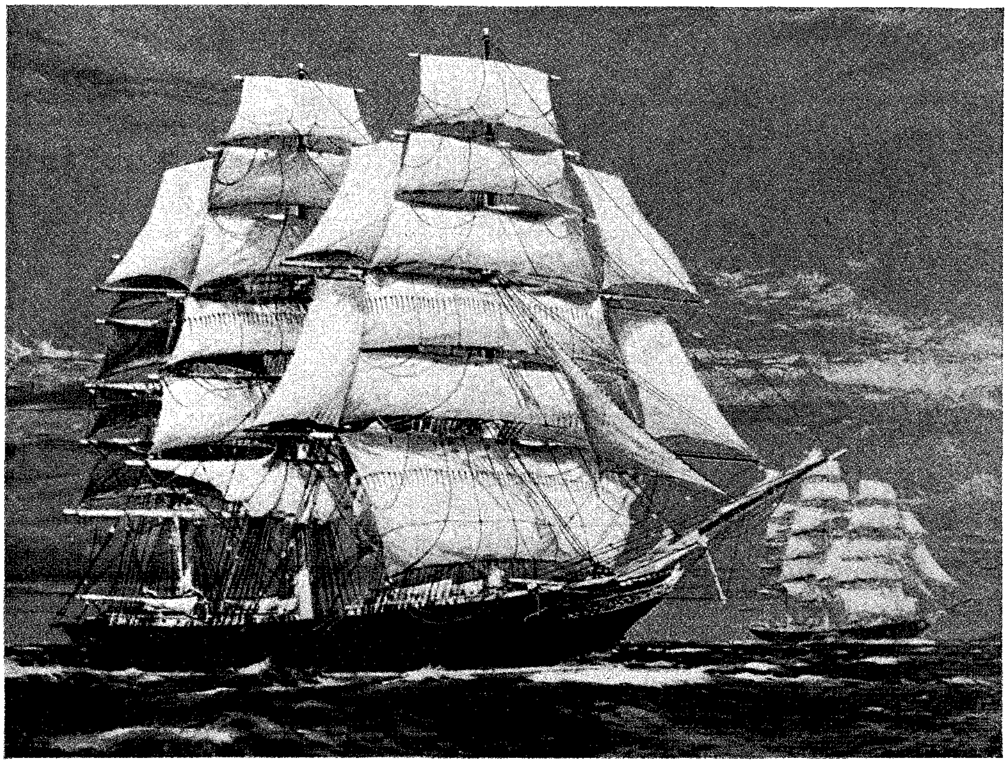

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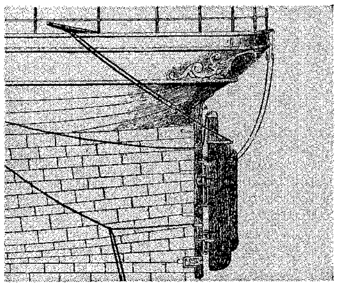
Capt. Moodie,
Cutty's commander
in her most famous race.

Cutty's jury rudder,
seen in drydock.



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THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS • NEW YORK, N.Y. • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED 86 PROOF you get to feel. But the river has been good to me. There's enough here to keep you going. You start in decking, and if you've got enough smarts you try to climb. I'd come up to the pilothouse in my off-duty hours and watch the captain. That old man made a pilot out of me. He went back to the old river days when you could chew a man out, when you could make him feel like nothing—when you could kick him all over the deck. But he wasn't that kind of man. I learned everything from him. Any man is welcome in my pilothouse. He can come up and set and talk and enjoy the scenery any time his work is done or his watch is over. But I expect him not to abuse it. He's got to behave himself. There was a time when the river was my only home. I worked nine straight months on a boat without putting foot on shore. Me and another pilot bought a towboat and went into business on our own. I didn't have no children then, and my wife travelled with me most of the time. She really rowed the boat. She could have passed my pilot's license easier than I did. I kept at it for eight years, but it was hard work, running the boat and running the business, too. So one day I sold my share to my partner and went back to working for somebody else. But I come out ahead—I come out with my house paid for, and a nice little farm down in southern Missouri, and a couple of dollars in my pocket. The best thing about it was my wife got to understand the river. So she and I, we kind of understand each other. We don't have the trouble some fellas have. I wake up when I'm home at about 3 A.M.—I can't sleep no more. And my wife gets up and puts on that little housecoat and makes up a cup of coffee. The only thing she grumbles about is when I've got to have that little nap in the afternoon."

"My old lady won't let me sleep," the deckhand said. "When I'm at home, we don't do nothing but go."

"Yeah?" Wood said. "I don't even go to church no more. That preacher we got, he's always stopping me and telling me I have to come to church. I told him no sir. People think you're isolated here on the river. They mean isolated from the world, and that's true. But you're not isolated from yourself. You get close to yourself, you get to know your thoughts. I told that preacher, 'If you believe in a Supreme Being—and I do—you're closer to Him out here than in any old Baptist church.' The preacher don't bother me. I know what my own mind

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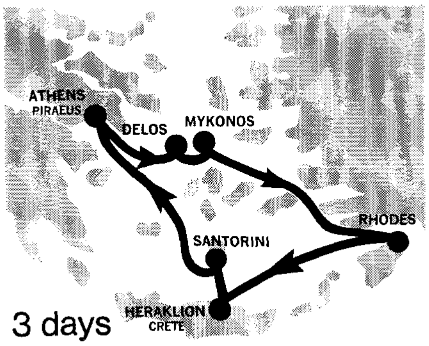

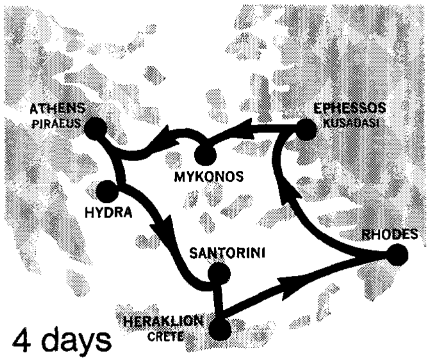

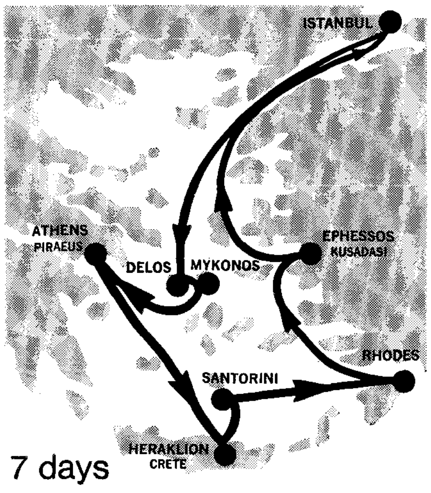

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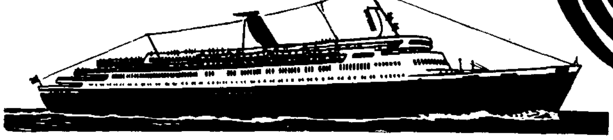

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tells me. I don't have to have somebody tell me if I'm doing wrong. I'm a grown man. I know right and I know wrong, and I know it all by myself."

THE cook on the National Gateway was a thin, stern, bald-headed man from Texas named W. B. Wimberly. He was a country cook, and the galley was a big room with the feel of a country kitchen. There was always a view through a double door that gave on the low main deck—a framed and changeless view of a slowly passing countryside: the lift of a grass-grown levee, a skiff pulled up on a mudbank, willow thicket and cottonwood grove, cattle grazing in a field. There was a big refrigerator, never locked, with iced tea and milk, with grapefruit juice and orange juice and tomato juice, with cold meat and cottage cheese and a bowl of hard-boiled eggs. There was a big table set for eight in the middle of the room with a crowded tray of condiments. All the usual things were there (ketchup, mustard, French dressing, chili sauce, peanut butter, steak sauce, jelly, honey), but there were also other delicacies—Frank's Red Hot Sauce, Bruce's Banana Peppers, Evangeline Gumbo Filé. I went down to dinner that day with the chief engineer, the technician Blackford, three deckhands, and the pilot, a gray, quiet Louisianan of fifty named Pierre Bourgeois. We helped ourselves from the stove and a buffet counter. Nobody talked and everybody ate. I watched one of the deckhands eat a bowl of chicken fricassee, an inch-thick slab of pot roast, mashed potatoes and gravy, lima beans (spiced with Frank's Red Hot Sauce), carrots, spinach, two wedges of corn bread, combination salad, and a dish of butterscotch pudding. There was a bowl of hard-boiled eggs on the table. He ate one egg with his chicken fricassee and two more with his pot roast, and he washed it all down with two glasses of cherry Kool-Aid. Wimberly sat in a corner and smoked and turned the pages of the *National Insider* ("How Jackie Lives When Nobody Is Looking") and sternly watched us eat.

We finished and made way for the forward watch. The engineer went back to the engine room, Blackford went out on the tow to check the refrigeration, the deckhands went off to sand and paint the texas deck. Bourgeois went up to the pilothouse, and a few minutes later I joined him there. He reached under the console

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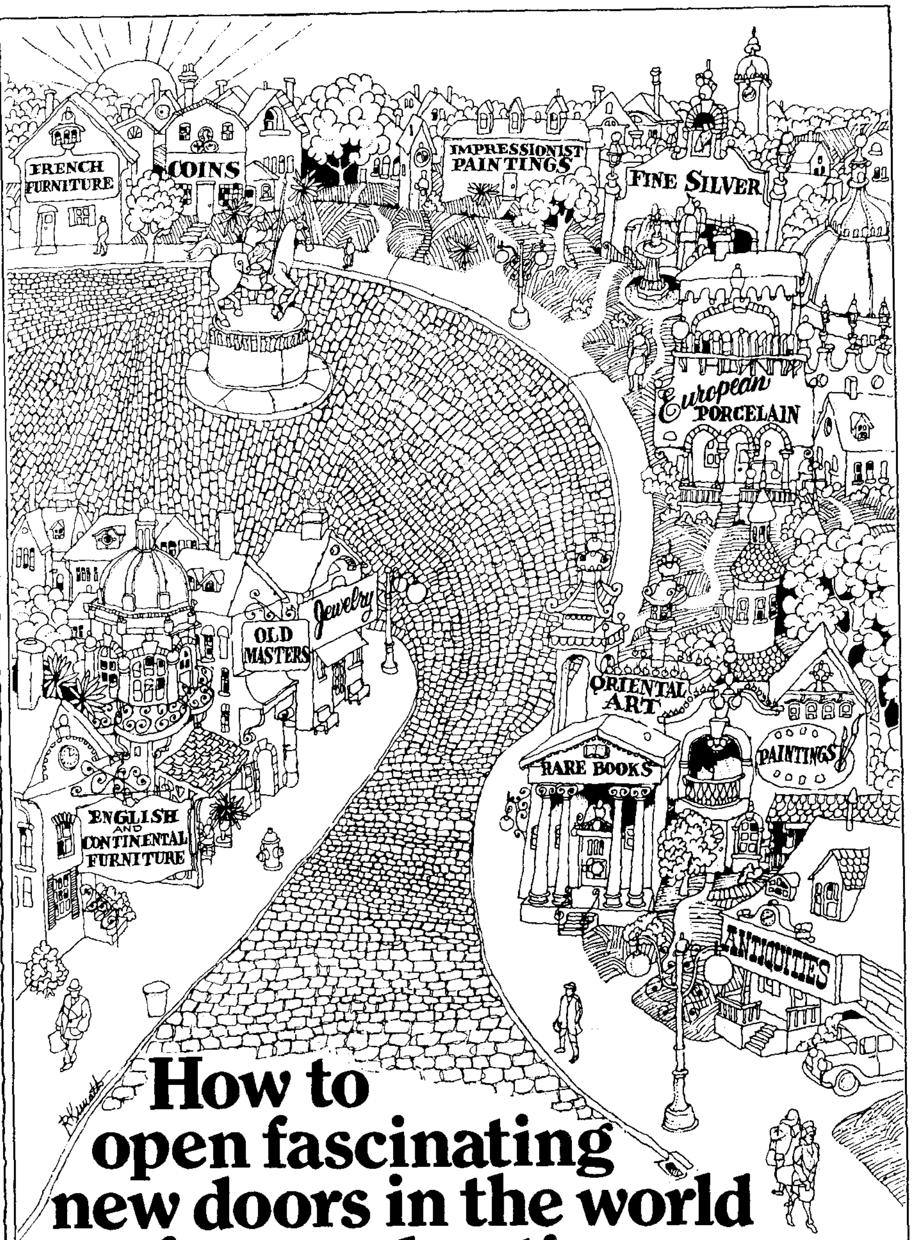
and handed me a big, floppy copy of "Flood Control and Navigation Maps of the Mississippi River: Cairo, Illinois, to the Gulf of Mexico." "This river is famous for its crazy bends," he said, "and the one we're coming to is just about the craziest. See where it's marked Kentucky Point on the chart—where the river goes into a horseshoe bend that takes a big nipple out of the Missouri side. That's the bend we're coming into now. That's the famous New Madrid Bend. This is where they had that earthquake back in the Daniel Boone days—back there in 1811 and 1812. They tell me the New Madrid earthquake was the worst we ever had in this country. The river turned red and twisted around and ran upstream. It made the famous Reelfoot Lake, over there in Tennessee, and it made this New Madrid Bend. It's a real mixup. Our left bank right now is Tennessee and the right bank is Missouri, but up ahead about a mile the left bank is Kentucky again. It's nineteen miles from where we are, just coming into the bend, to where we come out, but if I was to drop you off at the neck up there you could walk across to the other end in probably fifteen minutes. It ain't much more than a mile. Some people say why don't they make a cutoff, dig a canal across the neck, save a lot of time? I say they better not. They better not fool around with any of these bends. The bends make the pressure that keeps the water level up. If you dug a straight channel from here on down to the Gulf, you wouldn't have nothing but a ditch. The water would run right off, like water off a rock. The only thing I've got against these bends is that's where you meet the traffic. I know of two tows right now that are coming up this bend. It's like they *like* to bunch up."

Bourgeois reached for the telephone, and I reopened "Flood Control and Navigation Maps of the Mississippi River." I looked again at Kentucky Point and its transplanted piece of Kentucky, and then leafed on through the book. Kentucky Point was only one among many such geographical confusions. The turnings and re-turnings of the Lower River have undone boundary lines all the way down to the Gulf. Part of Tipton County, Tennessee, now finds itself on the Arkansas side of the river, and part of Mississippi County, Arkansas, is on the Tennessee side. Part of Tunica County, Mississippi, is embedded in Lee County, Arkansas, and a good part of Lee County is over in Tunica County. Part of



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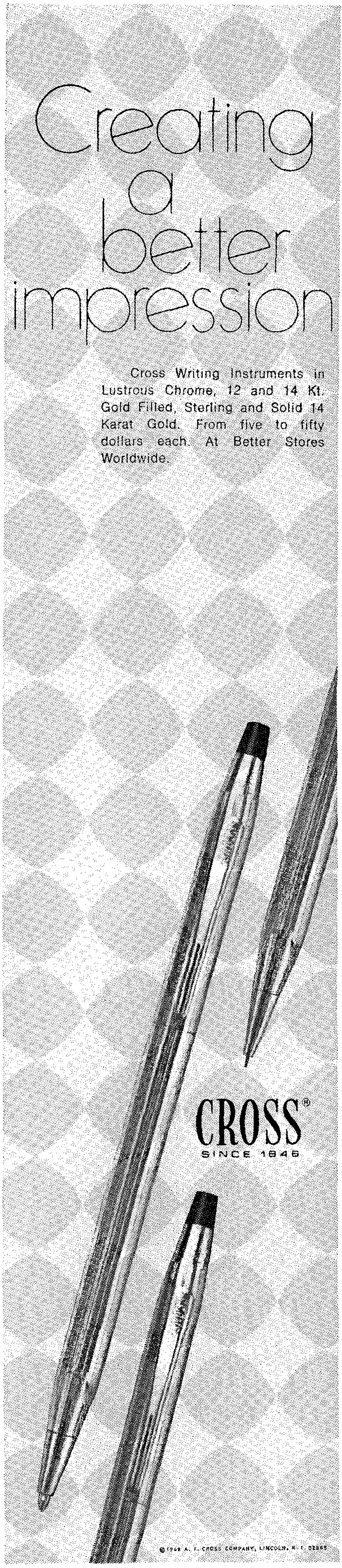

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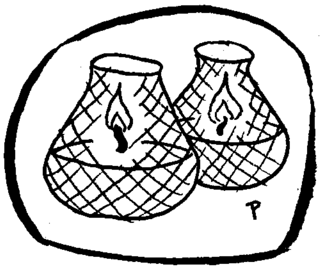
East Carroll Parish, Louisiana, has shifted across to Mississippi, and there is much of Mississippi isolated here and there along the Louisiana shore. I thought of Mark Twain's account of this phenomenon in "Life on the Mississippi." "The town of Delta," he reported, "used to be three miles below Vicksburg: a recent cut-off has radically changed the position, and Delta is now *two miles above* Vicksburg." I found Delta (Louisiana) on my map. It is now—almost a hundred years later—neither above nor below Vicksburg. It is directly across the river from that city, and two full miles to the west.

IT was long after dark when we came into the harbor at Memphis. We took on supplies and mail from another floating ship chandlery, and Bourgeois went ashore to fly home for his fifteen days of leave. He was replaced by another Louisianan, a man named William Reeves. But I slept through all this and first heard about it from Wood the next morning, after breakfast. "Only that ain't what we call it," he said. "We don't call Memphis by its name. We call it Big Shelby. Shelby is the name of the county it's in. I don't know what the reason is. It probably goes way back to the very early days. There's a lot of traditions like that on the river. There's a crossing down near Battle Axe Bend that the chart calls Bordeaux Crossing. But what we call it on the river is Boodrow Crossing. And coming into Baton Rouge there's a point named Free Nigger Point. That's always been the name, and it don't mean nothing at all. It's just a name. But last year they changed it on the map to Free Negro Point. That made me kind of laugh. It made me think of our church back home. It was built back in my granddaddy's time. He was the town doctor and also the Baptist preacher, and he got the church built cheap out of slabs from that little sawmill they had. So everybody called it Slab Shanty Church. Then back when I was growing up—back in the nineteen-forties—the congregation raised some money and built a nice big new brick church. They named it the Union Grove Baptist Church. But you know what everybody calls it? Even the preacher? They call it Slab Shanty Church."



I went out on the tow that afternoon with Blackford. Unescorted idlers are not permitted on red-flag barges, and I went with his permission and equipped (as regulations require) with a life jacket. We walked along the echoing metal decks between the high-humped anhydrous-ammonia tanks. "It's easy enough to explain," he said. "All you got to do is maintain the temperature in the tanks at minus twenty-eight degrees. That keeps the ammonia liquid and under control. When the temperature rises, it begins to vaporize. We run the vapor through the refrigeration unit and it liquefies again. I like this kind of work, and I like it on the river. I like those fifteen days on shore, too. I don't have a family. But I like to get cleaned up and move into a motel and go partying around St. Louis. But by the time my leave is over, I'm just about ready to come back. I'm like homesick for the river." Blackford left me at the head of the tow. He turned back to check his refrigeration units, and I sat down in the sun below a drooping company beaver flag and watched the river spreading and bending on ahead. And the traffic. There was a tow approaching now at almost every bend. We passed the Sebring (on two whistles) with four oil and chemical barges. We passed the Sarah Jane (two whistles) with nine hopper barges. We passed the William Barnes (one whistle) with ten petroleum barges. We passed the Ole Miss (two whistles) with twenty hopper barges. We passed the Franklin Pierce (one whistle) with four petroleum barges and five jumbo hoppers. The sunlight began to dim. There were clouds building up to the west and south. Blackford came up and sat down and smoked a cigarette and carefully ground it out, and then we walked back to the boat. The clouds had gathered overhead, and the river looked dark and heavy. The banks looked far away.

We were eating supper when the rain began. It was almost dark, and the air was very still. It was a thin, drifting, drizzly rain, and it hung in the air like mist. "That was the forecast," Wood said. "There's some kind of a depression down in the Gulf. But there aren't many pilots that enjoy a rainy night on the river. Rain makes everything hard. If it's bad, it knocks the radar out, and if there's a lot of wind, it's worse. It kicks up a chop so

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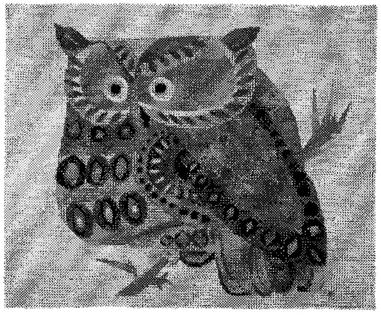

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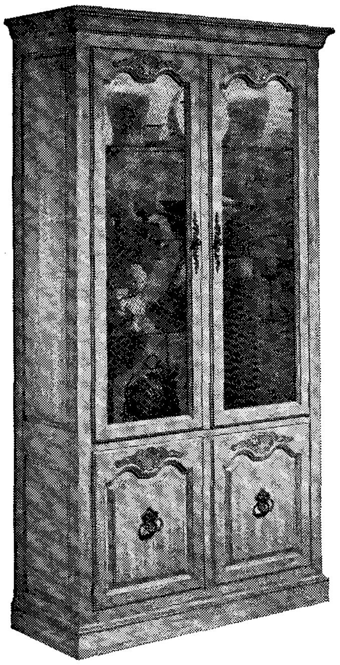

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you can't hardly see the buoys. It's almost as bad as fog."

"You ever been up there on the Ohio, Cap?" one of the deckhands said. "Where they got that Haunted Hollow Point? They say you're coming along on a bad night and you'll see the running lights of a boat. But you get just so close and they disappear on you."

"Yeah?" Wood said. "Well, if that ever happened to me, I'd give him a whistle and plenty of room. I wouldn't take no chances on him being a ghost."

THE rain dripped down all night, and it was drizzling at breakfast on Thursday morning. But we were still moving. We were due in Baton Rouge sometime that night, and we were more or less on schedule. Then, around eleven o'clock, the drizzle stiffened into rain, and the wind began to blow. The rain drummed down on the open decks and blew in at the windows in sheets. I was watching it from the bench in the pilothouse just after dinner when a message came over the radio from the company office in St. Louis: "Attention, National Gateway. There is a storm moving into Louisiana from the Gulf. We do not want you to go past Natchez. Do not go past Natchez until further notice. Repeat. Stop at Natchez."

The relief captain, Reeves, was at the console. He was a big man in his middle fifties, with a big belly and a big, rough, smiling face. He acknowledged the order in a slow, untroubled voice. He hung up and reached for a cigarette. "You hear that?" he said. "Well, I was just thinking the same myself. I didn't think this was any ordinary squall. I thought it looked kind of bad. But I know a good place to tie up at Natchez. That is, if somebody else ain't already beat me to it. And if I don't stub my toe getting there. I don't know. Look at that son of a bitch out there—that's what I call choppy water. We passed a tow just before you come up here that said they'd had some trouble down around Rifle Point, and that's exactly where we're coming to right now. I don't know if we're even going to make it. Just look at that rain. I can't hardly see a goddam thing. Look at them buoys, the way they're jumping around. You can't tell red from black. Well, I know one thing—I'm sure as hell not going down through Natchez. I sure don't want to run that bridge down there today. The place I got in mind is at the upper end of town. It's on the Louisiana side. But what if somebody's

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got it? I sure don't see no traffic. And there's a fella tied up over there. It looks like everybody is already tied up but us."

Reeves put out his cigarette. He picked up the binoculars and gazed out through the streaming glass. He put the binoculars down and lighted another cigarette. "Well, it won't be long now," he said. "That's Magnolia Bluff beginning over there. That's where those kids found all that money that time. They were playing along the shore and they saw something laying in the water and they fished it out and it was a coffee can full of silver dimes. Son of a bitch—you know what I think? I think I'd better start looking right now for a tree to tie up to. I got a feeling my place is took. I don't see a tree that will hold me. I don't see no trees at all. I don't see nothing but willow sprouts. And I sure wouldn't lay up like that fella over there at that towhead. He'll have some trouble getting off. But it ain't as bad as it was. See how that bluff has cut off the wind. But I don't know. There just ain't no real trees. And—son of a bitch. What did I tell you? There's my place and there's a fella in it. You know something? I'm going to have to try and run that goddam bridge."

I stood up for a better view. An old brick building appeared low down on the Mississippi shore. A street climbed up the bluff behind it. There were rooftops showing along the top of the bluff. That was Natchez. We came around a bend. A bridge loomed up through the rain. The channel markers led between two middle piers. The gap didn't look much wider than our tow. But Reeves didn't head for the channel. He pulled the head of the tow far off to the left, angling toward the Natchez shore, running straight at a string of barges moored along the face of a wharf. The bridge widened and rose higher overhead. An orange trailer truck was moving slowly across the bridge in the driving, blinding rain. Then the string of moored barges began to swing away—swing off to the left, and suddenly out of sight behind the big stone face of a pier—and we were back in the channel and sliding under the bridge and plunging out on the other side.

"Son of a bitch," Reeves said. He reached for another cigarette. "We made it. We got through there real fine. But I have to thank that Natchez bluff. I'd never made it with that wind hitting me. But goddam it—I still got to find me a place to park. I can't keep rolling along half blind like this. But I

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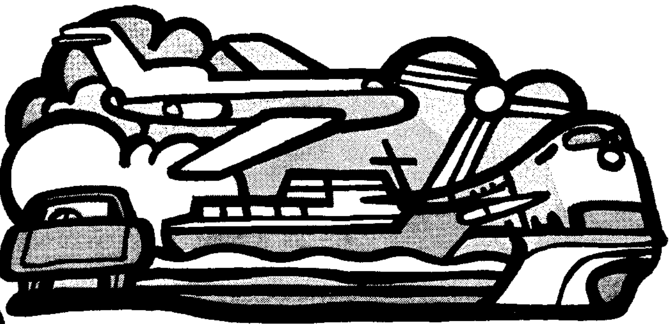

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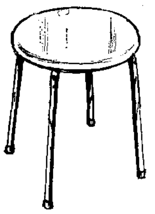

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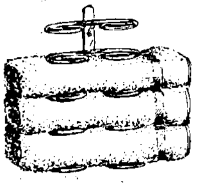

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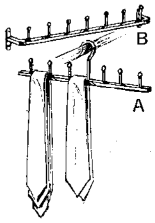

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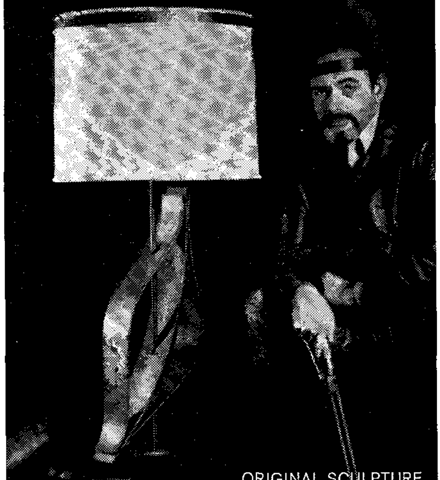

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don't know. Everywhere I see a likely-looking tree there's a fella already tied up to it. No, sir. I ain't never had this kind of trouble trying to find a place to tie up. There's nothing on this left bank—nothing open, anyway. I wonder should I go over there to the right bank and take a look? I sure can't see from here. Maybe if I got real close— But I can't. It's too shallow. See that black buoy. It's all of it shoal over there. There's nothing to do but keep going. I never saw anything like this in my whole damn life. Every tree got a barge tied to it. And where there ain't any barges there's nothing but levee bank. I don't know where we're going. I don't know what we're going to do. And we got a fifty-mile wind coming at us. Look at them trees, how they're bending. I swear to God, I just don't know. They told me stop at Natchez, and here we are still going. Goddam—there's Destruction Landing over yonder, and that's St. Catherine Bend just ahead. We're way below Natchez. We're fifteen miles below. I got to do something soon. I think I'll try right now. I sure would hate to have this tow bust up. What I'm going to do is go into that right bank there. I don't think much of the trees, but it's deep enough, and it even looks like it might be a little bit slack. I do believe I've found me a place. I do believe I have." He picked up the intercom microphone. "Angelo? Frank? All right, fellas—let's go."

We moved into a right-hand crossing, back toward Louisiana. The only visible buoy was a red buoy a hundred yards or so from shore. Beyond it was a kind of cove, a little indentation in a bank of crumbling mud, and above the bank was a grove of tall, feathery willows. The trees were thrashing, bending almost double. Three deckhands in hooded yellow slickers came humping out on the main deck down below. They ducked across the deck, heads down and slickers flapping, and up a ladder to the stern of the starboard ammonia barge, and on to a coil of heavy mooring line. The sound of the engines changed to the vibrating roar of reverse. Reeves was standing now, leaning across the console, peering. We slid—every deck and bulkhead clanging against the wind and the current—half broadside into the bank. The deckhands ran out a wooden gangplank. They went down the plank, hauling the line, and into the mud and up the bank to the trees. The trees leaned flat in a wilder gust, and two of them splintered and broke. The

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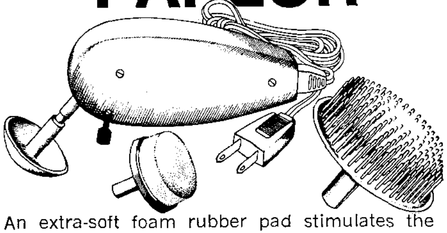

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feathery top of one lifted high in the air. It sailed away like a gull. The deckhands struggled back aboard and broke out another line. The engines turned gently over in a slow, braking reverse. The rain came down and the mudbank melted and crumbled and the willows thrashed in the wind. But we were out of it now. We were out of the current, out of the pull of the river, sitting safe on a sheltered shore. Reeves turned away from the console. He walked back to the stove and picked up the coffeepot. "I'm going to have some coffee," he said. "How about you?"

THE storm was almost over by the time I went down to bed that night. The rain had ended and the wind had dropped, and I could see the new moon racing through the last of the clouds and the deep-blue sky opening up beyond. But the river still looked and sounded rough, and we were still moored along the mudbank. I lay in the dark and listened to the river and the sound of the engines still clanking away in reverse. A voice in the passageway said, "Five feet on the gauge at St. Louis." I dozed, and suddenly awoke. It was still dark—I had dozed for only a moment—but the engines had a different sound. I sat up and looked out the window. The mudbank was gone. We were well out on the river, and moving. I was in no hurry to get to Baton Rouge. But life on the river is movement, and it was good to be moving again. I rolled over and went back to sleep.

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

◆

CORRECTION: In Smith's Supermarket Ad Thursday there was a transposition of descriptive lines. The king size bottle cookies for 65c should have been Carlton Corner Cookies 24 oz. for 65c. The king size bottle belonged to Palmolive Liquid for Dishes 59c; and Easy Monday belonged to Fabric Softener, qt. bottle 23c. Most errors in the Bulletin ads increase their value of the ads and the items stick in the minds of the reader, but thanks to a lot of understanding advertisers the Bulletin advertisers grow in number as well as the subscribers. They make the Bulletin what it is.—*Tryon (N.C.) Daily Bulletin.*

Puzzling.

◆

DEPT. OF STRAIGHT THINKING

[*From "Hospital Care in the United States," a Commonwealth Fund publication*]

A people subjected to pestilence, to war, and to poverty will, of a certainty, suffer setbacks from those conditions.

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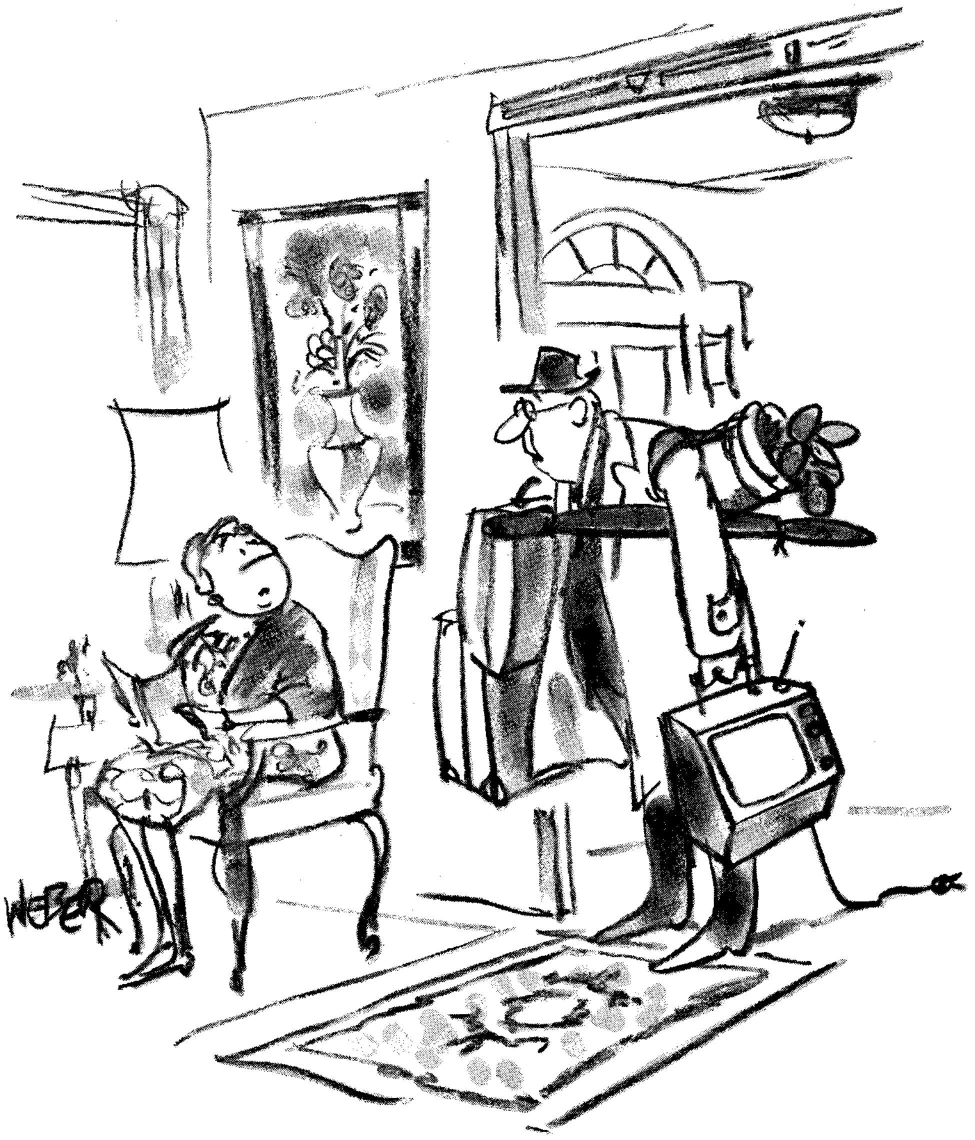
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

"GREASE," a new musical at the Eden, is—if such a thing is conceivable—an exercise in dry-eyed nostalgia for the nineteen-fifties, the era of Elvis Presley and radio disc jockeys. Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey, who wrote the book, score, and lyrics, have apparently steeped themselves in a period when any nuisance or personal misfortune, however transitory, was good for a lament. Three of the best and funniest numbers are "It's Raining on Prom Night," "Alone at a Drive-In Movie," and "Beauty School Dropout." The tone of the show is tongue-in-(and-out-of-) cheek, and perhaps it is true that the best way to parody the fifties is simply to imitate them, for the songs here are just fifties songs, and pretty good ones. The book, such as it is, is entirely concerned with the activities of a high-school class—lunchroom gossip and lunchroom plotting, a pajama party, an abortive gang rumble, a school dance, a pregnancy scare, and holdout virginity. There are some amusing lines, and everything certainly looks and sounds authentic. Everything sounds terribly noisy, too. There are microphones all over the stage, and although the amplification may be in keeping, the show is an eardrum-breaker for sure. It is also energetic and spirited, and, under Tom Moore's direction, it is performed proficiently by its entire young cast, especially so by Barry Bostwick, Adrienne Barbeau, Timothy Meyers, and Carole Demas.

And yet, as I sat watching it, I kept feeling that I should be having a better time. The actors, as I say, do well, but the characters they play are neither interesting nor especially attractive, and Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Casey certainly haven't bothered to give them anything interesting to do, relying instead, perhaps, on that nostalgia to be generated in the audience. A mistake. Who wants to be bothered remembering the fifties? The thirties and forties, yes, and the sixties, yes indeed, but the nineteen-fifties made one of the dullest decades on record and are better forgotten. The show is all white, for no reason I can figure out, and that, too, may partly account for its lack of richness. Douglas W. Schmidt has designed ingenious scenery; one of his best ideas is to line the whole proscenium arch with blowups of yearbook photographs. If you've forgotten the connection between the title and the period, all the boys in the class spend a lot of time combing and arranging their lank hair to remind you.

—EDITH OLIVER



"'Old soldiers never die; they just fade away.' Goodbye, Lillian."

•

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2. Connect BOTH the Red and Yellow (or White) wires TOGETHER to the red connection of the plug. Connect the remaining Green (or Black) wire to the Green connection of the plug. THE YELLOW AND BLACK CONNECTIONS OF THE PLUG ARE NOT USED.

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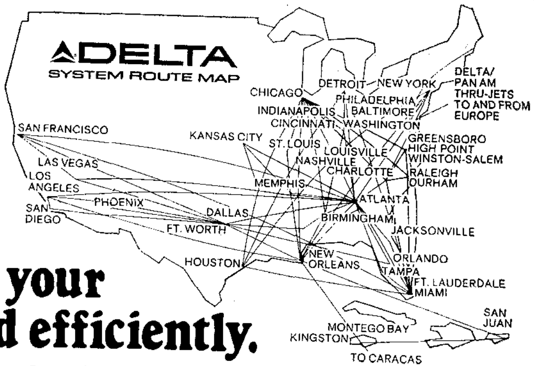
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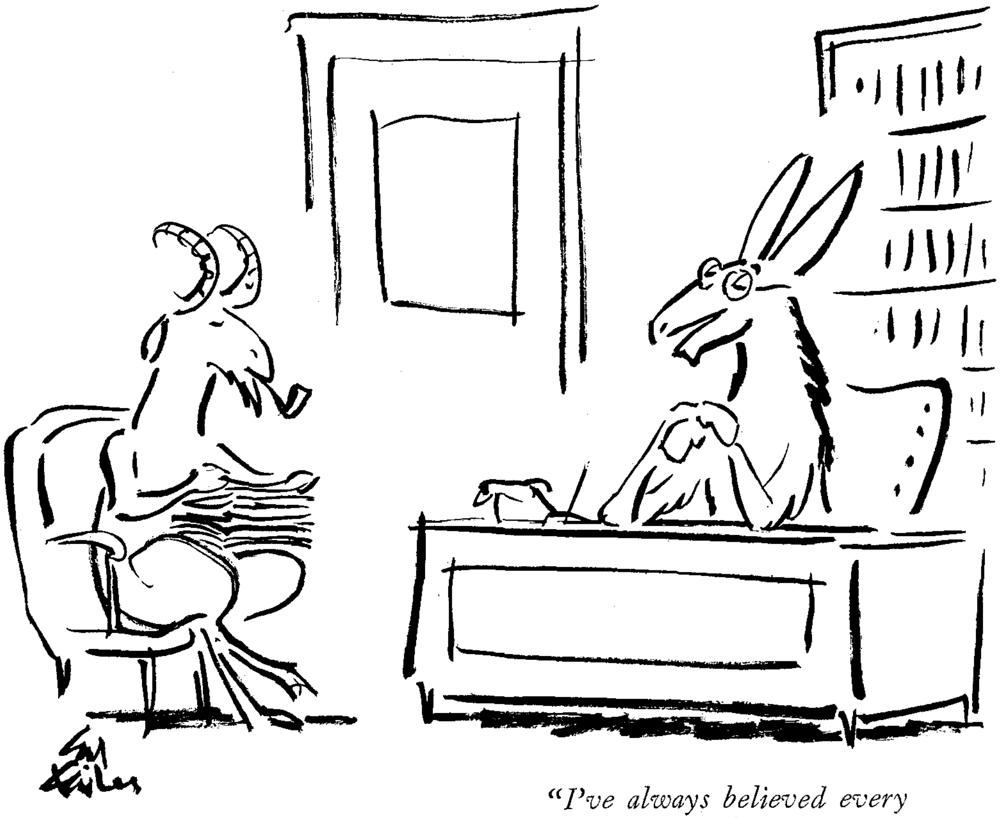
PICKING A JURY

As the jury was about to be selected for the case of the Estate of Phyllis Rosen v. Chrysler Motors Corp. and the Estate of Michael Miller, Theodore Friedman, counsel for the plaintiff, knew the kind of juror he would consider ideal: a fairly well-educated Jewish male in his sixties who had sent two or three children through college. Friedman didn't expect to end up with many of those. He is an experienced trial lawyer—the principal litigator for the firm of Phillips, Nizer, Benjamin, Krim & Ballon—and trial lawyers are not normally afflicted with unrealistic expectations. Just the fact that the heirs of Phyllis Rosen were Jewish would make it tempting for a defense lawyer to excuse a prospective juror who had a Jewish name. Trial lawyers don't claim to act with any great degree of certainty when they use superficial information to predict how a juror might eventually vote, but, being realists, they use whatever information they can get, and put some hope in the percentages.

When twelve people had been seated as prospective jurors, Friedman copied down their names and addresses and occupations from cards that had been inserted in a chart of the jury box. He stood and introduced himself and his opponents. Then, after some general remarks on the role the jurors would play in the trial, he briefly outlined the case. Phyllis Rosen had been a teacher at Queens College. (Her name and the names of all individuals except Theodore Friedman have been changed in this account.) She was thirty-two years old—divorced, with no children. She had been working on her doctorate at Columbia. One day, she left the Queens campus in a car driven by Michael Miller, another teacher. Miller's car was struck by a car that had been leased from Chrysler and was being driven by the eighteen-year-old son of the man who had leased it. Miller was killed instantly. Phyllis Rosen died four days later. What the trial involved, Friedman told the jurors, was two separate actions—one for "wrongful death" and one for "conscious pain and suffering." The estate was asking for two hundred thousand dollars for the first, one hundred thousand for the second.

Friedman was encouraged by his first impression of the prospective jury—all men, several of them with Jewish names. He believes that men tend to be more generous than women in voting awards to plaintiffs once they have satisfied themselves that the defendant is really liable, and the question of liability was not expected to be difficult in this case. (Since Phyllis Rosen had only been a passenger, it couldn't be argued that she, rather than one of the drivers being sued, was liable.) Answers to one of the first questions Friedman asked the jurors revealed that almost all of them had children. (Friedman was operating on the assumption that no one except a parent could completely comprehend the pain of losing a young daughter.) Also, he liked the looks of the jurors. Part of Friedman's method of jury selection is to look for a personality type, and his judgment is based to some degree on physical appearance. As a lawyer who is often in the position of arguing that someone who has been injured should be awarded a huge sum of money, Friedman is accustomed to looking for a type of person he characterizes as open rather than closed, warm rather than cold. When Friedman mentions thin lips, he is talking about the enemy.

Friedman's first routine questions—whether the jurors were acquainted with the parties to the case or the lawyers or the scene of the accident—changed the composition of the jury right away. Juror No. 7, a letter carrier, had a son who had attended Queens College and had known both Phyllis Rosen and Michael Miller. He was excused by mutual consent and replaced by Ralph Johnson, a young black man who worked as a motorman for the Transit Authority. Juror No. 12 was also excused by mutual consent—he had stock in Chrysler—and replaced by a young electrician named Howard Alpern, whose sister attended Queens College but had not been there at the time of the accident. Juror No. 2—a gray-haired florist named Joseph Manessi—said he was familiar with the scene of the accident. He had often passed it on his way to visit a brother-in-law who lived nearby. Two or three times, he had delivered flowers inside the Queens campus and had left by the same exit Michael Miller had taken. In a number of ways, Manessi seemed like a good juror to Friedman. He appeared to be a warm and friendly man. He had a seventeen-year-old daughter. He was a middle-class Italian, and Friedman considers middle-class Italians potentially favorable to his side in cases such as Rosen v. Chrysler, partly because he associates them with a strong family tradition. Also, Manessi appeared to be in his sixties. The money being asked for in the wrongful-death action was theoretically based on the prospect that Phyllis Rosen would have begun to support her parents as her earnings increased and they grew older. Her parents were in their seventies, and Friedman was concerned that a very young juror might think that



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anyone that old would not have enough time left to make a large judgment necessary. What argued against Manessi was the slight possibility that the defense would try to claim that neither driver was responsible for the accident because the intersection was inherently unsafe. After the accident, Queens students had demonstrated for a traffic light. There was a chance that Manessi himself considered the corner unsafe. If so, his personal experience could be persuasive. Friedman put an X in front of Manessi's name.

He had also put an X in front of the names of Johnson, the Transit Authority motorman, and Wong Lee, Juror No. 8, who was listed on the court's card as a porter and had told Friedman he was a maintenance man. Johnson had qualities Friedman liked to see in jurors for ordinary personal-injury cases. Some personal-injury attorneys prefer affluent jurors to hourly-wage workers, on the ground that the amount of money represented by a large award to the plaintiff is beyond a workingman's frame of reference. Friedman doesn't agree. He thinks affluent people are likely to be tighter about giving away money—even money that doesn't belong to them but to some insurance company. Friedman generally likes to have black jurors; he believes he communicates well with them. But the Rosen case had some complications. Phyllis Rosen had been an intellectual. In demonstrating the potential of the life that had been ended by the accident, Friedman planned to introduce articles she had published in scholarly quarterlies like the *Journal of Existentialism*. Friedman figured that a certain amount of education—or, at least, a certain exposure to education—might be necessary to appreciate Phyllis Rosen. To Friedman, a Jewish juror represented not just a potential for ethnic solidarity but an awareness of what it meant to first- or second-generation American Jews to see a child through college and graduate school. Concentrating on education meant that Friedman might have more well-off jurors than he ordinarily would feel comfortable with, but he figured that to be less of a risk in Brooklyn, where many of the well-off jurors would be Jewish or Italian, than it might be in the suburbs, where he thinks of affluent jurors as suffering from what he has called "the Westchester analities."

Wong Lee, Friedman thought, would have had great potential as a juror if only he hadn't been Chinese. He was about the right age—in his sixties or early seventies. He had put a daughter of his own through college—a con-

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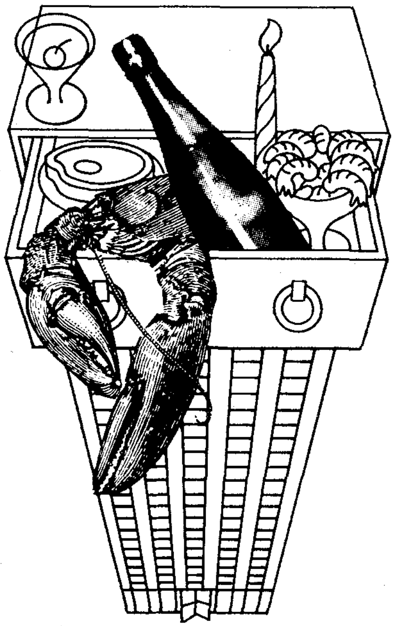

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siderable accomplishment, particularly if he was in fact only a porter, rather than a maintenance man. (Sometimes the card provided by the court is incorrect about a juror's occupation; sometimes a juror promotes himself a bit when asked about his occupation in public.) But Friedman believes that Chinese-Americans of Lee's generation tend to be suspicious and tend to be penurious. Neither quality is admired by the plaintiff's lawyer in a three-hundred-thousand-dollar damage suit.

When Friedman had finished his first round of questions, the lawyer for Chrysler's insurance company had a turn. He was interested in the age of the jurors' children and in whether or not the jurors were drivers themselves and in whether or not they thought they might have any prejudice against an eighteen-year-old driver—a properly licensed eighteen-year-old driver. It would have to come out in the testimony that the young man driving the car owned by Chrysler had been exceeding the speed limit. Lawyers tend to believe that non-drivers take a harsher view of driving infractions than do people who have probably exceeded the speed limit now and then themselves. The other defense lawyer introduced himself as the lawyer for Michael Miller's widow, although he was in fact an attorney for the Allstate Insurance Company, which had carried the insurance on Miller's car. In New York State, revealing the fact that the defendant is, in effect, an insurance company is not permitted. The most Friedman could do to hint at it was to ask the prospective jurors if any of them worked for a casualty- or accident-insurance company—an insinuation the Allstate lawyer tried to counter by going on at some length about how he wanted to be able to report to his client, Mrs. Miller, the widow, that he had done his best to select a fair and impartial jury.

When it came time for the first round of challenges, Friedman took the jury chart and removed the card of Juror No. 2—Manessi, the florist who was familiar with the scene of the accident. The defense excused two jurors who had a lot in common: they both appeared to be fairly well-educated Jewish males in their sixties who had sent two or three children through college.

THE jurors who replaced those excused were asked a couple of routine questions, and then Friedman was handed the chart for the second round of challenges. He had decided to leave Ralph Johnson and Wong Lee on for the time being, although he considered

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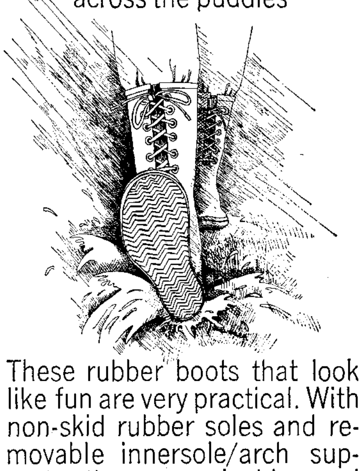

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the failure of the defense to challenge Lee a confirmation of his feeling about Chinese jurors. The jury still did not discourage Friedman. No. 1 was Morris Charnicoff, a man in his sixties who had been in the import-export business and had a twenty-five-year-old daughter and wasn't far from Friedman's ideal juror, although he did not seem as well educated as the two Jewish fathers who had already been excused. No. 2—the replacement for the florist—was a Teletype-machine repairman who worked for the telephone company and seemed rather shy. No. 3 was a warehouse clerk who had an Irish name and was wearing a bushy mustache and a double-breasted blazer. No. 4 was Frederick Marnes, a rather elegantly dressed bachelor in his sixties who worked as an accountant in a brokerage firm. No. 5 was John Mueller, a television repairman whose daughter had once been hit by a car. Mueller didn't look like the kind of juror Friedman usually hopes for, being both thin-lipped and German, but his answers to the lawyers' questions made him seem open and humorous. No. 6 was Ronald Matthews, a bachelor in his late twenties who worked in the administrative office of a Brooklyn hospital. No. 7 was Ralph Johnson, the motorman. No. 8 was Wong Lee. No. 9 was Charles Frazier, a black social worker. No. 10 was Martin Brenik, a Transit Authority maintenance man who spoke with a distinct Eastern European accent. No. 11, who also had an accent, was a computer operator for a bank. No. 12 was the young electrician whose sister was a student at Queens.

Friedman studied the chart for a long time. Then he passed. The Allstate lawyer said that he was excusing No. 1, Charnicoff, and No. 5, Mueller, and mentioned that it was because both men had daughters in their twenties. Their replacements were so obviously the kind of jurors Friedman was looking for—one was another Jewish father; the other one, the only woman on the jury panel, was named Goldberg and had two daughters who were teachers—that they were excused within a couple of minutes by the defense. The new Juror No. 1 was Victor DeAngelo, an oil-truck driver. The new No. 5 was a young schoolteacher, who was challenged by the defense and replaced by Jack Marder, a credit manager for a department store. There was a recess for lunch.

DISCUSSING the jury with associates at lunch, Friedman expressed some concern about a few

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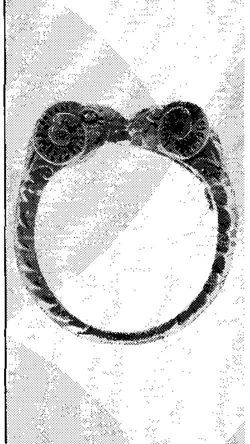

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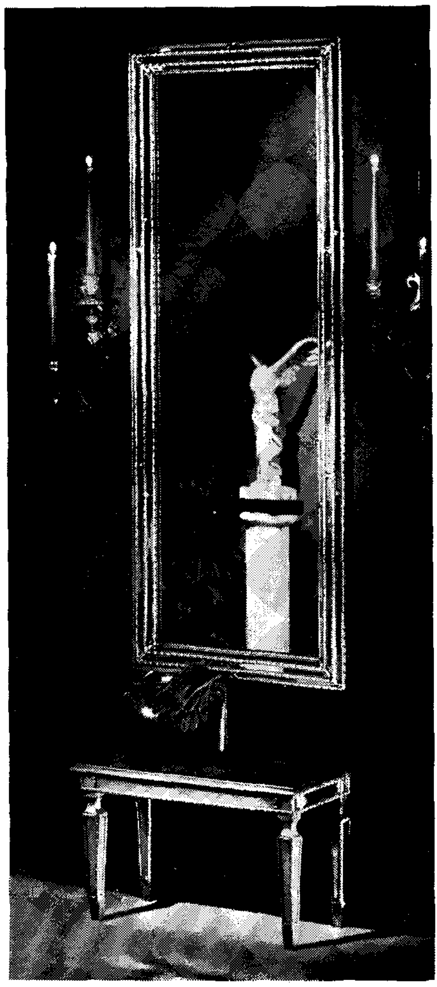
jurors. He said that both Ronald Matthews, the hospital administrator, and Frederick Marnes, the accountant, might be homosexuals, and that he was worried about their reaction to his star witness—the twin sister of Phyllis Rosen. DeAngelo, the oil-truck driver, would have been under consideration for challenge even if the Allstate lawyer had not had an Italian name. DeAngelo did not seem to be the kind of man who might be impressed by someone's publishing an article in the *Journal of Existentialism*. On the other hand, Friedman said, DeAngelo seemed open and cheerful. A working truck driver might be a stern judge of an eighteen-year-old speeder who had killed two people. Friedman said he had decided not to challenge Ralph Johnson, the black motorman, but he was still worried about Wong Lee.

After lunch, when Friedman was handed the jury chart again, he pulled off the cards of Wong Lee and Frederick Marnes. Friedman had decided that he could risk having one homosexual but not two. Matthews seemed friendlier than Marnes. When he was asked about his job at the hospital, he had made it clear that he had nothing to do with the patients—his emphasis on that point leaving the impression that he avoided contact, and raising the possibility that what he was avoiding was exposure to the kind of pain and suffering Phyllis Rosen had endured. Also, the defense would almost certainly have to try to cast some doubt on the accuracy of Phyllis Rosen's hospital record—it stated clearly in several places that the patient was conscious and in terrible pain that could not be relieved by drugs—and Matthews might be inclined to defend his colleagues.

On the next round, Friedman excused DeAngelo. He had finally reached the conclusion that the oil-truck driver was simply too ignorant. Also, a question from the defense had uncovered the fact that DeAngelo was divorced. A divorced man paying out his hard-earned money in alimony might not be overly sympathetic to a woman in her thirties who took the stand on behalf of a family asking three hundred thousand dollars in one lump sum. DeAngelo was replaced by a motor-vehicle-accident investigator, who was quickly excused by the defense, and Juror No. 1 then became an assistant buyer for a department store. He was young, but at least he was Jewish.

The defense lawyers said they were satisfied with the jury, and they passed the chart to Friedman. All of Fried-



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man's ideal jurors were, of course, gone. He still had doubts about some of the jurors who were left. Brenik's accent was troubling. It was heavy enough to mean that he had probably come from Europe after the Second World War rather than before—raising the possibility that Brenik was among those people in countries like Hungary and Czechoslovakia who had reason to flee the opponents of Fascism rather than the Fascists. Still, Friedman liked his looks. The replacements for Lee and Marnes seemed neutral, although Marnes's replacement, a letter carrier with an Irish name, did have thin lips. Marder, No. 5, was a credit manager, and Friedman ordinarily tries to get rid of credit managers—or any executives whose jobs encourage suspicion—but Marder seemed intelligent and warm and Jewish. Friedman studied the chart for a while. Then he said he was satisfied with the jury.

—Calvin Trillin

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Nov., 1971

Last April, I issued a circular to parents advising them that boys with long and untidy hair would not be taken to the swimming baths or to games.

On September 20, I issued a second circular reminding parents on the main points of the first circular and stating that head louse had arrived at Hill House. I invited, in writing, the small number of parents who were not prepared to have their sons' hair cut to remove their sons from Hill House. These boys with dirty long hair are still at Hill House.

I have arranged with Harrods men's hairdressing department the following course of action to start in January 1972.

1. Five days, Monday to Friday, each week of term time one form of boys will be taken by a tutor at 9:20 A.M. to Harrods to have their hair cut.
2. The school will pay for the hair cutting.
3. The hair will not be cut too short, but hair over the eyebrows, over the ears and over the collar will not be allowed.
4. Boys under the age of seven will not be taken.

A pilot run will take place next Tuesday, Nov. 30, when I shall personally take all boys in the exam form and senior school form 4 to Harrods to have their hair cut.

— — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

Name of Boy......................

I do not agree to my son's hair being cut by the school and I have therefore arranged for him to leave Hill House.

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Signature of Parent

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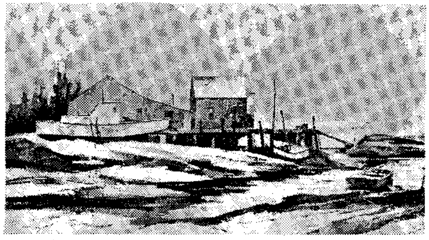

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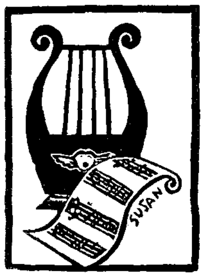
MUSICAL EVENTS

Viva Washington! Viva Cleveland!

IT must have taken a good deal of courage for the National Ballet of Washington, D.C., to challenge giants of the rank of London's Royal Ballet, but the deed was done on Tuesday evening of last week at the City Center with a full-length performance of "The Sleeping Beauty." This old, formal prologue-and-three-act Tchaikovsky-Petipa ballet is one of the great virtuoso vehicles for dance troupes, and though the Washingtonians did not exactly best the Londoners, they set forth a wholly acceptable version—indeed, a version that in some respects, particularly scenery, was superior. The Petipa choreography had been redone by one of the company's two directors, Ben Stevenson, and the other director, Frederic Franklin, performed the mime role of Catalabutte, the Master of Ceremonies. The sets, by Peter Farmer, were simple but visually lovely—Act I a Fragonard-like green garden; Act II a henna, then a green, forest; Act III a palace interior in deep red (and also the setting for the Prologue). The costumes, also by Mr. Farmer, were generally conventional but pleasing, and the lighting, by Eugene Lowery, was expert. The small stage of the City Center was used with such skill that it never looked cramped. The orchestra, under an unnamed conductor, strove manfully despite a conspicuous lack of strings, which sometimes made the instrumentation appear skeletal.



The role of Princess Aurora was done by Carmen Mathe, an able ballerina, who in appearance is not unlike Margot Fonteyn, though she lacks some of the fire, and the phenomenal poise in the Rose Adagio, of the older artist. But she is a neat, spirited, and exceedingly accomplished dancer, and she interpreted the role with enough sparkle to light up the stage whenever she was on it. The role of the Prince was done by Peter Breuer, a German dancer and a guest artist, and in the few instances in which he was not restricted to elegant pantomime he disclosed a strong masculine style and notable powers of elevation. Michelle Lees was the Lilac Fairy, and her dancing was thoroughly competent, if not exactly stirring. It was pleasant to have a female in the role of the evil fairy Carabosse, for a change. (I got tired long ago of Sir Frederick Ashton's exaggerated and self-conscious impersonation in the role.) This Carabosse was Susan Loehr, and she really danced the role instead of miming it, appearing in dead-white makeup and giving evidence of being one of the company's best performers. (Up to the final act, of course, these are the main figures.) The lesser roles were all elegantly handled, and I noted particularly the superb work of the small (sixteen dancers) but extremely well-trained corps de ballet. In the final act, the Bluebird Pas de Deux, by Luis Fuente and Christine Knoblauch, stood out. Mr. Fuente accomplished all the difficult feats of torso movement that the male role requires, while Miss Knoblauch proved to be an engaging partner. The preceding Pas de Quatre, by Diane Duffy, Andrea Price, Stuart Sebastian, and Dennis Poole, was executed with precision. All the other divertissements—Puss in Boots, Red Riding Hood, the Three Ivans, and the Princess Florisse (an agreeable contribution by Miss Knoblauch)—were delightfully done. The National Ballet has become one of the outstanding companies in America, and one that can carry off big challenges with admirable results.

LAST Wednesday night, the Cleveland Orchestra came to Carnegie Hall under the direction of Alexander Gibson, a Scottish conductor new to New York, and I put it mildly when I say that Mr. Gibson took his audience by storm. His absolute mastery over everything orchestral was manifest from the start. That start was Berlioz' "King Lear" Overture, a terribly difficult test for any conductor—full of traps, full of episodes in which the most delicate adjustments must be made—and Mr. Gibson did not falter. In fact, I had never heard this work performed with comparable clarity and sensitivity of tone. The Clevelanders, who had suffered a couple of blips in the horn section under Daniel Barenboim a week or so before, betrayed not a single inaccuracy or weakness; they played superbly, with all the old Cleveland tone, and, indeed, with a more sensuous tone than they usually exhibited under the late George Szell.

The next item on the program was the first New York performance of

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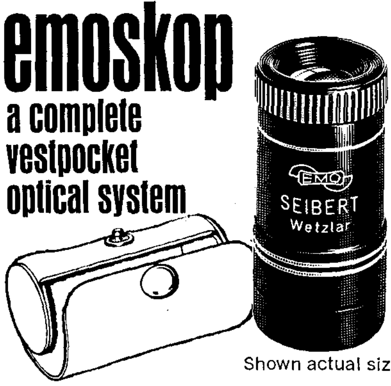

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a Violin Concerto No. 3 by Niccolò Paganini, recently discovered in manuscript at the home of Paganini's descendants, in Milan, by the violinist Henryk Szeryng; fittingly, Mr. Szeryng appeared as soloist. The work is typical Paganini—light, exhibitionistic, and difficult, and a "violinization," if I may use that word, of the florid coloratura-aria style of the *bel-canto* composers who were writing opera in Paganini's time. It is not very significant as music, but it provides hair-raising pyrotechnical feats for any violinist—fingered octaves, chains of tenths, double-stopped harmonics, and arpeggios that rush from the bottom of the violin's range to stratospheric heights at the end of the fingerboard and beyond. Mr. Szeryng carried all this off with great éclat and almost perfect technical poise, and this was surprising, because he is known as a serious, not a showy, violinist. The orchestra part is merely a matter of punctuation, with a few melodies thrown in, and Mr. Gibson showed masterly abilities as an accompanist; his batonry had hair-trigger alertness.

The last item on the program was Sibelius's Fifth Symphony, which I had not encountered in some time. In everything that concerned the technical aspect of performance, the symphony was magnificently done; rarely in my experience has this work been presented with such clarity and such delicate balance between the choirs of the orchestra. Again the Clevelanders sounded better than they have done in quite a while, and the pacing could not have been improved upon. Perhaps, though, the interpretation was just a little too calculated; this symphony has been done more robustly, especially in its closing movement. The great Sir Thomas Beecham made a tremendous racket out of the finish of this section. Mr. Gibson did not seem to be able to let himself go to that extent. To sum up, he seems a fully mature, expert, and unusually gifted maestro—brilliant, scrupulous, and able to make orchestra musicians perform at their best. If he has any shortcoming, it is that he is an intellectual performer who can appear a bit cold, but his grasp of the niceties of interpretation is beyond criticism.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

ROCK, ETC.

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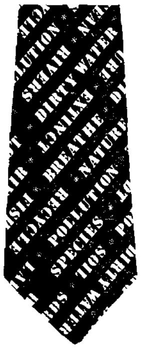

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press, it has been enjoying—or, it may yet turn out, suffering—a critical frontlash. I wasn't a Grand Funk fan to begin with and I'm not now, but I've gone through pretty much the same changes as the frontlashers, most of whom aren't Grand Funk fans, either. I first heard Grand Funk at a G.I. coffeehouse in Colorado about two years ago. An acidhead soldier told me he dug the group's first album, so I listened to it. My reaction was oh, well, another son-of-heavy-white-blues band. But some hunch made me hold on to the album, and to the next one. While Grand Funk was becoming the most popular son-of-heavy-white-blues band in the world, I listened some more, on the usually reliable theory that a band beloved of teen-agers must be doing something right. The music still didn't do much for me; I caught myself thinking of it as abunchanoise, and I knew what *that* meant, all right—creeping senility. Hadn't my parents reacted the same way to Little Richard? (Little Richard was the supreme test: my mother liked Elvis, but she couldn't stand Little Richard.) I had been nursing this private worry for some time when I picked up an issue of *Creem*, a Detroit-based rock magazine, read Greil Marcus on Grand Funk ("Rock and roll critics and their peers . . . when they put it down . . . are acting out the roles once played by archetypal rock and roll parents when, fifteen years ago, they threw Little Richard 45s in the trash can"), and realized once again that in rock, as in politics, there are no private worries. Since then, *Creem's* editor, Dave Marsh, has defended Grand Funk as *the* teen music of the seventies, which if we don't hear it we are moldy, toothless, crippled, craven, and anti-malted-milk.

The message is more complicated than it sounds. *Creem*, after all, is not put out by fresh kids who have never heard of Little Richard and could care less but by—and largely for—fifties and sixties rockheads. Unlike *Rolling Stone*, which is a bastion of San Francisco counter-cultural "rock-as-art" orthodoxy, *Creem* is committed to a Pop aesthetic; it speaks to fans who consciously value rock as an expression of urban teen-age culture and identify with a tradition whose first law is novelty. Marsh's taunts are meant to provoke us by hitting us right in the ideology, at the same time that they appeal to our weakness for irony (another ingredient of the Pop aesthetic): the analogy to our parents is unflattering, but its poetry is irresistible. Behind the

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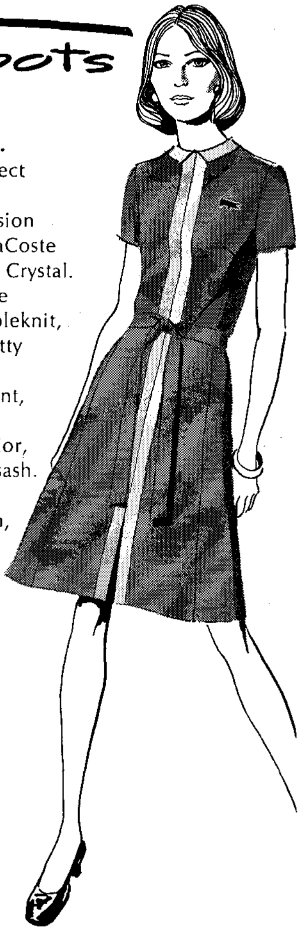

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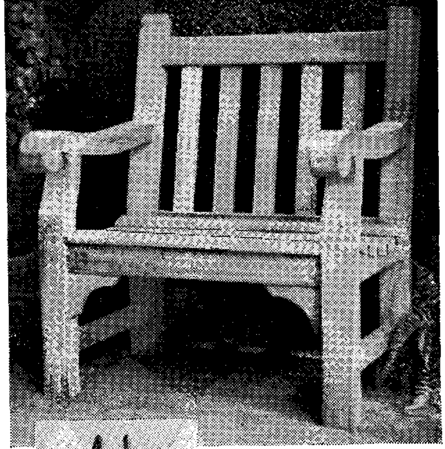

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provocation is the hope that the enormous success of bands like Grand Funk and its English counterpart Black Sabbath can re-create a cohesive rock community by polarizing what has become an amorphous, fragmented audience. We all know there can be no "us" without "them;" once the Beatles belonged to everybody, there was no centripetal force to keep them from splitting four ways, each with his own group of loyalists, and their situation says a lot about the present state of rock. (John and Yoko have their own us-and-them thing going, and I'm on their side against Paul—or, for that matter, George—but I can't really be *part* of them; three's a crowd.) Every rock fan I know has been wishing that something would happen to reverse the energy drain. Is Grand Funk it? Here is where the Little Richard metaphor breaks down: Would our parents ever ask such a question? My answer to it has to be no, if only because my survival instincts are against letting myself be trapped by a myth, even when it's one I helped invent. I have no quarrel with Mark, Mel, and Don because they are crude city kids who "can't play" and "can't sing." I'm glad they're around as an antidote to James Taylor and the other upper-class brats; their adrenalin is bound to do us all good in one way or another. But their records (I've never seen them perform) don't get me off. And though this has something—maybe everything—to do with my being fifteen years older than the average Grand Funk enthusiast, anyone who tries to define me as "them" on that basis will have to drag me away from my jukebox kicking and screaming.

To first-generation rock fans, growing up meant being like your parents, which meant, among other things, no rock and roll. The sixties were our triumph: rock and roll had lasted, in spite of some bad times; it had come back stronger than ever, and we had not grown out of it. Having lived through adolescence, we were now reliving it with musicians who were our peers, whose music reflected our common past. At this point, the distance between us and high-school kids may have less to do with the aging process per se than with the spectacular success of our revolt against it. We are still self-centered, involved with our own history, and—despite the inevitable loss of momentum, the undertow of art snobbery, the plethora of music that soothes instead of goading, the coming of age of Bob Dylan, and even our confusion about who "we" are—we still have a lot going for us. Even Grand

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Funk is an extension of our music, whereas early rock was (for white kids, at least) a rebellion against a vacuum. Mark Farner's political clichés are fallout from counter-culture fantasies that were once exciting because taboo and later embarrassing because naïve. To the kids, his exhortations are simply conventional, no more to be taken literally than the love lyrics that cemented our solidarity; and that's cool. But for me to hear them that way would require a cultural lobotomy. Ironically, the whole thrust of the frontlash is to squeeze Grand Funk into our context. Age is *our* obsession; it is shared by *our* superstars (just listen to "New Morning" or "Who's Next" one of these days). To hand Grand Funk our hope-I-die-before-I-get-old banner is to strip the boys of their most potent claim to the status of rebel barbarians—the fact that the critics have ignored them. Worse yet, they may notice that they are being "taken seriously" and try to live up to it.

The fragmentation of the rock audience is just one symptom of social and political developments that cut pretty deep; I doubt whether one person or one band, no matter how potent, can put it back together—not now, anyway. And when we're ready for the next cultural upheaval, the catalyst may not be teen-agers—or even music. In the meantime, my survival plan is to hang loose, trust my own perceptions, and wear out my Rod Stewart and Joy of Cooking records. And I'm really looking forward to the new Creedence album. —ELLEN WILLIS

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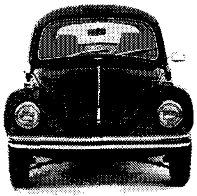


BEFORE FUN CITY

It was merrie in England afore the new learning came up; yea, I would all things were as hath been in times past.
—*Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, 1540.*

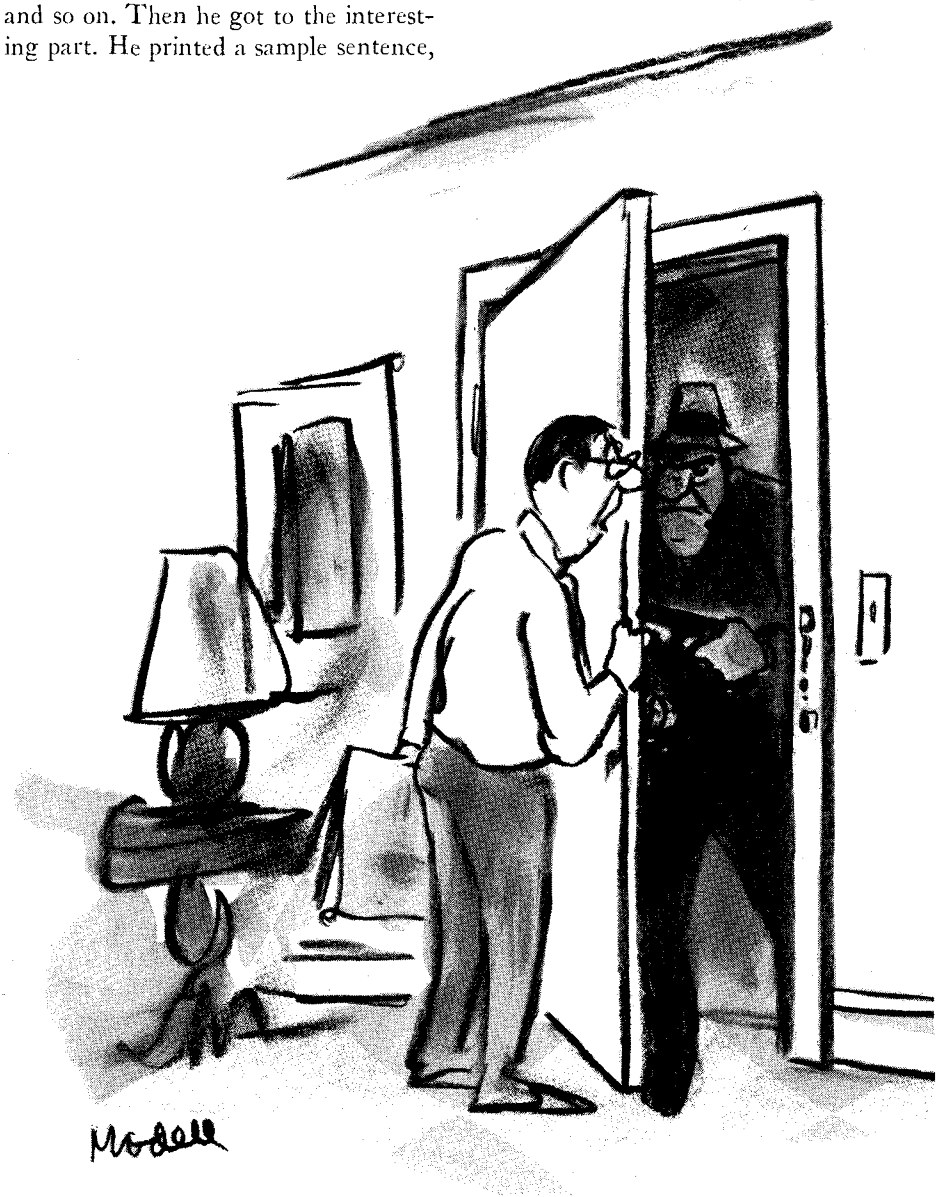
AMERICANS being a romantic people and not much interested in history (except our own), we tend to think that whenever we do something new we have invented it. This feeling is particularly apparent at the moment. Having passed as a nation from an era of some strictness into one of great verbal and sexual freedom, having stood sumptuary practice on its head, having partially abandoned the work ethic and replaced it with the pleasure principle, we proclaim Consciousness Three and suppose it to be a new thing. Once there were the Puritans; now we have a country full of swingers.

If you start history at Plymouth Rock, or even Jamestown, there is a certain truth to this view. But if you take a slightly longer perspective, it doesn't hold up at all. There are undoubtedly both new objects and new ideas in our time, most of them derived from science. But our actual life style, so new and fresh to us, has a long past. Millions before us have stayed loose, and swung, and rapped. Indeed, I suspect that what we perceive going on in the late twentieth century really amounts to little more than our unreforming the Reformation—which thus becomes an aberration in Western history, a brief period of uptightness lasting less than five hundred years. Look back even a few years before it began (I am naturally speaking of the Reformation in England), and you find people acting and talking very much as they do now. You find great verbal and sexual freedom; you find people who know each other's first names but not their last; you find controversy over hair length between fathers and sons; you find the pleasure principle; and you certainly find the violence that so marks the fabric of life in our own time.

These generalizations are prompted by reading a book published in London in 1530—in the last five years of Catholic, or Merrie, England. Protestantism arrived in 1534. The book is not at first glance one that promises much insight into anything, being a French grammar with attached dictionary. When you add that the author was a Catholic priest of high respectability and pronounced scholarly bent, the promise seems to be nil.

But the Reverend John Palsgrave's "Lesclarcissement de la Langue Francoyse" is a wonderfully lively book, and very revealing about life styles. The five hundred pages of grammar are not perhaps so interesting, but the six hundred pages of dictionary beat most novels. This is due to the verbs, which dominate the dictionary and which, in fact, form a separate dictionary of their own—one of eight in the book. Father Palsgrave clearly loved verbs. He gave them about twice as much space as the seven other parts of speech put together. He was thus able to pay really close attention to each one. First, he defined it—not formally, in the third person, as dictionaries do now, but quite cozily, in the first person: "I ANGLE with an angling rod to catch fish." Or "I BRAIN, I bash or strike out the brains of one's head." Or "I CLEANSE, I make clean a thing." Then he gave the French: "*je pesche*," and so on. Then he got to the interesting part. He printed a sample sentence, or sometimes two or three sample sentences, for each verb, to show how it should be used. "It is but a sorry life and an evil to stand angling all day to catch a few fishes." "I saw him when he brained the gentleman with a club." "Cleanse thy teeth often, if thou wilt not have the tooth-ache."

There are six or seven thousand of these sentences, all but perhaps ten composed by Palsgrave himself—or not so much composed as plucked from the common speech of the fifteen-twenties. They amount to six or seven thousand vignettes of pre-Reformation life. The best thousand, practically all bits of dialogue, amount to one-line sixteenth-century plays. If Palsgrave is dealing with the verb "burst," he imagines someone coming late to a meal and finding his favorite dish gone. "The devil burst him," you hear a late-medieval voice exclaim, "he hath eaten all the cream without me." For "swoon" (Palsgrave spelled it



"There must be some mistake. We've already been robbed."

"swounde"), you get a little medical drama, which is also a revelation of delicate sixteenth-century nerves. "Let me not see him, I pray you, when you let him blood," a voice says nervously, "for I shall swoon then." With "bare," you get a sample of sixteenth-century wit. It seems to have quite a lot in common with twentieth-century wit. "What, barest thou his arse," someone says sarcastically, "weenest thou he have an eye there to see with?"

How typical Father Palsgrave was of his time may be open to question, but there is no doubt that he knew all layers of English society. He was born in London about seven years before Columbus discovered America, took a degree at Cambridge in 1504, and then did graduate work at the Sorbonne. After that, he followed a double career as a priest and as a language teacher. On the priestly side, he rubbed shoulders with the peasantry as vicar of the three country parishes of Alderton, Holbrook, and Keyston. All three were presents from his friend Sir—later St.—Thomas More, and in each case he was the last Catholic priest to hold the living. On the academic side, he had pupils up to and including royalty. When Palsgrave was still a young man, King Henry VIII engaged him to give a crash course in French to Princess Mary, the King's seventeen-year-old sister. Henry had just broken her engagement to a Spanish prince, and was about to marry her to Louis XII of France, newly widowed at fifty-two. In fact, Palsgrave went along for the wedding, and would probably have stayed at court awhile, except that Louis fired nearly all of his wife's servants the day after the wedding.

A dozen years later, King Henry hired him again, as tutor in Latin and French for his young son, the Duke of Richmond. Not only that, but when he sent the boy up to live in York and be lieutenant-general of the North, he gave Palsgrave two more jobs. The first was a political post: Henry put him on the Council of the North, which, the lieutenant-general being six years old at the time, naturally handled most of the day-to-day administration. The second was a spiritual role: Palsgrave was to be the spokesman for morality in York. The young Duke had three tutors in all—two court gentlemen named Parre and Page, and Father Palsgrave. Before they started north, the King called them in and charged them as follows: "I deliver unto you three my worldly jewel; you twain to have the guiding of his body, and thou, Palsgrave, to bring him up

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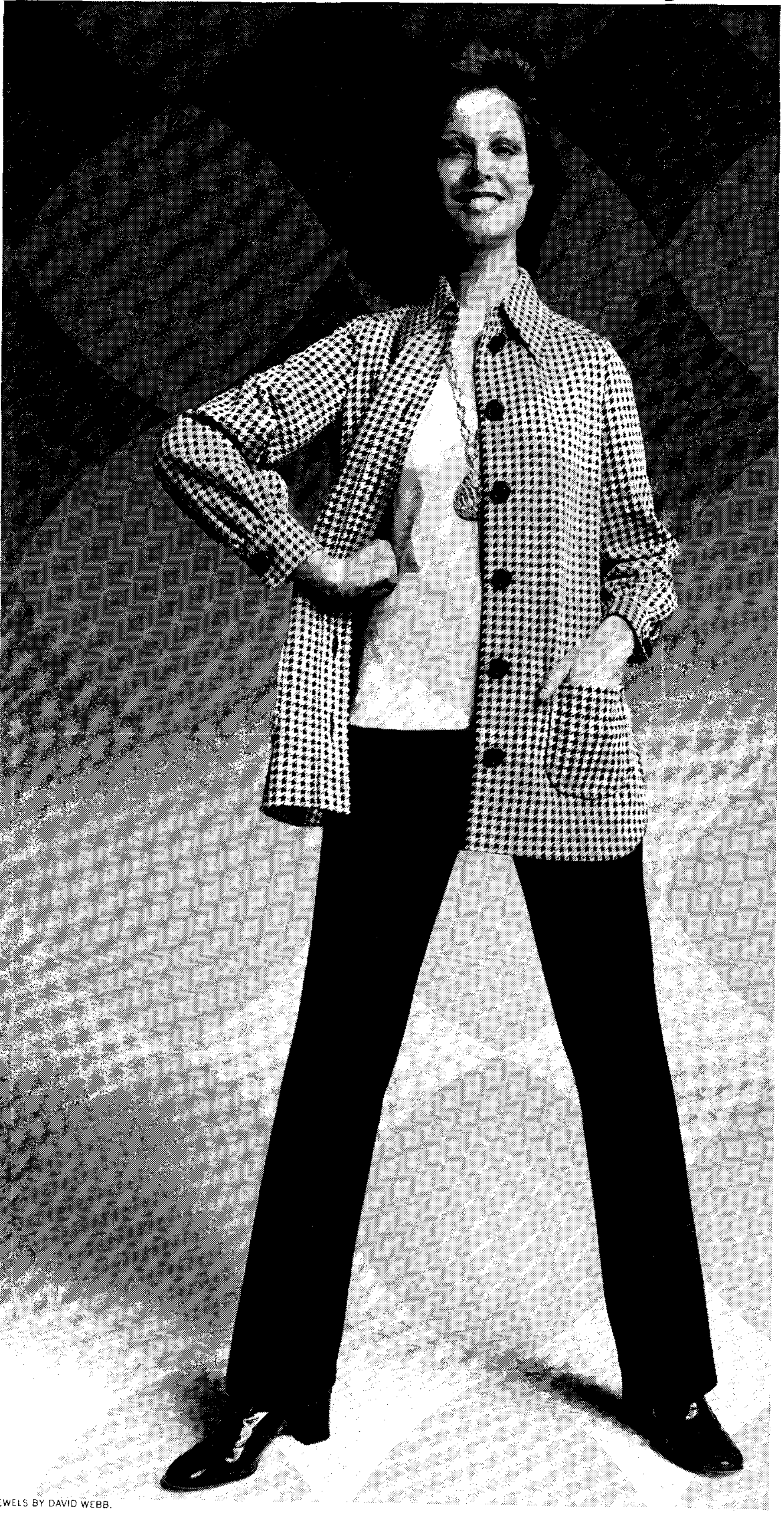

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in virtue and learning." It must be remembered, in thinking about the dictionary, that it was written by a man officially charged with promoting virtue and learning.

Considering all this, Father Palsgrave's tolerance and gusto seem remarkable. Merrie England seems no wistful myth but a plain statement of how it was. And how was it? I shall quote from the dictionary under a dozen headings, to give a picture of how our ancestors lived four and a half centuries ago.

•

SEXUAL MORALITY. It existed. One of Palsgrave's imaginary scenes is of a clergyman scolding a girl who sleeps around too much. "It had been better for thee to live in wedlock after the law of God than thus to prostitute thy self and be at commandment of all comers," the priest says firmly. And yet, though fornication is wrong, it isn't *very* wrong. It's not as bad, for example, as spreading gossip. Father Palsgrave is explicit about this. Looking for a sentence to illustrate the idiom "it is worse," he wrote, "It is worse to be a back-biter than a lecher." Nor was this a momentary aberration. The same thought occurred to him again when he got to explaining the verb "jape." (This was a standard sixteenth-century verb, which after the Reformation came to seem so obscene that it was totally suppressed, and it vanished from the language for two centuries. Charles Lamb then revived it in its secondary meaning of to play a joke. Primarily, it meant to have sexual intercourse.) For the first of many illustrative sentences, Father Palsgrave offered the calm opinion "It is better to jape a wench than to do worse." Like skipping Mass, perhaps.

Japing was a completely matter-of-course activity in the fifteen-twenties, judging by some of Palsgrave's other sentences. In one of them, a man says casually to a friend, "I jape her when me list"—"list" being an old form of the verb "like," now surviving only in such phrases as "The wind bloweth when it listeth." Nor was all the asking done by men. To illustrate the verb "swive," which means the same as "jape" ("swive" was a favorite with Chaucer), Palsgrave pictures a hard-pressed man vowing, "I will not swive her an she would pray me."

•

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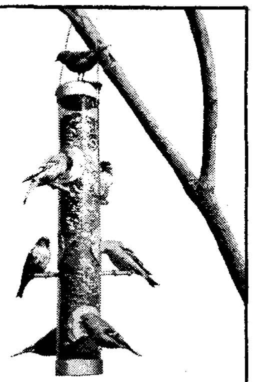

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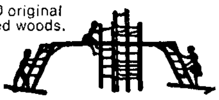

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ed with a therapeutic beer. "Toast me this bread," someone commands, "for a cup of ale and a toast is holsom in a morning for a man's sight." The rest of the day was one long guzzle. Or at least people felt cheated when it wasn't. "I did not drink today," a voice laments at one point, "I did but moist my lips with a quart of wine."

Drunkards were naturally common, but no one held it against them. In fact, you had to be pretty far gone to count as drunk at all. There is one scene where a man is listening to a friend, and says indulgently, "His tongue beginneth to falter, he hath drunk a little too much." There is another where Father Palsgrave offers advice on what to do when people drink a lot too much, and pass out. His solution is more alcohol. "When a drunken man swooneth, there is no better medicine to dawe [rouse] him with than to throw malmsey in his face." We call it Madeira now, and it was and is a luxury drink. Palsgrave has a special sentence to console poor men who couldn't afford it. "This good ale will as soon make you drunk as the best malmsey in this town," he says reassuringly.

•

GAMBLING. Some off-track betting and a few state lotteries don't begin to put modern Americans in the position of sixteenth-century Englishmen. What time they had left from swiving and getting drunk, men in those days devoted to passionate gambling. Even children made bets. It is plainly a childish voice proposing the following wager: "I hold thee a penny that I will trill my whirligig longer than thou shalt do thine." A penny was no small bet, either. Readers of nursery rhymes will recall that it was a full day's wages for Margery Daw (admittedly a slow worker).

Once the child grew up, he gambled on every possible circumstance of life. If he ran a water taxi on the Thames, he took a little flutter on every trip. "I will outrow thee ere thou come to Westminster, for twelve pence." If he was a gentleman, and wealthy, he took a big flutter. "Take as swift a gelding as thou canst find, and I hold thee twenty nobles I outride thee" (a noble was six shillings and eightpence). If the child was a girl and grew up to be a housewife, she bet on the cooking. "I hold a penny that I shall grate this loaf ere you can grate a ralyn of ginger." Or here are two men strolling along an empty street: no taxi, no horses, no ginger. Must they refrain

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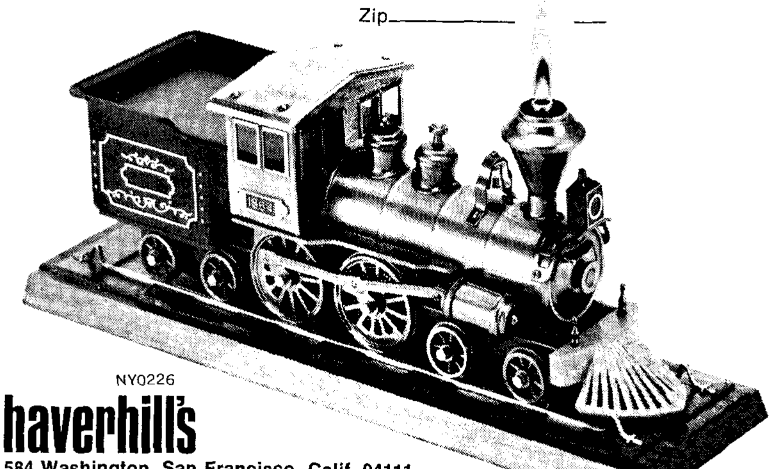

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from betting? Not at all. "I hold you a groat, I will tell you how many thousand bricks will make this wall." It is fascinating to consider how that bet got settled.

•

MARRIAGE. Regarded as an agreeable state. Also sex-oriented. (There was a special idiom in 1530: "I handle one pleasantly, as a husband doth his wife *in the night time*.") People seem to have been impulsive about getting married—a man remarks bemusedly about a friend, "He hath plight his troth to a woman, and he knoweth not her name." This friend is probably the same person about whom someone else observed, "He is so in amours with her that he is like to go mad for her sake."

Once the knot was tied, the two set about a long career of parenthood. The extreme case in the dictionary is a man about whom someone says, "He hath be married to his wife XXIII years, and he hath begotten upon her XXII children."

Men seem to have been the more affectionate and demonstrative sex in those days, so that a family friend might be called on to say something like "Take him in thine arms, woman, he is thy husband, and thou sawest him not many a day." But wives had their moments of fondness—"I knew a woman that had a lust to bite her husband by the ear," someone says—and in general marriage seems to have gone well. Even the poorer marriages were likely to look good in retrospect. Once, Palsgrave gives a glimpse of a new widow: "She loved not her husband while he lived, and now she would be glad to scrape him out of the earth with her nails."

•

DIVORCE. Not all marriages were ended by death. I had always supposed that divorce was practically impossible in pre-Reformation England—a notion I acquired chiefly from the domestic affairs of Henry VIII. (He had already been trying to divorce Katharine of Aragon for three years at the time Palsgrave published the dictionary, and it took him three more to accomplish it.) But that was just royalty. Ordinary people broke up their marriages with some ease. And Palsgrave, though a fairly high Catholic prelate—he ended his life as a prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral in London—reports the fact with no trace of censure.

There were two verbs for divorce current in 1530: "depart" and "un-

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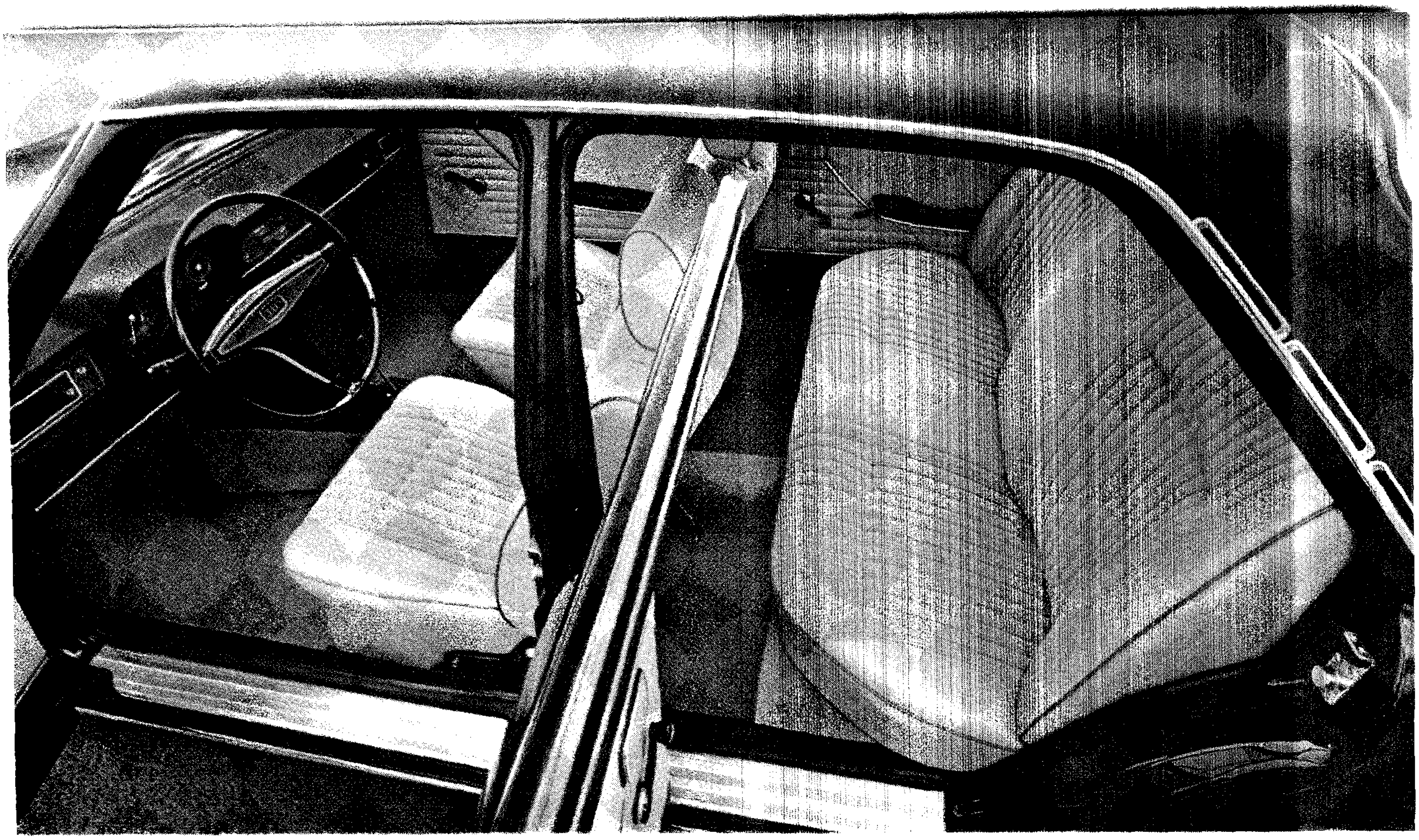

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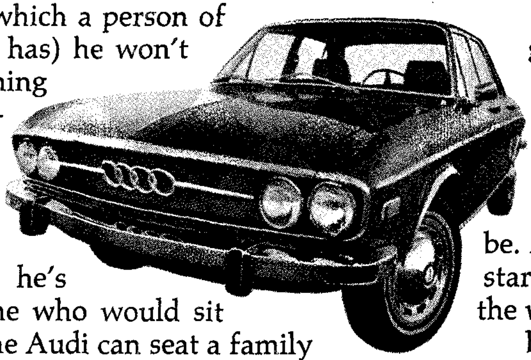

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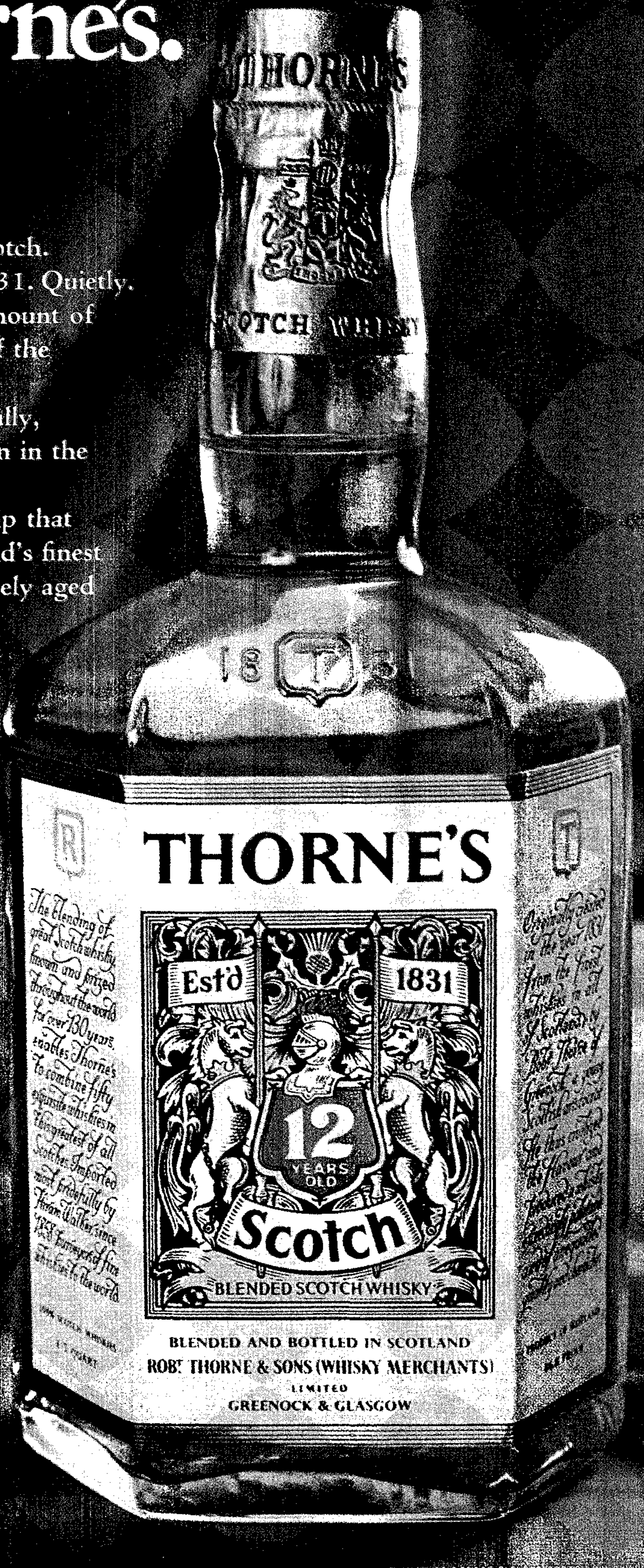
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marry." Gentlemen departed. They could do it "by the law": "I have naught to do with her, we be departed." Or they could just break up: "I depart from my wife or divorce myself without the order of the law." Peasants unmarried. Father Palsgrave quotes one saying cheerily, "I can not be married but by a priest, but I can unmarry myself by running away into another country." From Kent to Sussex would probably have done it.

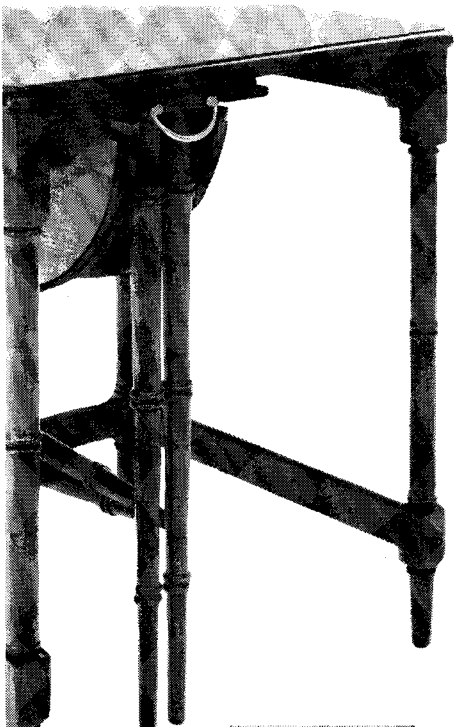
◆

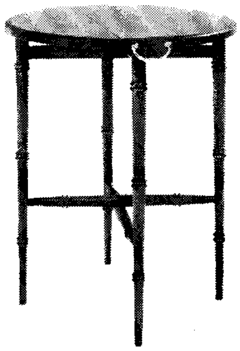
HAIR STYLES. They liked it curly. "Your hair crispeth gorgeously after this washing." The generation gap, however, already existed on the question of length. For the verb "I ROUND one's head with a pair of scissors," Palsgrave writes this sentence: "You must needs round your head for shame, ere you go home to your father." Beards were acceptable for young and old, but to be in the height of fashion you kept it tidy: "Trim my bush, barber, for I intend to go amongst ladies today."

◆

SOCIAL LIFE. Very lively indeed. An ordinary dinner party in 1525 would rank as an orgy now. Putting together some of Palsgrave's scattered sentences, it is possible to reconstruct a scene something like this: In the kitchen of a prosperous London house, male and female cooks are getting dinner ready. There is, of course, no refrigerator, no pantry full of canned goods, and no running water. The host comes in to check preparations, and glances first at the soup, which is simmering in an iron kettle. Some unattractive things have apparently risen to the top. "Scum the pot, woman," he says indignantly, "intendest thou to poison us?" The head cook, wearing an extremely dirty apron, with which from time to time he wipes his face, is roasting a sheep. The host looks him up and down, and then goes in search of his wife. "Get you a better cook," he commands. "This fellow would make one spew."

Now the guests have arrived and are gathered around the fire, talking and moistening their lips. One man tosses down a quart of wine more easily than the rest, and another says, "Take heed of this glutton, what a gulping he maketh as he drinketh." Yes, agrees a third, "he drinketh not as other men doth, but poureth it in." But now their attention gets distracted. One of the wives has taken off her coat, revealing a low-cut dress. "This black velvet gown set-





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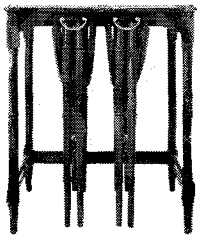

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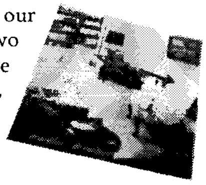

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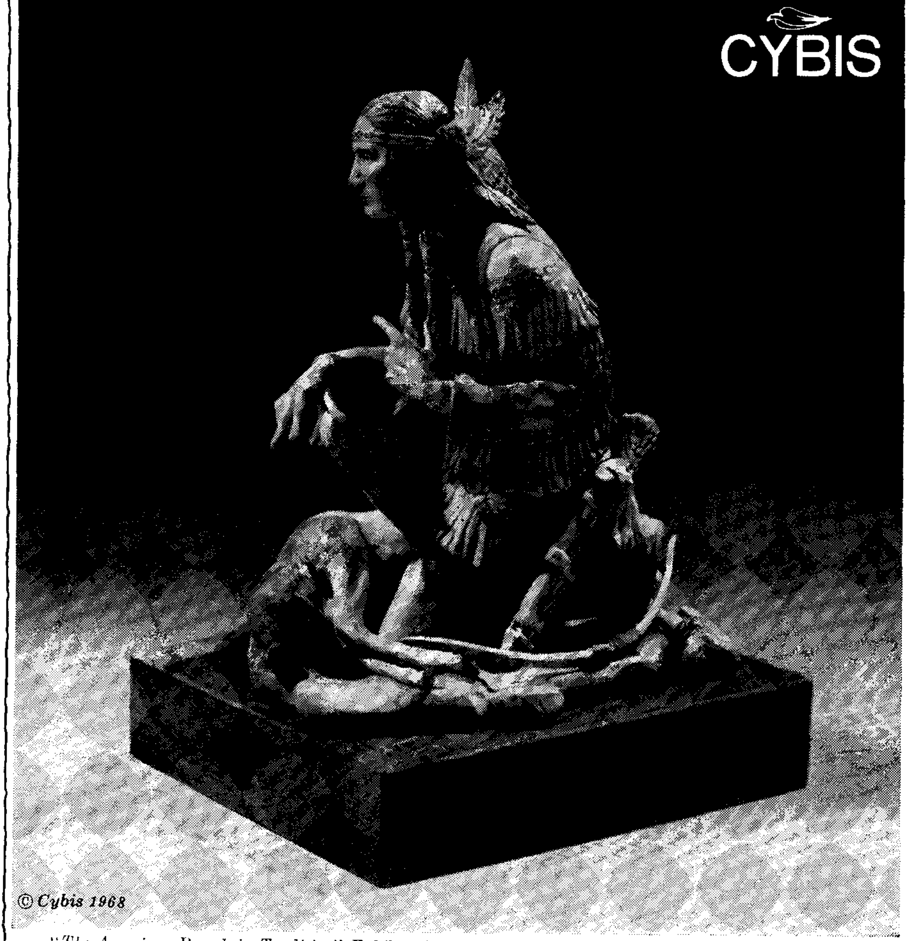

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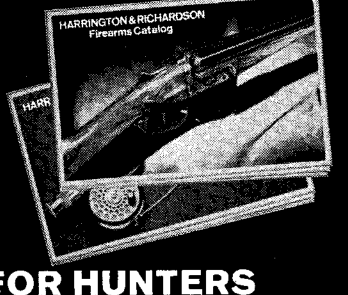

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teth off this lady very well," the host murmurs, staring openly. Her husband, however, is not so pleased. "Bind thy breasts in with a lace, for shame," he hisses.

The butler announces dinner, but the guests linger by the fire, finishing their flagons. Only the family mastiff heeds the summons, and strolls into the rush-strewn hall, where he quietly jumps on the table and begins eating. Ten minutes later, the butler appears again. "You may go to dinner when you will," he announces, "for the dog hath lapped up all the potage." The guests take their places, and bread and butter are passed. One guest, busy talking, dispenses with knife, causing another to remark bemusedly, "He platteth his butter upon his bread with his thumb, as it were a little clay."

The roast sheep and a great platter of fish are brought in. A servingman begins to carve slices of mutton, apparently not in the most graceful way, because one of the guests shouts over to him, "Thou art as meet to be a great man's carver as a cow to bear a saddle." The mutton has now been served round the table, and everyone is chewing loudly and watching one of two other guests. The first is a man with strong teeth and a passion for mutton bones. "Hark," someone says admiringly, "how he crasheth these gristles between his teeth." On the other side of the table, one very drunk man has fallen on the floor, but he is still obstinately trying to finish his wine. "Outher you must sit up while you drink," the host calls to him, "or you must be lift up." Instead, he passes out. The butler is sent for the malmsey.

Fruit is now served, and one dandified young man takes out his knife. "Can you not eat a pear unpared?" his neighbor asks reprovingly. "Some say that fruiterers put their pears in horse dung to make them ripe the sooner," he retorts, and goes on peeling. To show his contempt for this effeminacy, the neighbor takes another pear, eats half of it in one bite, skin and all, and then begins to suck the juice off his fingers. The hostess reaches out her hand to him. "If you fall a licking of your fingers at the board," she says, "lick my fingers, too." He does.

The meal is finally over, and the crashing of gristle dies away. General conversation is again possible. The host turns to a friend. "How these women cackle, now they have dined."

•

HYGIENE. This concept had a place in sixteenth-century thought, but a mod-

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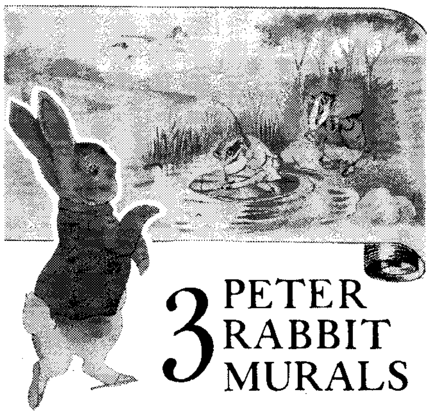

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est one. Certainly they worried from time to time about personal daintiness. There is a scene at a social gathering, presumably in an overheated room, where a man says to a friend in a low voice, "Smell at my collar if it be I that stinketh." But no one went around worrying about these things all the time, as Consciousness Two people are believed to now. Or, rather, a bare handful did, and they were regarded as freaks. "He is too nice and too curious," some householder remarks about a neighbor—and "nice" meant then what "finicky" does now—"for he cannot suffer a horse to dung in his yard."

●

OLD AGE. The proper season for virtue. At sixty or so, all the japers, swivers, drinkers, and gamblers were told by their families, "It is time for you to be good now, for you fall in age apace." Not all the old folks, it is fair to add, took this excellent advice. Some, who were up to it, continued japing, etc.; others, who weren't, indulged in shameless reminiscence. "Though the old trot can do no more," Father Palsgrave says of an unrepentant crone, "yet her limbs rejoice to think upon old pastime." He even offers her a crumb of comfort: "Hart's flesh will make one young again, if some men say true."

●

VIOLENCE. Regrettably frequent, and mostly impulsive. Palsgrave has an entry for "loose," as in loosening a buckle, and the sentence that occurs to him for illustration reads, "Loose your shoe, and give him upon the head withall." He also offers a retort for one so menaced: "And thou meddle with me, I will sling thee in the fire." It was presumably a master speaking about his apprentice who said, "I jolled him about the ears till I made my fist sore." And perhaps it was a revengeful apprentice who waylaid his master: "As I cast mine eye aside, I spied him behind a tree, ready to loose at me with a crossbow."

There were, of course, sanctions against violence, then as now. You hear the voice of a commander saying to his men, "Unbend your bows, sirs, now you are come into the town." You hear a man advise a friend, "Make the point of your dagger a little blunter, for you may hap to prick somebody too far, else." Rebukes even appear against quite mild actions, such as the person, possibly a parent, who says sternly, "Think you it was

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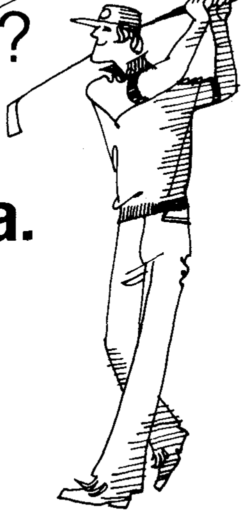

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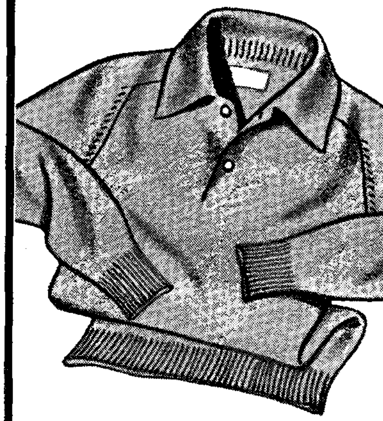

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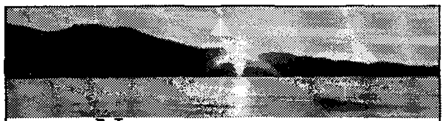

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well done of you to throw a pot at his head?"

•

SUPERSTITION. Rampant in all classes. Englishmen in Palsgrave's day believed in the Devil, ghosts, astrology, prophecy, magic, witchcraft, and science: "When I passed by the churchyard, my hairs stood upright for fear," says a man afraid of ghosts. Before a doctor did an operation, he took care to cast a horoscope. "The surgeon dare not cut me today, because the moon is not in a good sign," a patient says ruefully. Even the clergy were given to the milder forms of necromancy—at least until they got caught. "I dare not calkyll for your horse that is stolen, for fear of my bishop," a priest tells a would-be client. But people were remarkably loose about all these beliefs. They might go to great lengths to get hold of a piece of the true Cross, but they were also capable of saying to a fellow-pilgrim, "Make bare your heel, and we will kiss it for a relic." Even about that paramount Christian duty, going to church on Sunday, Father Palsgrave says with apparent unconcern, "Many men had liefer see a play than to hear a mass."

•

JOIE DE VIVRE. This was an entire age of flower people. Throughout the dictionary shines a sense of joy in the mere act of living, a sense of wonder and delight that for the four centuries of the Reformation was practically confined to children. But modern spelling fails to do justice to the joyous quality of that life. The last few sentences I shall give as Palsgrave himself spelled them. As, for example, the man who has all day to spend, and a lively curiosity, and who says to his friend, "Let us scoupe the water out of this ponde, and than we shall see what fysshe is in it." Or the man strolling in an orchard who says to *his* friend, "Shake thou this plomme tree, and I wyll gather up al the plommes save them that I eate." Even more, Palsgrave himself longing for spring, and writing, "It is a great comfort to see howe the lytell herbes begynne to grow in the beginning of the yere." (The year, of course, began then, as it ought to, in March.) Or the poor man in winter who promises himself, "I wyll dresse myne olde gowne agaynst Christmasse, and than I shall be a joly felowe." Or what could be the motto of that age and I hope will be of the one to come: "I take the worlde as it cometh, and love God of all."

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THE RACE TRACK

High Bidders

THEY say money is tight these days, but it was as loose as ashes with the buyers at the sale of some of the horses of the late George D. Widener in Lexington, Kentucky, last week. Twenty-five brood mares brought $2,478,000, and fifteen yearlings $879,200, for a tidy total of $3,357,200, which can hold its own with the total at any vendue I can remember. The top price—a world's record for a brood mare—was $450,000, for What A Treat, the best three-year-old filly in 1965. She is by Tudor Minstrel out of Rare Treat, and she's in foal to Vaguely Noble, winner of the 1968 Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, whose sire, Vienna, was owned by Sir Winston Churchill. She was bid on by a man from a French agency, acting for unidentified interests, who outbid a Japanese delegation. (By the way, the Japanese have been buying like mad at recent British sales.) The Christiana Stable gave $205,000 for What A Treat's half sister Rouslana, who is by Ribot out of Rare Treat. Rare Treat herself brought only $82,000. The highest price for a yearling was $140,000, which the Erdenheim Stables paid for a dark-bay colt by Jaipur out of What A Treat. The other Widener horses—fifteen two-year-olds and fourteen older horses in training, all of whom are at Hialeah—will be sold there early next month.

HORSEPLAYERS coming to the Big A on opening day next week won't find things different from the way they left them last December, but horsemen will. For them, the most important change will be that the nominations to all the stakes races except the Futurity, the Matron, and the Belmont will close only two weeks before the races are run. The innovation, which was ordered by Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, the chairman of the board of the New York Racing Association, is enthusiastically approved by owners and trainers. For the former, it saves a lot of money in nomination fees; for the latter, it provides more time to assess the stock and put in the horses that really belong in a stakes race. Also, no stakes for two-year-olds may be run until June, to give the youngsters more time to develop. And, in view of the popularity of races on the grass, there will be two such stakes for two-year-olds in the autumn—the Rare Treat, for fillies, and the Great American, for colts and fillies. Also for the autumn meetings, the distance of the Woodward has been increased to a mile and a half, and the added money of the Beldame and the Frizette to $100,000. I'm sorry to say that the Flash Stakes at Saratoga, which goes back to 1869, has been dropped from the schedule.

AS you may have read, the New York State Tax Commission has sent a bill for $4,000,000 to the New York State Off-Track Betting Commission for revenue lost last year as a result of operations of the Off-Track Betting Corporation, which decimated the number of admission tickets sold and the amount of money wagered at the N.Y.R.A. tracks and at the trots. (A provision in the law that legalized OTB requires the state to be reimbursed for any tax losses.) Now it seems that the Off-Track Betting Commission, which was set up merely to supervise OTB, doesn't have a thin dime. Colonel Martingale, the old pettifogger, is eagerly waiting to see how two state commissions settle a matter of four million. Meanwhile, OTB is rolling along, handling over a million dollars a day in bets on the trots at Roosevelt Raceway and on the flats at Bowie, from which it takes seventeen per cent for its pains. But I'm told that operating expenses are high—as everything is these days—and eat up most of the take.

It is irrelevant, I know, but somehow I can't help thinking of some long-ago days I went racing in Ireland. When a bookmaker at one of the little one-day meetings tapped out (and many bookmakers did, for most of them went on with a short bankroll), he stood at his pitch with his money satchel open, to show that he couldn't pay off. If you had a winning bet with him, you could, if you cared to, try to take the worth of it out of his hide. After the races, you'd see the grandest fights.

—AUDAX MINOR

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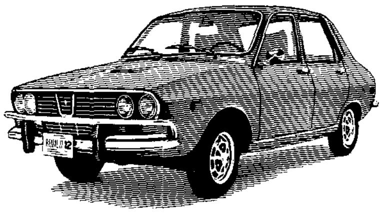

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BOOKS

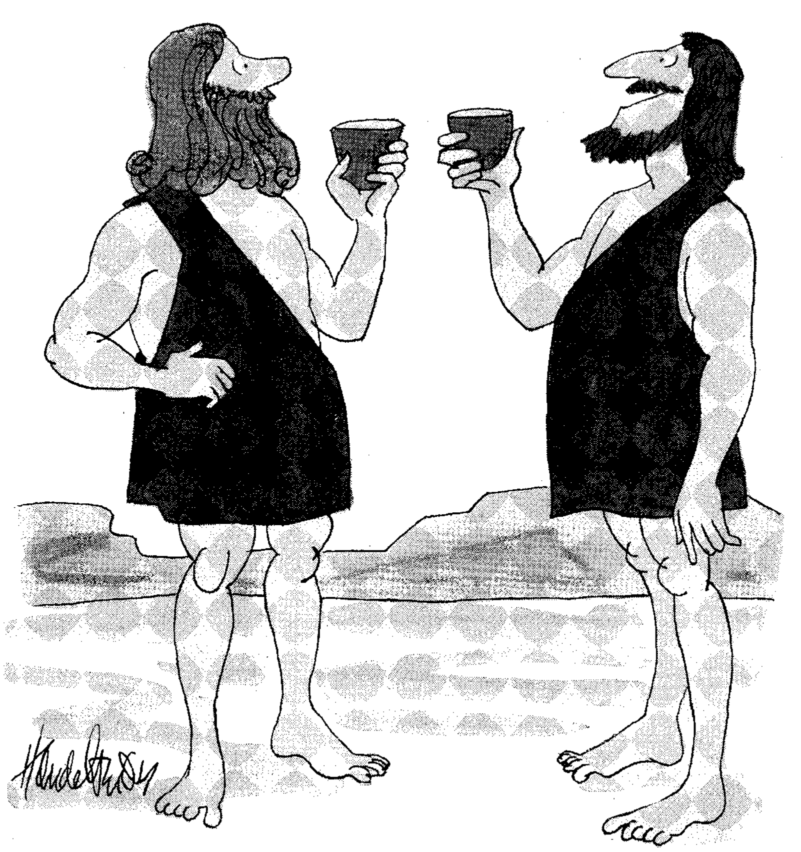
The Crunch of Happiness

HERE is a book that deserves not a review but a party. Let us all rejoice with Vladimir Nabokov. Before he was twenty, revolution deprived him of his Mother Russia and of an estate worth millions. When he was forty, Hitler deprived him of his second home, Europe, and of another fortune—the accumulated treasure of fiction and poetry that his pseudonym V. Sirin had composed in the Russian language, a precious *œuvre* unpublishable in the Soviet Union and destined, it seemed, to fade into oblivion as the sub-nation of Russian émigrés was scattered and absorbed by the passage of time. When Nabokov landed here, in 1940, his genius had neither a visible past nor an imaginable future. However, he had known English since his boyhood, and in this second language he recast his fiercely original inspirations, reignited his intensely verbal fire, and bestowed upon America a literary master it had done nothing to raise. This second career, crowned by the notorious and remunerative and splendid "Lolita," has in its strength reached down and redeemed from limbo the substance of the first career—the fiction composed by Sirin in Berlin between 1925 and 1937. Now, with Nabokov sailing nicely into his eighth decade, the last of these Russian novels to reach the safe haven of definitive English translation, "Glory," has been published by McGraw-Hill, as translated by Dmitri Nabokov in collaboration with his father the author. The rainbow of novels (nine Russian, six American) now arches complete, from "Mary" to "Ada," and though, along with some short stories and poems and feuilletons, a few fine vibrations have no doubt been left behind in the Russian—a fuzz of nuance and euphony as untransferable as the dust on a butterfly's wing—Nabokov's diligence and self-respect have essentially defied a cruel century's blind attempt to silence his sensibility and dislocate his shelf of work.

Why "Glory" (up to now translated on bibliographical lists as "The Exploit") waited until last must be guessed at. It was written in 1930, immediately after "The Eye;" if "The Eye" is discounted as a novella, "Glory" falls between two masterly novels—"The Defense" and "Laughter in the Dark." By comparison, it is weak; the ending baffles, and what happens on the way to the ending occurs with a curious, rather ingratiating casualness. "Glory" never really awakens to its condition as a novel, its obligation to generate suspense. Its secondary characters—Darwin, the sanguine and gentlemanly Englishman, and Sonia, the sulky little émigrée—come into view elliptically, as if they were revolving around some other sun. The youthful hero, Martin Edelweiss, is a center of anti-gravity; we feel that things flee him. Though he is Russian, his name is Swiss, cluing some atomic split within. In one of those landlordly prefaces that slam shut the doors of unsightly closets, inveigh against the Freudian in the hall, and roughly nudge the prospective tenant toward the one window with a view, Nabokov likens the design of "Glory" to a chess problem whose crux is the impotence of the customarily high-powered Queen. The hint is helpful. In the backward look, the book's two faults, if faults they be (sleepy development, stark conclusion), do combine into a single, intended quality—a weak strength, or sad joy.

Martin is led along some of the paths of Nabokov's autobiography—the country house with its sandy *allées*, the numinous shadowy albums and tinted porch glass, the English biscuits and toothpaste imported from afar, the idyllic days in the warm Crimea while civil war rages, the improvised departure on a Black Sea freighter, the arrival in a Europe that will never shed the postcard brightness and carved-clock quaintness of a place visited, of a place that is not Russia and therefore not quite real. We have been here before, in Luzhin's boyhood and in Van Veen's private mythology and, above all, in "Speak, Memory." Nabokov, in his role of oversolicitous proprietor, warns us away from seeking out "duplicate items or kindred scenery" in "Speak, Memory," but who could miss the marvellous newspaper-phoenix, the sheet of the London *Times* held across the fireplace to make it draw?

> The taut sheet would grow warm and transparent, and the lines of print, mingling with the lines showing through from the reverse side, looked like the bizarre lettering of some mumbo-jumbo language. Then, as the hum and tumult of the fire increased, a fox-red, darkening spot would appear on the paper and suddenly burst through. The whole sheet, now aflame, would be instantly sucked in and sent flying up. And a belated passerby, a gowned don, could observe, through the gloom of the gothic night, a fiery-haired witch emerge from the chimney into



"You're right as rain. It's the dawn of history, and there are no clichés as yet. I'll drink to that!"

the starry sky. Next day Martin would pay a fine.

When, a quarter of a century later, Nabokov set down in English his memories of Cambridge, this imagery returned, almost sentence by sentence: "Then the flaming sheet, with the whirr of a liberated phoenix, would fly up the chimney to join the stars. It cost one a fine of twelve shillings if that firebird was observed." In that same Chapter 13 of "Speak, Memory," Nabokov states, "The story of my college years in England is really the story of my trying to become a Russian writer." Martin Edelweiss is an alter ego gutted of Nabokov's artistic vocation; this deliberate lobotomy leaves an oddly hollow protagonist, a "travelling playboy" with dreams but no ambitions, graduating from college into tennis and vagabondage and, at the end, a suicidal return to Russia. But Martin has always, come to think of it, been close to death:

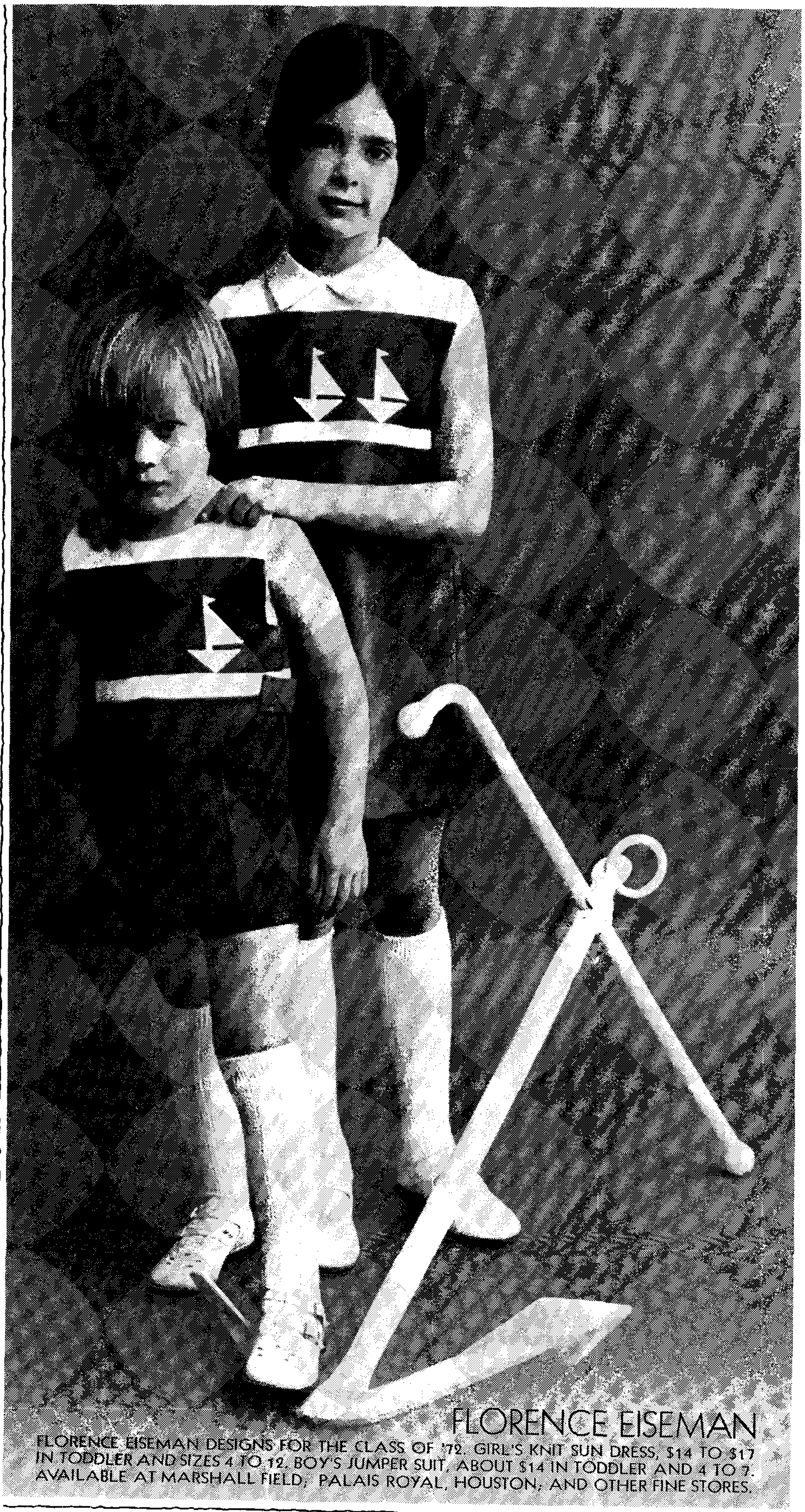
> Lying in the next room and feigning to snore so his mother would not think he was awake, Martin also recalled harrowing things, also tried to comprehend his father's death and to catch a wisp of posthumous tenderness in the dark of the room.

Not only his father but friends die—contemporaries fighting with the White armies—and in the Crimea, on a dark road, he is challenged by a drunk with a gun, and in the Alps he challenges himself to venture out onto a dizzying ledge. If in retrospect the reader finds that he has failed to take these dark hints seriously enough, the reason may be that Martin is Nabokov's healthiest hero and "Glory" his sunniest book.

Page after page brims with glistening physical description:

> With the onset of summer the cross-marked sheep were herded higher into the mountains. A babbling metallic tinkling, of unknown origin and from an unknown direction, would gradually become audible. Floating nearer, it enveloped the listener, giving him an odd tickling sensation in the mouth. Then, in a cloud of dust, came flowing a gray, curly, tightly packed mass of sheep rubbing against each other, and the moist, hollow tinkle of the bells, which delighted all of one's senses, mounted, swelled so mysteriously that the dust itself seemed to be ringing as it billowed above the moving backs of the sheep.

By denying Martin any artistic or political passion while not denying him his own complement of senses, Nabokov has released a genie rare in fiction—a robust sense of physical well-being. The sensations of vigorous tennis, of goal tending at soccer, of a bare-knuckled fist fight are in "Glory" given their



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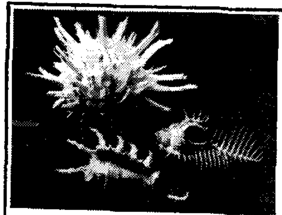

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due by an artist and meditator who was also an athlete; so, too, are the subtler but not less physical sensations of train travel, of pipe smoke and male companionship over tea, of "the fresh rough smell *of earth and melting snow*," of agriculture—"the hollowed earth would fill with bubbling brown water and, feeling in it with a spade, he mercifully softened the soil, until something gave delightfully, and the percolating water sank away, washing the roots. He felt happy he knew how to satisfy a plant's thirst." Happiness, as with an earlier Russian author, is the fragile, somehow terrible theme. Martin's sexual encounters tend to be felt in terms of the woman's fragility:

> He thought with rapt nostalgia about that amiable woman, with the touchingly hollow chest and the clear eyes, and about the way her fragile frame crunched in his embrace, causing her to say softly, "Ouch, you'll break me."

Similarly rapt, the sentences seek to embrace, with the crunch of a superb adjective, the full and fainting body of a moment:

> A wave would swell, boil with foam, and topple rotundly, spreading and running up on the shingle. Then, unable to hold fast, it would slip back to the grumbling of *awakened* pebbles.

> . . . the country coolness of the rooms, so keenly perceptible after the outdoor heat; a fat bumblebee knocking against the ceiling with a *chagrined* droning; the paws of the fir trees against the blue of the sky . . .

> From that year on Martin developed a passion for trains, travels, distant lights, the heartrending wails of locomotives in the dark of night, and the *waxworks* vividness of local stations flashing by.

The author's efforts to fix the sensations, the gestures—"he would compress his thin lips, take off his pince-nez as carefully as if it were a dragonfly"—so freshly and precisely become a means whereby the third-person hero accrues moral credit, or at least a certain scrupulous stubbornness. An old man dies, and "Martin felt sorry for the originality of the deceased, who was truly irreplaceable—his gestures, his beard, his sculpturesque wrinkles, the sudden shy smile, the jacket button that hung by a thread, and his way of licking a stamp with his entire tongue before sticking it on the envelope and banging it with his fist. In a certain sense this was all of greater value than the social merits for which there existed such easy little clichés." Martin is credited with a "meditative *joie de vivre*" and a search for "scintilla," but is declared untormented "by a writer's covetousness (so akin to the fear of death), by that constant state

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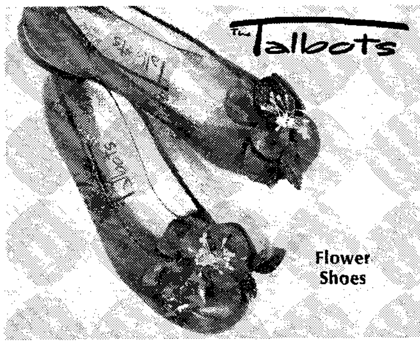
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of anxiety compelling one to fix indelibly this or that evanescent trifle;" the declaration is rather formal, and does have about it the cruelty of some dissecting experiment that permits a creature to twitch without benefit of a head. Yet it is true, as our decade has again borne witness, that youth, in the sensitivity of its animal health, tends to be artistic, and that without the task of art before it the artistic temper wastes itself in symbolic actions, in "trips" that are meaningless self-tests and whose secret destination is death. This point is contained in "Glory," but it is not the point of the book. The point, surely, lies in its rapturous evocations and the *frissons* they give us—what Martin terms "the unexpected, sunlit clearings, where you can stretch until your joints crunch, and remain entranced," what Nabokov in his afterword to "Lolita" announces he "shall bluntly call aesthetic bliss." In its residue of bliss experienced, and in its charge of bliss conveyed, "Glory" measures up as, though the last to arrive, far from the least of this happy man's Russian novels. —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HOW SHE DIED, by Helen Yglesias (Houghton Mifflin). The title, like the whole book, is somewhat ironic. A young New Yorker suffering from cancer does meet death in the course of this novel, but she early develops a case of insanity that puts her out of sight for most of the book. Most of the book is concerned with her middle-class leftist friends, and particularly with her husband and another woman. The husband, an architect, is a weakling—scarcely able to control his desires or to face his wife's suffering—but the other woman, named Jean, is a striking and admirable person. The mother of three children, Jean is separated from her husband and holds a succession of mediocre jobs; blessed with no special gifts, and surrounded by people who need her, she manages to be fair both to others and to herself. She narrates most of the book with an amusing literalness, and the romance that springs up between her and the weakling husband shows that happiness, too, can come out of tragedy. Most of the first chapter (narrated by the sick woman) appeared as a short story in this magazine.

THE ASSASSINS, by Elia Kazan (Stein & Day). A hippie drug dealer seduces the daughter of an Air Force

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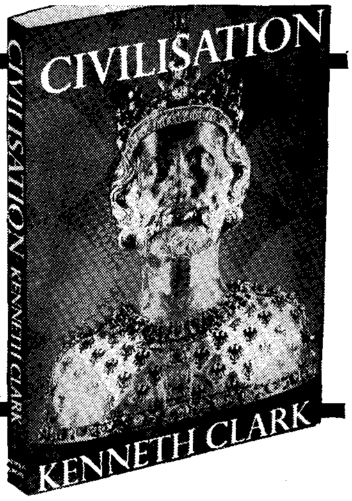

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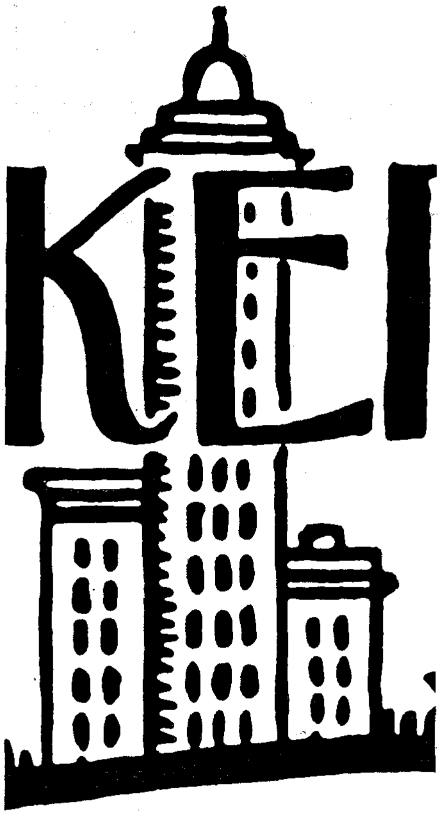

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sergeant stationed in New Mexico. The sergeant, a Chicano, is so enraged that he murders the hippie, killing also a black friend of the hippie's. The public in general approves of the murders, but the hippie's friends demand justice, and the father is brought to trial. The defense counsel and the judge, pushed by ambitious American wives, see the case as a chance to further their careers, and they lead the jury to a temporary-insanity verdict. Meanwhile, the hippies and a muddleheaded liberal lawyer make fools of themselves. The story, in short, is both familiar and sordid, and Mr. Kazan seems more fascinated by the sordidness than hopeful of any alternative.

ODD GIRL OUT, by Elizabeth Jane Howard (Viking). Miss Howard, a gentle, easy writer, has her best moments in the first half of this novel, as she brings together and slowly stirs her three main characters: a sweetly helpless English businessman; his retiring, secretly quite sensual wife; and a beautiful young woman, oppressed by a rich mother and trying to be free, who visits the couple's country home. This *ménage à trois* starts out as a comedy of small misunderstandings, and perhaps it should have stayed that way. Instead, Miss Howard forces it into a tragedy of adultery and lesbianism, bringing in passions that, however modern and understandable, here seem tricked and imprecisely rendered.

NOTE: Doubleday has published Hannah Green's "The Dead of the House," a novel that first appeared as a series of short stories in this magazine.

GENERAL

THE REVENGE OF HEAVEN: JOURNAL OF A YOUNG CHINESE, by Ken Ling, translated and edited by Miriam London and Ta-ling Lee (Putnam). The pseudonymous author of this fascinating book, who fled China in 1968, was a sixteen-year-old high-school student in Amoy when the Cultural Revolution broke out. He became one of its leaders—an officer in the Red Guard—helping Chairman Mao insure, as he imagined, that China would not backslide into non-revolutionary ways. Ling's first task was beating up teachers, but as the movement escalated so did the violence, and he became a participant in what seems to have been a medium-sized

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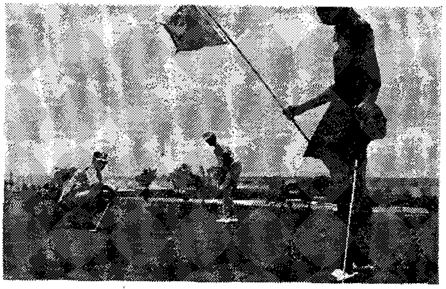

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civil war. Through Ling's eyes, the reader sees an enormous amount of China, because Ling, on his travels (he got as far as Peking), found other provinces almost as strange as foreign countries, and therefore carefully recorded the look of all sorts of places and people. He was frequently appalled by a level of poverty of whose existence he had not dreamed, and frequently shocked by evidences of high living that the ardent young revolutionaries discovered when they raided the homes and rifled the belongings of old revolutionaries who had become the new ruling class. From Ling's accounts of everyday life, it appears that the Chinese Communist revolution did not produce a "new Chinese man," and that the vast population of that vast country went right on obeying parents, revering ancestors, worshipping gods, propitiating demons, marrying by arrangement, gambling for entertainment, and so on and on through the list of traditional Chinese mores. Ling now believes that Mao was manipulating youngsters to destroy his rivals for power in the Communist Party; that the Army withstood him; and that the final "pacification" meant a return to a bureaucratic, opportunistic style of government.

Cold War and Counterrevolution: The Foreign Policy of John F. Kennedy, by Richard J. Walton (Viking). Time does indeed fly, and here we have the Kennedy Administration receiving the historical treatment known as revisionism—a critical process that over the last decade has reassessed the foreign policies of Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower as foolish, knavish, violent, apathetic, malevolent, or uninformed. Mr. Walton sees President Kennedy as knowingly hotting up the Cold War by reviving the arms race, by provoking the Russians from Berlin to Cuba, and so on. His analyses are respectable and thoughtful, and history would not be well served if historians could not speak freely about Kennedy because of the tragedy of his death. Still, Mr. Walton's judgments appear to assume more knowledge of Khrushchev's intentions—which for this author's purposes must have been good—than a Western statesman could have had then or a Western historian can have now.

Irish Houses and Castles, by Desmond Guinness and William Ryan

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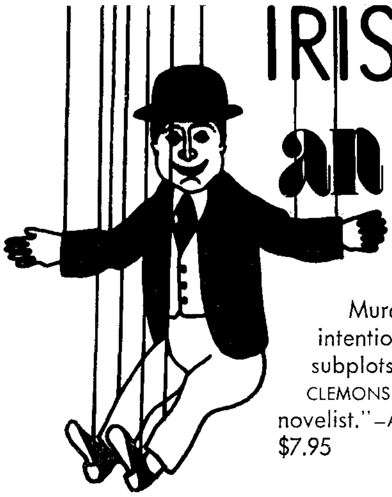
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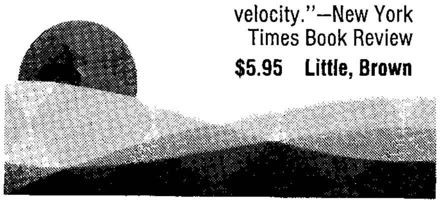

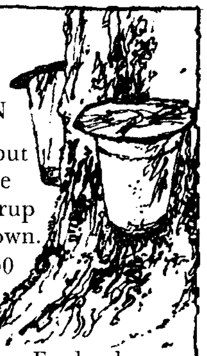
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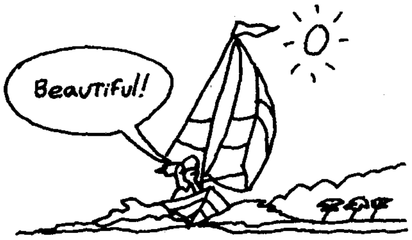

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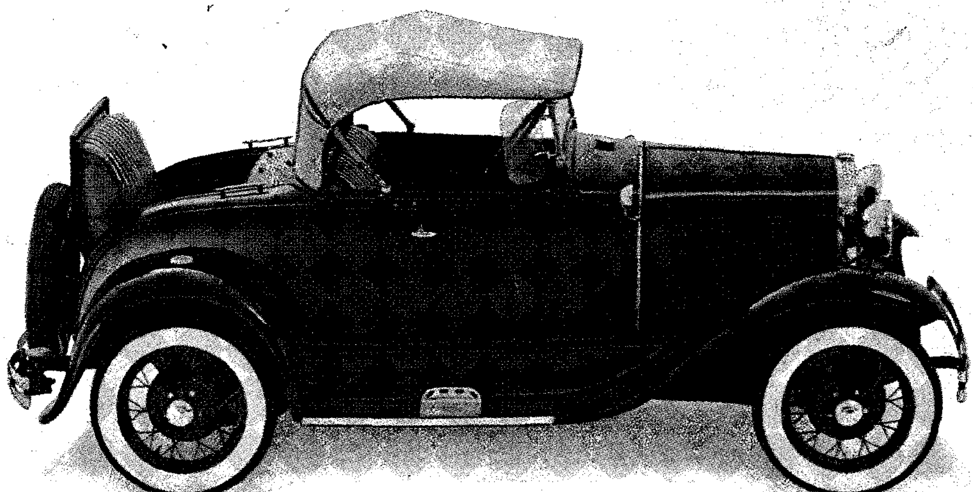

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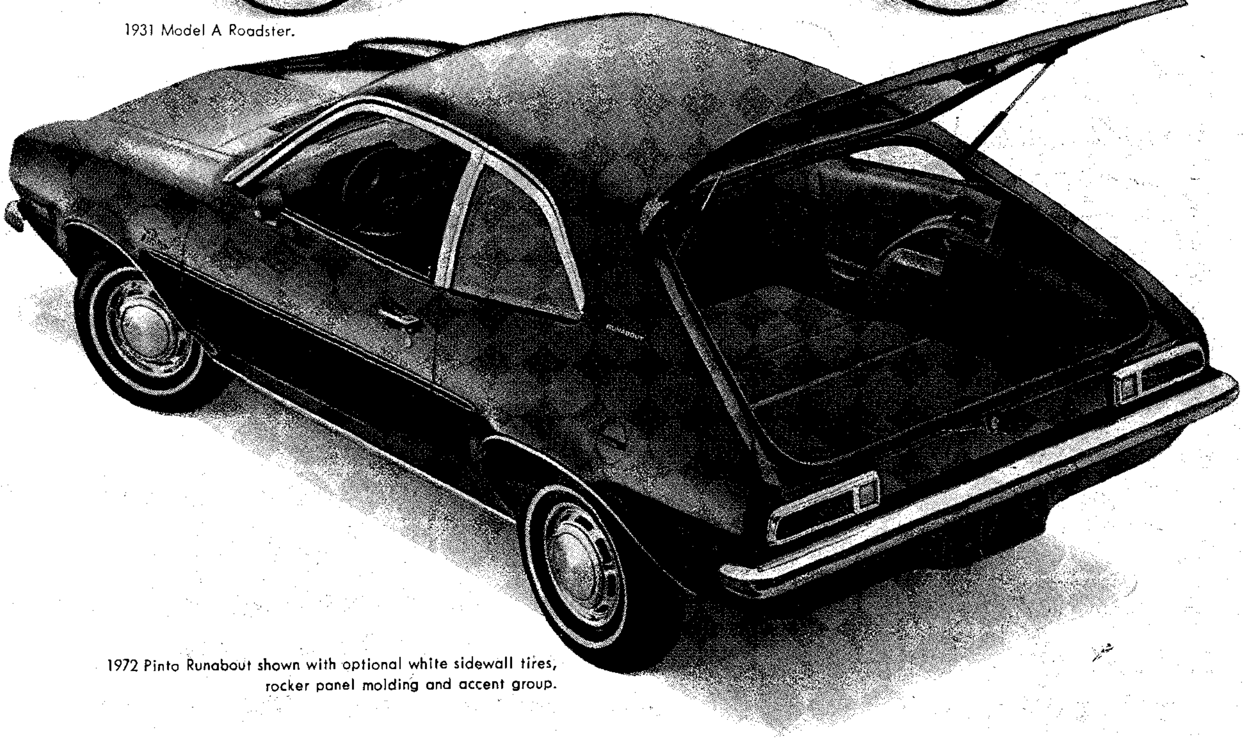

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